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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN



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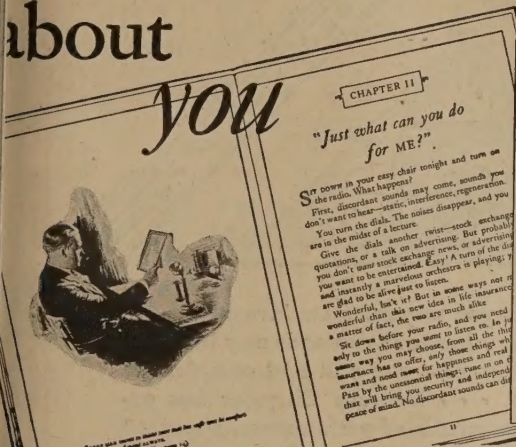


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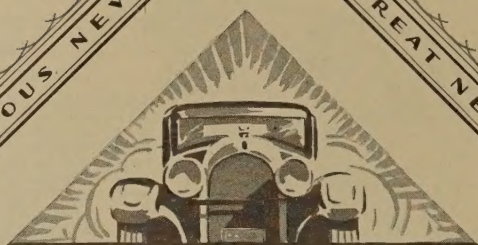


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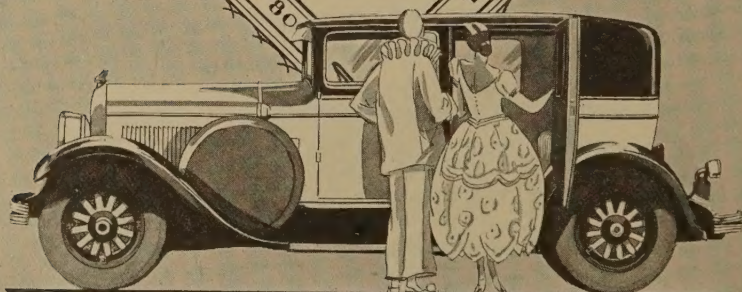
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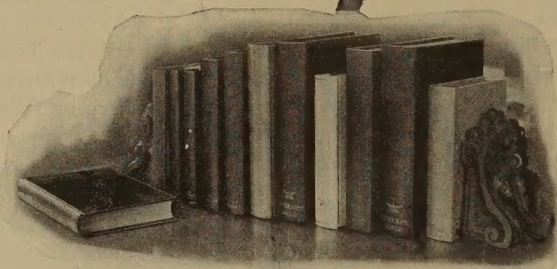
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Informal bits of news and gossip about books and the book-world, some of it taken from the current *News*, a monthly publication which contains advance reports about the important forthcoming books. These reports are written for our members by the individuals on our Selecting Committee:

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WHAT'S the next "book-of-the-month?"

A four-page report about it has just been sent to all our members (these reports always go out a month before the book itself is published) and we can't fairly make an announcement to the public until all our members have the book. This much, however, can be said: It is a very remarkable book by an Englishman, a man of fifty-three, father of nine children. It is his first novel, "a magnificent conception and a glorious yarn," to quote from the report about it.

A good many people still seem to think they are compelled, willy-nilly, to accept every "book-of-the-month" that is chosen by our judges. Not a bit. That's why a full report about the "book-of-the-month" is always sent out a month before it is published. If you want to stop it from coming to you, you can do so. You may prefer some other forthcoming new book. The last *News* contained, for instance, advance reports about fourteen other important new books. Among them were four particularly excellent new works of fiction, including a very promising first novel by a woman.

We believe that the public, as well as our members, ought to know that the Book-of-the-Month Club is the only organization of its kind, operating on a national scale, which does not compel its members to accept the books its judges select. It is also the only organization of its kind to which

all the important publishers regularly submit the books. Forty-five American publishers, who print probably 99% of the new books published in the country, send their books to our Selecting Committee in advance of publication. These are usually received from two to three months before publication date, so that our judges have time to read them and report upon the most significant ones to our members.

There has been a surprising amount of unconscious thinking about this whole matter of the Book-of-the-Month Club movement. Mention the subject in any gathering and the first thing you will hear is, "I don't want anybody else to choose my reading for me." If you are one of those who feel this way, we suggest that you analyze how it happens that you read the books you now do. Perhaps you are first interested by a clever advertisement. Or you read a review by someone whose taste you respect. Or a well-read acquaintance recommends a book to you. At once, you make an instant reservation, "I mustn't miss *that* book!" Nine times out of ten, of course, you ultimately do miss it. But that's beside the point. The point is that you think your choice is completely free. In reality it is free only in the sense that it comes about by chance. The truth is—is it not?—that you always exercise your choice *among recommended books*. Now what would be the difference were you to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club? You would be surprised to discover, in that case, that your range of choice among the new books had been vastly widened, instead of being limited; you will choose your books with discrimination, instead of at haphazard.

During the year, our Selecting Committee reports upon from 150 to 200 new books, which it has culled out as being important or interesting. Since you don't have to *take* any book, unless the report about it indicates it would particularly appeal to you—and don't have to *keep* any, if you find that you have been misled by the Committee's combined judgment—what becomes of the argument that "someone else is choosing your reading for you"? It becomes, we believe, annihilated.

One of the very interesting results of the rise of the Book-of-the-Month Club has been its effect on bookstore sales. Many booksellers were fearful of

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What would happen when sixty thousand people (our membership is now beyond that figure) obtained their books in this way. How can you take sixty thousand book-buyers away from the bookstores, and not affect their sales injuriously? The fact is that bookstore sales have very heavily increased on every book chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, over what the normal sale would have been. Sometimes to incredible figures. *Dusty Answer*—one of the choices a few months back—is a striking instance. The publishers imported 1500 sheets from England, their estimate of what this book by a new writer would go to. The sale, instead, is now well over 100,000. Many equally interesting instances could be given. A fair summary of the situation is that not only do our own members read more books than before, but by "talking books"—as they do—they inevitably widen the circle of book-readers in this country.

Clearly, then, we haven't taken sixty thousand customers away from the bookstores. The people who are associated with this movement are largely those who always intended to "keep up with the new books," but who never did—through oversight, or because they were too busy. The movement has many other incidental advantages, such as its guarantee of satisfaction on current books and the way in which it keeps you completely and authoritatively informed about the current literary output. But the chief reason why the most notable people in the country now use this service is—they *just want to be sure to get the books they want to read!* In the past, they realize, they seldom have. How many good books of the past have you missed, books that you will never now read?

We like particularly to contemplate what this movement has done for new authors. Out of twenty-four books so far chosen as the "book-of-the-month" twelve were by writers who previously were either wholly or comparatively unknown. Ordinarily, of course, it takes years for a new author to obtain adequate recognition. It is a long, spirit-

breaking pull. We don't say that an author is at once "made" when his book is chosen by our Committee as the outstanding work of the month in which it is published. But introducing a meritorious new work to sixty thousand perspicacious readers, and perhaps as many more non-subscribers, certainly eases his future considerably.

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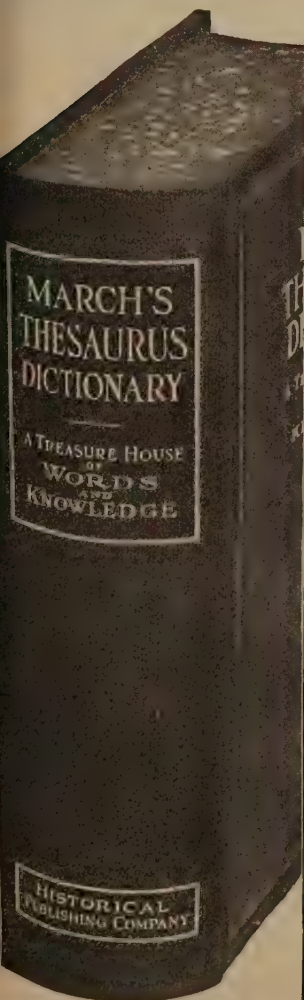
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GREAT CAPTAINS UNVEILED.

By B. H. Liddell Hart. Little, Brown & Company
\$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 274 pp. Boston

Captain Hart is successor to Colonel Repington as military critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He is plainly a man of vast and profound military knowledge, and possesses the power to make complex field movements intelligible and interesting. In this book he presents the lives of six celebrated soldiers: Jenghiz (the author's spelling) Khan and his great general Sabutai, Marshal Saxe, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein and General Wolfe. The chapter on Wallenstein is perhaps the most interesting to the general reader, if only for that genius's supreme achievement of having married and buried an aged but very wealthy widow when he was only twenty-three. In the chapter on General Wolfe Captain Hart makes this interesting observation: "Today our army is in its average of ability as high as in Wolfe's day it was low, yet, and for this very reason, it would be inherently impossible for military genius to force its way to the front at an early age. . . . Is the inference that only a bad or an improvised army can produce a great general? Not only Wolfe, but Napoleon, Moore, Wellington, Lee and Stonewall Jackson support it in modern times."

THE SEVEN STRINGS OF THE LYRE.

By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$4 8¾ x 5¾; 327 pp. Boston

This is a biography of George Sand; the seven strings of the title refer to the lady's seven chief lovers. Miss Schermerhorn has filled her book with much solid information, but it would have been much more readable than it is if she had employed a style a bit less velvety. It becomes rather tiresome after a while, for instance, to have the lady's numerous affairs referred to as poems.

GALLANT LADIES.

By Cameron Rogers. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 363 pp. New York

This is a collection of brief biographical sketches of the following eleven picturesque ladies: Mata Hari, Mary Read, Anne Bonny, Lola Montez, Belle Starr, Elizabeth Chudleigh, La Maupin, Jeanne Valois, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Marie of Rohan, and Calamity Jane. Mr. Rogers has amassed a lot of interesting material, but his writing is not always as effective as it should be.

CLOWNING THROUGH LIFE.

By Eddie Foy and Alvin Harlow. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$5 9¾ x 6¾; 331 pp. New York

Save for his colorful first-hand accounts of the Civil War draft riots in New York and the Chicago fire, there is not much in this autobiography of Eddie Foy (Edward Fitzgerald). He was born in New York in 1856, the son of poor Irish immigrants. In his youth he shined shoes and sold papers, and finally landed in vaudeville as a star clown. He has married four times, has eight children, and is still in vaudeville.

ROMANTIC RASCALS.

By Charles J. Finger. Robert M. McBride & Company
\$3 9 x 6; 251 pp. New York

In this collection of rogues and rufflers Mr. Finger has drawn Luigi Di Barthema, the man "with soul stich't to the starres"; "Count" Sr. Germain; "Count" Cagliostro, Jeanne De Valois, Cambiosa, Tichborn—and most memorable of all, Ali Pasha of Albania. They make up a fascinating gallery, and Mr. Finger recounts their careers vividly and dramatically. The book is beautifully printed and there are eight woodcuts by Paul Honoré.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

By Haldane Macfall. Simon & Schuster
\$6 10 x 7¾; 270 pp. New York

Major Macfall, novelist, soldier and critic, who knew Beardsley throughout the Beardsley period, presents his own novel and friendly view of him. "It became a sort of cant among certain writers to try and whitewash Beardsley by acclaiming him a satirist," he declares. "He was none. A dying satirist does not try to recall his 'obscene drawings.' " Rather he sees him as a born poseur led astray by the other poseurs of his day,—and a great genius. He admits his eroticism, but would explain it as due to tuberculosis. An entertaining and colorful book. It is beautifully printed and illustrated.

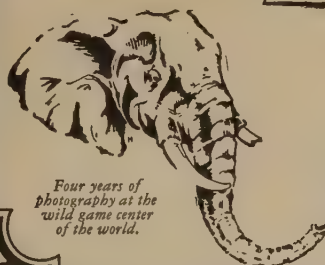
BOOKS AND BIDDERS. *The Adventures of a Bibliophile.*

By A. S. W. Rosenbach. Little, Brown & Company
\$5 8¾ x 5¾; 311 pp. Boston

These essays, though often repetitious and loosely written, have a certain gusto and anecdotal charm. Dr. Rosenbach has a very real enthusiasm for books, and his adventures as a book-buyer and collector are often entertaining. But there is rather too much of the atmosphere of the auction-room.

Continued on page xxii

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THE LETTERS OF GERTRUDE BELL.

*Selected and edited by Lady Bell.**Boni & Liveright*

\$10 9½ x 6; 2 vols; 402 + 389 pp. New York

These letters of Gertrude Bell preserve a picture of one of the most remarkable women of her generation. Miss Bell was one of the king-makers of Iraq; not even Colonel Lawrence surpassed her in her knowledge of Asia Minor. She was more than a world traveller, an archeologist, an Alpine climber; she was a woman of indescribable charm. Her letters are frank, witty and vivid accounts of her life in Bagdad, her travels in Europe, Persia and the Syrian desert, her excavations with Sir William Ramsay in Asia Minor, and her last work as Director of Antiquities in Iraq. Lady Bell has very wisely let them speak for themselves; she has made the barest commentary, and only when it was necessary. The volumes contain numerous illustrations, maps and an index.

THE DIARY OF PHILIP HONE.

*Edited by Allan Nevins.**Dodd, Mead & Company*

\$10 9¾ x 6¾; 2 vols; 514 + 448 pp. New York

In this excellent edition of Philip Hone's diary the man and his times—the years between 1828 and 1851—are revealed at length. Hone was not only a man of the most catholic interests, but also an excellent reporter. At night for more than twenty years he hurried to his desk and described the events of the day, often with a frank and full commentary upon them. He recorded fires, riots, deaths, the publication of new books, the sailings of ships, the condition of the stock market, the price of coal, the doings of Congress and the President, the discovery of a founding upon his doorstep, all vividly and with enthusiasm. Mr. Nevins has done a skillful job in his editing: he has taken from the original twenty-eight volumes left by Hone all that is fascinating and informative. In addition, he has contributed a biographical sketch and many illuminating notes. The two volumes have, as frontispieces, reproductions of portraits of the Hone family. There is an index.

CRITICISM

TOLSTOY: *The Inner Drama.**By Hugh L'Anson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace & Company*

\$3.50 8 x 5¾; 320 pp. New York

Here is a book on Tolstoy that will be remembered. It is, indeed, difficult to recall another writer who has presented the great Russian novelist as persuasively as Mr. Fausset. He argues that the entire life of Tolstoy was a conflict between his slavery to and extreme relish for the life of the flesh, and his search

for something more fully satisfying to what he called the soul. He never completely escaped the first, and he never found the second. He embraced Christianity as a last resort, but it brought him only a delusive comfort. The truth is that, at heart, Tolstoy was not a Christian. He was an aristocrat. The gospel of the brotherhood of man, despite all his public acts and words to the contrary, was somehow repulsive to him. Mr. Fausset traces this conflict and this ever dominating aristocracy of spirit in all of Tolstoy's works, and the result is a piece of criticism of high value. His final judgment is this: "He was a great artist endowed alike with extraordinary physical insight and elemental power, because he could live the life of the senses without reserve. He was a distorted moralist, because he hated such a life in retrospect. He hated it because he loved it, . . . and yet found in it no permanence or peace."

THE AMERICAN NOVEL TO-DAY. *A Social and Psychological Study.**By Régis Michaud.**Little, Brown & Company*

\$2.50 8 x 5¾; 293 pp.

Boston

M. Michaud formerly occupied a professor's chair in the University of California; hence in his discussion of the American novel he is talking of a country thoroughly familiar to him. This discussion ranges from "The Case Against the Puritans" to "Ulysses' Companions"—Robert McAlmon, Ben Hecht and William Carlos Williams—and often displays a very sharp insight into American psychology. "One thing strikes the European in these United States today," he writes. "It is the contrast between the general prosperity and the individual discontent. The average American appears like one who is sacrificed by being harnessed to some huge task whose importance he cannot grasp with reference to his personal satisfaction." Yet, "Art in its largest sense has always had pessimism as its base." Hence, "the present pessimism of the younger generation [in America] is a good one and an indication of a better future." There are chapters on Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Hergesheimer and Waldo Frank. The book first appeared in French; the present version is by the author.

MUCH LOVED BOOKS. *Best Sellers of the Ages.**By James O'Donnell Bennett.**Boni & Liveright*

\$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 460 pp. New York

These brief papers were first printed serially in the *Chicago Tribune*, and are descriptions and resumés of the great books of the ages, from the Bible and Thucydides' "History of the Peloponnesian War" to Whit-

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Reviews of THE UGLY DUCHESS

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—*Time*

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—*New York World*

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—*Saturday Review of Literature*

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man's "Leaves of Grass" and Dana's "Two Ye Before the Mast." Mr. Bennett has written simply a charmingly of his preferences; altogether, the six two articles constitute an interesting guide for average reader. At the end, he has appended a bibliography of additional references with critical notes. Unfortunately, the volume lacks an index.

THOMAS HARDY FROM SERIAL TO NOVEL.

By Mary Ellen Chase. The University of Minnesota Press. \$2.50 8 x 5 1/2; 210 pp. Minneapolis

Miss Chase, who is associate professor of English in Smith College, has made a comparative study of the serial and book forms of three of Hardy's novels: "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure." She concludes that the major alterations (those in incident and plot) "were necessitated by the demands of the magazine editor, . . . who must regard the investment in the light of his reading public." There are many notes and a selected bibliography of books and articles on Hardy at the end; an index, however, is lacking.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Modern Times. 1660-1914.

By Louis Cargamian. The Macmillan Company. \$5 8 3/4 x 5 1/2; 509 pp. New York

This work is a companion piece to a previous volume by Émile Legouis, and carries the story of English literature from the Renaissance through the Restoration, the revival of classicism, the pre-romantic period, the romantic movement itself, the search for equilibrium, and "new divergencies" 1660-1914. It contains exhaustive notes, together with selective bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, an index, and is in every other respect scholarly and excellent work.

LITERATURE

THE STORY OF LITERATURE.

By Sidney Gunn. J. H. Sears & Company. \$3.50 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 343 pp. New York

Mr. Gunn, who is head of the department of English at Bates College, has made a pretty sorry job of this book. Some of his omissions and space allotments are absurd, even in so sketchy an outline. In the section on Slavic literature he omits completely the names of such masters as Pushkin and Krylov, and in the six-line paragraph on William Cullen Bryant he doesn't even mention "Thanatopsis." Edward Gibbon gets three lines, and Edmund Burke six, and Shelley and Keats get eleven lines together, but not one composition of either is mentioned. As for Mr. Gunn's

Continued on page xxvi

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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judgments, here are three samples picked at random: (a) "Flaubert . . . is appetizing only to those who like their literary meat 'high' or partly decayed;" (b) "Poe was . . . probably the greatest genius America has produced;" and (c) "[Lincoln's] Gettysburg speech . . . will stand comparison with anything [sic]." The book lacks an index.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON WITH THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE. 1808-1866.

Edited by Edith J. Morely.

The Oxford University Press
\$14 9 x 5¾; 2 vols.; 904 pp. New York

Crabb Robinson was a friend of Wordsworth from 1808 until the latter's death in 1850, and was one of the first to hail him as a master of English verse. He carried on a steady correspondence with the poet and his immediate friends for fifty-eight years, and the greater part of it is here reproduced chronologically. The editor contributes a lengthy introduction and elaborate notes.

NEW ESSAYS BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Edited by Ronald S. Crane.

The University of Chicago Press
\$3 7¾ x 5; 147 pp. New York

Herein are presented eighteen essays which appeared anonymously in British magazines in the years 1760-1762, and which Mr. Crane believes were written by Oliver Goldsmith. If they were by Goldsmith, they surely add very little to his fame. Most of them are on education and travel, and as the editor himself points out, are pretty windy stuff. In all probability they were hack jobs: Goldsmith was always short of money, and any piece of writing that came his way he grabbed.

A STUDY OF THE ILIAD IN TRANSLATION.

By Frank L. Clark. *The University of Chicago Press*
\$3 8¾ x 5¾; 354 pp. Chicago

This is a new line by line translation of the outstanding passages in the Iliad, purporting to be more faithful to the original Greek than any other hitherto made. Interspersed throughout are excerpts from the works of the great English poets, which were plainly inspired by the Greek classic.

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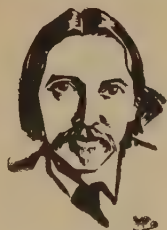
By Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield.

The Oxford University Press
\$3 9½ x 6½; 456 pp. New York

Dr. Warfield was born in 1831 in Kentucky, and died in 1921, after more than thirty-three years of

Continued on page xxviii

DODD MEAD DODD MEAD



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

By G. K. Chesterton

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1. *Now We are Six* by A.A. Milne (General) Pub. Oct. 14, 1927. \$2.00
2. *Iron and Smoke* by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Fiction) Pub. Jan. 20, 1928. \$2.50
3. *Eden* by Murray Sheehan (Fiction) Pub. Jan. 6, 1928. \$2.00
4. *Dreadful Night* by Ben Ames Williams (Fiction) Pub. Feb. 3, 1928. \$2.00
5. *Not Magnolia* by Edith Everett Taylor (Fiction) Pub. Feb. 10, 1928. \$2.50
6. *The Son by Hildur Dixelius* (Fiction) Pub. Feb. 3, 1928. \$2.50
7. *A Son of Mother India* Answers by Dhan Gopal Mukerji (General) Pub. Jan. 26, 1928. \$1.50
8. *Clowning Through Life* by Eddie Foy (Biography) Pub. Jan. 26, 1928. \$5.00
9. *Julie de Lespinasse* by Marquis de Segur (Biography) Pub. Jan. 20, 1928. \$5.00
10. *Mussolini, Man Of Destiny* by Vittorio di Fiori (Biography) Pub. Feb. 17, 1928. \$3.00

E. P. DUTTON & Co., 300 Fourth Ave.

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teaching in the Princeton Theological Seminary. He was a prolific writer, and in his will provided for the publication of all his articles in stately form. The present book forms the first volume in the series. He was plainly an extreme Fundamentalist, and had the utmost contempt for the Higher Criticism. But he was not a Straton; though his reasoning throughout is very dubious, to put it mildly, he was apparently a man of some learning, and possessed a clear style.

CURRENT CHRISTIAN THINKING.

By Gerald Birney Smith. *The University of Chicago Press*. \$2. 7½ x 5¼; 209 pp. Chicago

Mr. Smith presents an excellent survey of the state of religious thinking in the United States today. His sections on Fundamentalism, Modernism and the controversy over evolution are especially good. He is something of a Modernist himself, but he is completely out of sympathy with that school's "juggling of the text of Scripture."

THE SEE OF PETER.

By James T. Shotwell and Louise Ropes Loomis. *The Columbia University Press*. \$10. 9½ x 6; 737 pp. New York

The first complete collection of all the texts which form the basis of the Catholic belief in the historical supremacy of the Papacy. The translations are in most part the work of the editors. There are explanatory and critical notes throughout.

PRINCIPLES AND PRECEPTS.

By Hastings Rashdall. *The Oxford University Press*. \$2.25. 8¼ x 5¼; 256 pp. New York

This is a collection of stray sermons by the late dean of Carlisle, who was one of the most brilliant theologians of England. His book on the theory of evil, now a text-book in the philosophy classes of the better universities, will be remembered. He was a Modernist, and, as the essay on immortality in this collection shows, was not free of that tribe's propensity to solve real antagonisms between science and religion by the juggling of many-syllable words. But he was a man of immense learning, and had at his command a pleasing style.

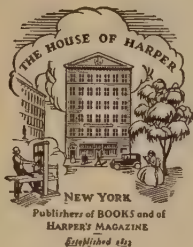
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE CHINESE PUZZLE.

By Arthur Ransome. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*. \$2. 7½ x 5¼; 189 pp. Boston

This is one of the best books in print on the present state of affairs in China. What Mr. Ransome says about the numerous and justified Chinese grievances

Continued on page xxx



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Continued from page xxviii

is not new, but he sheds much fresh light on them. What he has to say about Communism in China is of especial interest: "The China in which that slogan [Communism] might have a real meaning does not yet exist, and consequently Chinese Communists, at the moment we examine them at all critically, turn out not to be Communists. They are sufficiently like Communists to get their heads cut off, but that is all."

THE PETTY PAPERS.

Edited by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$12. 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 2 vols.; 276 x 309 pp. *Boston*

Sir William Petty lived in the years 1623-1687. He spent a large portion of his life in the public service, mainly in Ireland, and wrote a great deal on it. He has been called the founder of the science of statistics, and was one of the first Englishmen to write at length on political economy. The two present volumes contain some of his hitherto unpublished papers. Most of them have to do with political and economic matters, though there are a few on religion, philosophy and military affairs, and some stray verses.

PEACE OR WAR?

By Lieut. Commander J. M. Kenworthy.

Boni & Liveright

\$2.50. 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 338 pp. *New York*

Commander Kenworthy was in command of a British warship during the World War; he is a member of the House of Commons, and recently he left the ranks of the Liberal Party for the Laborites. It is through organized labor that he believes future wars may be prevented. His book examines and summarizes the complex forces that make for war in the world today—including possible causes for an Anglo-American war. In the end, he advances some familiar suggestions, among others that the private manufacture of munitions should be abolished. H. G. Wells has contributed a critical introduction.

YOUNG INDIA.

By Mahatma Gandhi.

The Viking Press

\$5. 7 1/4 x 4 3/4; 984 pp. *New York*

Selections from Gandhi's journal for the years 1924-1926. They relate to a critical period in the Non-cooperation Movement, when many of his followers had broken away, and not a few had proclaimed themselves hostile. In his initial chapter he addresses them: "We have yet to attain freedom. I have no new programme. My faith in the old is just as bright as ever, if not brighter. Indeed one's faith in one's plans and methods is truly tested when the horizon before one is the blackest."

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HE is the raw material of empire. About him romance runs amuck. Nature, red in tooth and claw, unveils before his startled eyes the secrets of the jungle. At dawn he leaps the watch-walls of the dead, and hears the low trumpeting of the rogue elephants, the growling of the gorillas. George Borrow himself is milk and water to this trafficker in ebony, and the imagination of Rider Haggard thrice out-topped before the day is done. Around his canoe, like bobbins of bright silk, the kingfishers thread to and fro. Cannibals welcome him as blood-brother, and tribal chieftains attend him with splendors.

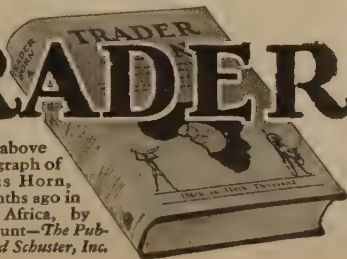
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Continued from page xxx

THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN AMERICA.

By George N. Shuster.

The Dial Press

\$3

8 x 5½; 296 pp.

New York

Mr. Shuster insists that the theory according to which "priests were thought of as essentially 'authorities' whose business it was to 'know' and the layman as an 'adjunct individual' was obliged to 'believe'" is incorrect. He declares that he has a right to judge for himself, however doctrinaire some of his conclusions may sound. "The Catholic point of view," he continues, "is basically a heroic manifesto, a decision to follow and to serve, though earth spin 'like a fretful midge.'"

PROSPERITY?

Edited by Harry W. Laidler and Norman Thomas.

The Vanguard Press

50 cents

7¼ x 4½; 286 pp.

New York

At the last annual meeting of the League for Industrial Democracy held in June, 1927, the main subject for discussion was the prosperity of the United States. Among those who participated in the symposium were Stuart Chase, Morris Hillquit, Scott Nearing, George Soule, Robert Morris Lovett, Isador Mufson and Benjamin Stolberg. The present book is a summary of what they said. The general conclusion is that the majority of the workers of the United States have shared in the increasing prosperity of the country, but that "the distribution of this money wealth in this most prosperous of nations outrages every sense of social justice. . . . So long as 1% of our population has 33% of the national wealth while the poorest 25% own but 3¼% of the wealth there will be just cause for discontent and reason for social struggle."

INDIA TOMORROW.

By Khub Dekhra Age.

The Oxford University Press.

\$1.50

7¾ x 5½; 87 pp.

New York

Mr. Age argues that the only solution for the Indian problem is to grant the natives more self-government than they now have, and to bring the more or less independent States into greater harmony with the central government. This is hardly a new idea, and Mr. Age throws no fresh light on it.

MISLEADERS OF LABOR.

By William Z. Foster.

The Trade Union Educational League

\$1.75

8 x 5½; 336 pp.

New York City

Mr. Foster is one of the few in the left-wing labor movement in this country who deserve to be listened to. He writes a clear and vigorous English, he is well informed in his field, and he has an uncanny smell for frauds among labor leaders. In this elaborately

Continued on page xxxiv

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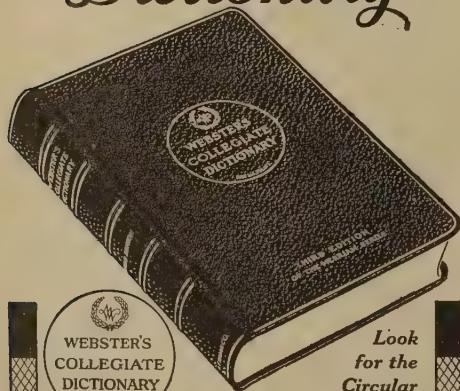
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documented book he makes a detailed study of the conservative and corrupting forces at work in the labor unions, and argues for their eradication. He believes that it is in large part due to rogues and capitalistic leaders in the A.F.L. and similar organizations that less than 17% of the workers of this country are organized, and thinks that the two things needed for the "emancipation" of the proletariat are the reorganization of the unions on an industrial basis and the creation of a labor party.

THE CHANGING COLLEGE.

By Ernest Hatch Wilkins.

The University of Chicago Press
Chicago

\$1.50

6¾ x 4¼; 132 pp.

Dr. Wilkins, who is president of Oberlin College, has little to say. Here are some of the things he firmly believes in: that colleges should train the student to think; that hygiene and psychology are important subjects and should be included in every student's list of courses; that since many college girls will eventually become mothers and wives they should be given the opportunity to take courses in home-economics and "the psychology of home relationships," and that intercollegiate football gives training in cooperation.

THE HISTORY OF REPARATIONS.

By Carl Bergmann.

The Houghton Mifflin Company
Boston

\$6

10¼ x 6¼; 333 pp.

This is perhaps the first comprehensive history of the reparations problem to be published. Its authoritativeness is attested by the fact that Herr Bergmann has represented his country in nearly all the important post-war economic conferences on the Continent. In his discussion of the various schemes suggested for reparation payments he says, "Everything considered, it would seem to be a fact that neither the export of German merchandise nor the utilization of German labor abroad will ever be increased sufficiently to insure the uninterrupted transfer to the creditor States of the total German annuities under the Dawes Plan." The most feasible proposal, he thinks, is that of the sale of German securities abroad, first presented at the Brussels Conference in 1921. But before anything else is done it is imperative that Germany be told precisely how much she is to pay, and within what period of time. When the Powers decide this Herr Bergmann thinks they should be guided by this principle: "The reparation debt must not exceed the total amount of the loans which Germany is able to float, upon reasonable terms, on the money markets of the world, within a definite time, say ten years."

Continued on page xxxvii

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Continued from page xxxiv

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Dr. Burton was president of the University of Chicago from September 1, 1922, until his death on May 26, 1925. Before that he was a professor in the Divinity School of the university, where he had won a name for himself as a scholar of the first rank. The present book is a collection of some of his papers on educational subjects. Some of the titles are "Education in a Democratic World," "The Obligations of the Educated," "The Business of a University," and "Business and Scholarship." There is nothing novel in any of the essays, but there is much sense in them and they are ably written.

TRAVEL

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By R. V. C. Bodley.

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By Nahum Slouschz.

The Jewish Publication Society of America

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Philadelphia

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Continued in back advertising section, page li



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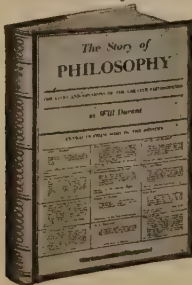
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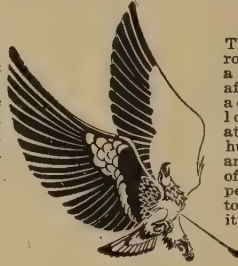
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March 1928

THE REAL AMERICAN LANGUAGE

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

I WOULD speak of a few delusions in regard to the United States language. One of them is that it came in with the ultra-flappers and the most saxophonish of the jazz, after Armistice Day. Another is that it is imbedded in George Ade's "Fables in Slang." Those books are 1900-1928 slang, a dialect achievement. They are not language. Another delusion is that the United States language is a New York novelty. It is really a new vocabulary arranged on an old British framework. It is true that the new vocabulary pours every day into our growing dictionaries, but this vocabulary is apt to mislead one. A smart phrase or new word is not the United States language. The very framework is as old as the writings of Captain John Smith of Virginia. That framework is the long, limber U. S. A. paragraph, often only one sentence, the orator's delight, and the story-teller's magnificent resource when he is in the midst of yarns at the cross-roads.

To discover the world in which the United States language is made, we must lift from the map, and for a moment imagine as non-existent, the things in the advertisements in the magazines and newspapers. We will have to go to regions beyond the reign of the filling-station to where the roads are still bad and there are only horses and buggies. If there are any

livery stables or buggy factories left near you, reader, our language is spoken there by the salesmen and proprietors, because their constituency speaks our language in its colonial purity, and the horse and buggy trade struggles to hold its customers.

There is only one Main Street in every town. Get off that Main Street. Notice how slack *all* the other streets are. They approach some of the old Jeffersonian meditateness. Go still further, into the by-paths: interview the hermits, and their wives and shirt-tail kids. When you reach the land of "Old Dan Tucker" and "Clementine," and the places where they sing the song, "Tell Me The Tale That I Once Held So Dear," you are getting into the region of the United States language in its essential fluency.

It is first of all a mellow world, a world where they still lean over the open fire and throw on a log in the evening for one more reminiscence. Spinning-wheels and old cards and wools are not out of place in the corner of the room. The reader may say, "One must go far." Quite the contrary. Wherever there is a touch of Virginia left, there is the United States language. The United States language is Virginia with the *r* put back into it.

You merely have to walk. Throw your car away, and walk. If you are in Indian-

apolis, take a hike through Brown county, Indiana. You are at once in the world in which the United States language was made, and continues to flower and prepares to overwhelm you yet, with a Virginia fluency, though, as I say, the letter *r* has been added in coming North.

You say I have ruled out too much, in discovering the language. But let me cite as a parable the famous novel by Frank Norris, "The Pit," the story of an attempted cornering of the Chicago wheat market. The hero, Curtis Jadwin, goes through the usual history of a sober, steady man, finally infected by the desire to corner a staple product. First he is a reasonable, reliable, legitimate merchant in grain. Ambition leads him to larger and larger legitimate and successful deals. At last Jadwin is quite sure that he has bought almost all the wheat in sight, and so are his friends and followers. He is hailed as the one man who beats the system!

But wait. There is wheat that is not recorded, there is wheat not in any grain report or estimate, there is wheat not in any newspaper or magazine, there is wheat not yet reported to Jadwin by the wildest trader on the curb. The reverberations of the alleged victory of Jadwin who would corner the market reach men who belong to the colonial days—far, far off—who have planted wheat never dreamed of in any fortune-teller's trance. They are away behind neglected patches of woods and underneath the hills. So, suddenly, unexpectedly, from unregistered tramp steamers, from lost freight-cars, from log granaries, utterly unaccountable wheat pours in on Curtis Jadwin from the entire universe. Our hero stands in the midst of the wheat market. He is wrecked in a day.

The people who brought in the anonymous wheat are the people who hold in their secure possession the untouched splendors of the United States language. They can pour in their magnificent words in the same flood, if once aroused. Any writer of dialect or experimenter in new

smart phrases or recorder of the magnificent forties may miss these people. They come forward during completely national upheavals—as Andrew Jackson in the war of 1812—or Sergeant York in the late war. Their variations are based on the old Virginia foundation.

Sometimes they speak a dialect, but not often the aristocracy among them. Very recently, in the *Century Magazine*, Edgar Lee Masters, our greatest American poet, gave a tribute to James Whitcomb Riley, a careful study in which every good citizen should delight.

A dearly loved aunt of mine sent me one book of Riley's poems every year, on Christmas, from the time I was eight years old till I grew up. For years and years I had a Riley education and gloried in it. My auntie belongs to an Indiana clan, and delights also in these books. But she and her Indianapolis friends, though they still speak the Hoosier of their great-grandparents, do not speak Riley. I have turned it over in my mind a thousand times, the elusive distinction between the farm workers and their masters—the distinction between the squatters and the natural aristocracy, who moved in from Kentucky and Virginia. Most of that aristocracy came into Southern Indiana because they hated slave territory, but they kept the Virginia point of view in their limber lingo. In Rush county the only concession they made to the North in the language, as I have said, of Brown county, was putting *r* back into the alphabet. They talked as excessively as families of Kentucky colonels; they had libraries like Thomas Jefferson, and they believed in grammar just as they believed in paying their debts.

Riley pictures the hard-jawed reticence of the almost broken farm renter or his cautiously prosperous son, who bursts into a little trickle of very poetical speech under stress of great excitement. It is not the United States language, with its slap and spank and wallow and roll. It is dialect for sure. There is hardly a

character in all Riley who would be willing to be persuaded into public or private oratory. Statesmanship, the very life-blood of the Virginia tide-water stock, is utterly beyond their ambition. The forensic periods of the great fireside liar or of the conscientious, learned Campbellite saint or of the member of the Legislature, they know not.

The tension in Riley, the short sentences, the meagre paragraphs, the shame-faced grammar, the cautious drawl, are all characteristics of the top renter of the farm, rather than of the long-legged owner of the estate, still carrying his ancient gold-headed cane on occasion.

Riley was a great dialect writer, and Masters justly shows his secure place, as such. But Riley was only in a secondary sense a recorder of the United States language. Compare any page of his with any page of Mark Twain's "Roughing It." Read both aloud, bulk for bulk. Mark Twain writes Virginian with the *r* put back into his alphabet when speaking in his own person, editorially. But not Riley.

II

Once, when a very small boy, about twenty-six years old, I was begging my way through Southern Kentucky, along the old Daniel Boone Trail. I came up through Cumberland Gap, went straight north over Big Hill and had many adventures among the moonshiners, with which I will not trouble you here. It was only a few months since the Wright brothers had made their first successful flight, and the world was made over for all of us.

I had written in New York a poem for aviators, called "The Wings of the Morning, or, The Tree of Laughing Bells," a sort of parable of a non-stop flight, to Japan and return, from the banks of the Sangamon river. Japan or Asia, if you please, were symbolized in the poem by an entirely decorative storm-tossed tree called the Tree of Laughing Bells, which was on the edge of the Universe.

The idea of a Tree of Laughing Bells was just too abstruse for words! I made many pictures of the tree and gave them to many people in New York—just a tree with a multitude of bells on it, shaking in the winds of chaos, but oh, what an abstract idea! Oh, what a strain on the mind! That and other experiences caused me to turn beggar. First, by letter, I begged \$50 from my Indiana grandmother and printed the poem, with bells of my own design from this Tree of Laughing Bells drawn in purple all over a red cover.

Then I turned beggar for sure. I traded it for a night's lodging through the South, reciting it for those who would let me recite it. In general, the old stock by their log cabin firesides endured it. Some of them liked it. A gracious Mrs. Ottley in Peachtree street, Atlanta, gave me, the evening before Easter, a great big salad supper with the wealth and fashion of Peachtree street assembled to listen to the poem.

By the time I had gone through the moonshiner country around Asheville and on to Cumberland Gap, the poem was memorized thoroughly, my courage was up, and I could sing it to the watch-dog. The point of this story, right here, is: *my courage was up*. Get that. I felt as fresh as the dew of the morning, and no doubt I was. And so I approached one of these log cabins in Southern Kentucky. There was an old mother of the United States race who looked like Queen Elizabeth in her old age (if Queen Elizabeth had ever really been a wife and grandmother), smoking a corn-cob pipe on the front porch. It was high noon. I made my usual speech. I wanted to recite my poem for aviators, which I waved under her nose, in exchange for a noon meal. She said,

"Young man, I can recite it."

I answered, "You've never seen it."

She gave me a look like the great Tudor Queen glaring at the Spanish Ambassador. "I *have* seen it. And why don't you talk United States?"

I said, "No, you haven't seen it. Nobody's seen it but me. It is privately

printed and I have all the copies there are in my pocket. Let me recite it for you for a lunch. I *do* talk United States. And I write United States."

She took her pipe out of her mouth, and said, "My boy, I can recite it."

I started my speech again. "This is a poem about aviators, men in flying-machines; it's a story of one of them going to Japan and back, on a non-stop flight."

"Yes," she said. "Flying machines. Who ever heard of flying machines? You mean a kite, don't you? My boys used to fly kites."

She looked out into the yard, where two or three husky grown sons were putting things to rights before they came in to lunch. They were fussing and growling around. She glared at them, authoritatively.

I said again, "But you haven't *heard* me recite it. You don't know how well I can recite it."

She answered, standing up and burning into me with Lady Macbeth eyes, "Young man, I can recite it."

Her daughter joined her from the kitchen; maybe it was her daughter-in-law. She had been listening in. And grandma made me an address. It was *not* in dialect, it was *not* in the hard-jawed, nipping Riley manner. It was *not* in the "Biglow Papers" manner; it was *not* in the O. Henry manner; it was *not* in the John V. A. Weaver manner; it was *not* in the Artemas Ward manner; it was *not* in the Mountain white manner, the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" manner; it was *not* in the manner of the moonshiner.

She was just the first lady of the land, just exactly the kind of woman Andrew Jackson married, and she smoked her corn-cob pipe like a lady, just as well as any new grandmother flapper smokes cigarettes. This was her speech. I will never forget it, to my dying day.

"My boy, I love you like my own son. I like spoiled, wandering boys. God knows, I have had enough of my own. I have never failed to feed one of them. They have written me their poetry and they have

read me their poetry. I know all about that; it was good poetry. I feed every boy who comes here. I have never begrudged anything a Christian should give. You boys break our hearts and don't care. You think a poem can settle it. A poem can't settle it. What I am giving you, I am giving you. It is my gift to you, and you are not giving anything in return. You can't give me anything in return. I can recite your poem. I could have recited it years before you were born, and then some more. They are all alike and mighty purty.

"I want you to come in and eat a-plenty. I want you to come in and eat with my sons and daughters, and take a second and third helping out of the same dishes and I don't begrudge you anything. You are no better and no worse than any other small boy. If you think you are the only boy who ever wrote poetry, you are just a damned fool. I will take care of people just like you until I die. I have never begrudged anybody anything. Go in and eat your dinner, boy. I can't eat. I think I will sit and smoke. The family can eat with you."

That speech was in the United States language. I went in and ate, temporarily chastened by the words of grandma. But I ate heartily as unto the Lord. There was grace before meat, as there always is in such a house, and there was mince-pie at the end. Hostetter's Almanac hung by the clock. The clock ticked loudly between our helpings.

After due meditation by the open fire with a family equally chastened, I walked out on the porch, where grandma was plainly thinking us over some more. Again my nerve was up. I waved my poem in the air again. I said, "I thank you very much. I want to square myself by leaving this poem, first reciting it. I am sure you will like it if you let me recite it."

She said, with a broken heart, "Don't leave it, I can recite it. Good bye, my son."

Now all that happened in an Ultimate Region of the U. S. A. language, where the real wheat grows.

III

There is a story of my adventures in Southern Texas that has been told so many times the wrong way that it gives me exquisite pleasure to seize this opportunity to tell it with the real elaborations, just as it happened, with nature's own adornments.

I gave an afternoon recital in a town so small it had to be done under the auspices of the distinguished local pastor, rather than any school, in order to make it a success. It was about 4:30. My song was done. Two or three professors of so-called English from township high-schools in that stretch of the State had come forward with books of mine which I was to autograph, according to immemorial custom on United States lecture tours. Three old ladies who looked just like the cartoons of the female dry fanatics in the middle pages of *Judge* came chippering forward, thinking it was a new and wonderful idea. They had never heard of such a thing, and it struck them just like lightning.

Now I like to read *Judge*, and I agree with about a third of it, but I do not care for its cartoons of the W. C. T. U. I like those old gals and I prefer them to any flapper that ever swore a swear. I can stand for the ladies all mits better than the frumps all garters and gin. This, of course, is terrible. It keeps me from being a guest of the best, (the most confidential,) night clubs in New York City.

So when I describe these three old ladies as looking like the cartoons of the W. C. T. U. in *Judge*, I mean it for praise. They knew a lot, but still retained their innocence and their mits. If you do not know what a mitt is, I explain. A mitt is an old-fashioned knit glove without fingers. They used to be worn in the first families everywhere in Belva Lockwood days, on the female hand. These gals still stuck to their mits and their prejudices. But the idea of an author autographing his book! What a wonderful good pious *new* idea! They made me promise most solemnly to wait right there by the pitcher of ice-water, by

the little old one-night stand, until they returned from the book-store across the street.

They came back triumphant, but even more fluttered. They were in Texas, so left out the letter *r*. Otherwise they spoke the United States language. They said, "Mr. Lindsay, we just couldn't find your books. That book-store man has just run out of all of them. They ain't one to be had in the town, he says. He says he can't get one for weeks and weeks, maybe for years. Now we want your name in a book, so we bought three brand-new Bibles. Now won't you just as a favor, Mr. Lindsay, just for once, write your autograph in these Bibles? We want your name just so bad and you are taking the six o'clock train out, and we know you are never coming back, and we want just to have your name written down, that's all."

Now I am a blaspheming, sinful man, but I have no disposition to lay profane hands on the altar, or despoil the Bible in any way whatsoever. It means too much to too many good young people. I was torn with conflicting emotions. I have a peculiar reverence for a brand-new, gilt-edged Bible. It looks as though some reckless, undaunted soul is starting out to be good again.

These looked like \$5 Bibles. The old ladies had just gone crazy from my discreet poetry. They were pillars in the church! And look at them! They made the above speech again, so I sat me down to the sacrilege. I wrote in the first Bible, "I did not write this book. Yours truly, Vachel Lindsay."

The old lady who offered me the second Bible, piped up and said, "Now, Mr. Lindsay, we know it makes you nervous to write in Bibles, but they were all the good books that man had. Why not write a verse of Scripture, just a short verse, and sign your name?"

I said, "Dear sister, I write what all men know is the shortest verse in the Bible. 'Jesus wept.' Yours truly, Vachel Lindsay."

The next lady insisted on a scriptural quotation.

I said, "No, I am a man of sin, but you cannot tempt me further. Here is something purely week-day a lady friend of mine in New York who runs a typewriter taught me once. It contains almost all the letters of the alphabet, and is a good practice sentence. I know you will like it. 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. Yours truly, Vachel Lindsay.'"

Now these people make you city folks mad, of course, but they hold in their mitts the King James version of the Bible, and they are all orators and preserve in magnificent periods the United States language, and no flapper can dethrone them with her meanness, let her squall and caterwaul as she will.

The United States language is deeply rooted in these far-away, mitt-wearing places.

IV

The United States language lies in wait for you at the end of any very long, very dim, stubbornly unbroken winding path in the forty-eight States of the Union. I have insisted, throughout this essay, that it is eloquent, that it is forensic. Some of its best examples are long sentences that occupy a whole page and make only one paragraph, and yet they are exhilarating and as clear as a child's tinted block map of the forty-eight States.

Now I reverse my position, to indicate that the U. S. A. language contains within its depths the possibility of quip and epigram—that sometimes a great speech in the United States language may be completely annihilated by a short sentence in the same tongue, when the orator pauses for a reply, and gets it.

Once in a Western State, under the evening shadow of the Rockies, I wandered one Saturday into the lovely home of somebody who was a friend of a friend of a friend of a friend. She turned out to be

the very young private secretary of a mature big business man of that town. She was a highly meritorious and charming person, and like all people deep in the routine of high-office-building kinds of business, Sunday was her day for a grand bust.

Frankly, I was merely grateful to reach the world of bath-tubs again, and to get my new friends to give me a clean shirt from the rag-bag. I dropped the old one out of the bathroom window Saturday at nearly midnight. *These* are the problems of the troubadour.

Often, when we are beggars, human faces are like great bubbles on a colossal wave, and it is indeed cruel to realize how much is lost on both sides, the faces go by so fast. Thus, alas, shirts seem, often, more important. Most elaborate and too-flattering letters of introduction had preceded me. This little private secretary did not know any of this about the great bubbles on the colossal wave and I had no time to explain to her. I found, after Sunday breakfast, that she had believed the letters. So she had done up a basket of sandwiches, had on her walking shoes and was going to walk north with this highly recommended person to Kingdom Come or the North Pole, or most anywhere else along the eastern ridge of the Rockies, and t'hell with that mature business man.

I have no doubt she has married her business man by now, is likely his second wife,—and looks back with an indulgent smile upon the days when she was grimly determined to be a prodigal daughter, whether the prodigal son wanted her to be or not.

Grandma, who was the head of that house, as she is in so many houses, gave us a pretty fierce look as we started out, but this was Sunday and granddaughter earned her own living, and did she give a damn?

We wandered along until noon on a beautifully paved highway, one of the great arteries of our splendid West, a road macadam, exquisitely adapted to her

untrained maiden feet. Now, understand, it wasn't a bad day for me; we gathered daisies and all that, chirped along, and it may have been any day of the week to me, but it was Sunday to her.

She meant no harm; certainly she meant no harm. She spoke the British language on Sundays, being still educated. It was long, long before the day of flappers, and even automobiles were rather scarce. Covered wagons still had the right-of-way, and a few of them passed us painted with the almost obliterated legend, "Pike's Peak or Bust." Only old men remember that legend, but let us gather round the fire and meditate on this story. After all, a man is young but once, and the way of a man with a maid is past finding out. You just bet. Especially this time.

About noon I was hungry, and so was she. We had been all morning in an echoing hollow in the mountains, where everything we said was like the buzzing of two mosquitoes inside a violoncello; the reverberation was magnificent, yet vowels and consonants came back from Pike's Peak, sharp, staccato, exquisitely articulated, and if we had reached the soulful understanding where secrets should be told, we did not have the chance. We were both natural orators, alas, and did not know the sign-language.

The narrowing road skirted the edge of one of those terrible cliffs, where the rock goes way down on the left hand and goes way up on the right hand, and everything is overdramatized. Way down below on the left, where there was hardly enough sliding shale so one could climb to the road, even if desperate, there were five big old tents and the general signs of a permanent camp. Waddling and storming around among the tents was a terrific woman swearing, swearing, swearing to herself. She was bred by Butte out of Cripple Crick. She enjoyed every echo of herself or her past. She had survived enough to wreck a regiment and had grown strong and her memory for imprecation was excellent. Every husband she

had ever killed left her his vocabulary in his will, and Pike's Peak was not only good at echo and echolalia, but at lip-reading, as well.

Suddenly, out of one of the tents about seven creatures that looked to be dogs came climbing up the sliding shale toward us in single file; as they grew closer we decided they were not dogs.

In one lifetime this supreme wife of the Devil had bred her dogs back through a million years till they had become wolves and wild-dogs. Then she had inbred them with coyotes, and such-like sneaks, and being an Amazon, she had killed off the males. Not a he-bark to be heard in the pack, and they were certainly after our flesh, blood and bones, and the only thing that saved us was the narrowness of the path of sliding shale, and the exceedingly difficult climb. The top dog turned back, exhausted by climbing, without reaching our high road.

This old lady had the military point of view. She climbed up the cliff herself and shook her fist at us and called my noble little private secretary things that would make any noble woman turn pale, and she said, "What are you doing, disturbing my dogs, etc., breaking up my peace, etc., disturbing my rights, etc., fooling with my premises, etc., and what do you mean by disturbing my dogs, etc.?" She enjoyed every echo, were it vowel or consonant.

Since we were about 100 feet above on the public highway, we hardly realized we were doing anything to her or to her dogs. She spoke quite a caricature of the United States language. The fluency, the volubility was there, and the peculiar intonations and outline, and her sentences were one chapter long and all one paragraph. Finally, she and her ladies' aid society, her woman's literary club, grew weary and went back into their tents. All they said came back twice from the furthest, highest snow-filled cañon; and obviously—the pack and the woman had a mania of echolalia.

We were really alarmed. I hated to think

of my sentimental shepherdess being talked to like that by a woman of the world. She was too young to know about these things, being not over twenty-six.

We went way out on a sort of platform of the cliff that made a balcony, inaccessible to those curs, but over their tents too feet. The road on one side of us was precisely on our level. Way down below on the other side, dogs and tents.

We ate our lunch in peace, or at least during a lull of the battle. The dogs went back to sleep, hate-weary and echo-weary. It was a dull, lazy, sunny day, except for those dogs. No one came and no one went on the highroad for quite awhile.

V

At last around the corner slowly, slowly, came one more "Pike's Peak or Bust" covered wagon and it had nearly busted. As we sat we could look it straight in the eye, and dream.

I knew the outfit; it was unmistakable. It came from a region of Georgia, just one day's journey south of the mountains and the moonshiners. The lone driver of the wagon was the type I will love till the Judgment Day. In the most desperate year of my life men like him shared their mouldy cornmeal with me and gave me their own blankets while they slept in the cold and charged me nothing, and did it in the name of Christ our brother.

So I was all for that old hook-wormy poor white the minute I laid eyes on him. He was about gone to his reward. He leaned forward, pushing on the reins, slapping them on the horses' backs, and hitting the horses with a whip which had a long single piece of twine string for a snapper. Only a poor white would have thought of that. His harness was mended with wire and rusty nails.

The horses had fallen apart several times, and there had been no veterinarian anywhere, and they had been put together by some reckless taxidermist who had left off one ear and some pieces of back-

bone. The whole outfit went north along that road, because it was too tired to stop. There were four wheels on the wagon and the wheels were greased. That is about all I can say for the wagon.

The private secretary and the troubadour waved their hands and hailed him as a man and a brother, and he waved a languid, stringy whip. Speech took too much energy. He kept one eye half open lest he drive over the cliff, but gave the other its Sabbath rest. He was a hook-worm poor white, all right, all right, all right.

Now comes the irrelevancy, now comes the perfect actor who makes the occasional rounded episode in real life. Now comes the actor who has forced me to remember this episode from the days before a certain redbird sang.

Marching under the hind wheels of the wagon was a bulldog as high bred and silent and terrible as bulldogs can get. He plainly had run away from luxurious Peachtree street and north on Peachtree road and had chosen his own new master. He was under that wagon by free-will and grace, and not by necessity, with neither chain, collar nor muzzle. Maybe he, too, had been fed by the last pinch of mouldy meal when it was the gift of a brother.

Anyhow, he was there to guard that Hell and damnation outfit. It has taken me all these years to name him, but now I have his name. Here it is; I thought it up all by myself, here in Spokane, as it were, millenniums afterward. I name him Leonidas-Davy Crockett-Robert E. Lee-Stonewall Jackson-First Battle of Bull Run-Atlanta *Constitution*-Peachtree Road-Persimmon Pup. I think this gives you his style. He was as silent and invisible as Destiny, there between the hind wheels.

The curs at the bottom of the valley, below the patch of sliding shale, saw only the top of the covered wagon, only the three ears of the horses, only the hat of the hook-worm poor-white. The horses had stopped to breathe and that was enough to make those hell-hounds raven-

ing. They tore up the sliding shale in single file with a hundred times the fury they went at us, and, alas, they did not see Jackson standing like a stone wall under the wheels. Mad from echolalia, hearing her own bark come back like the roar of a blast-furnace twice from Pike's Peak, the first hydrophobia she-wolf climbed up to the highroad. At the very top she had to go over a little guarding parapet-rim and she was somewhat spent. Stonewall Jackson bit her in the neck and threw her over a sheer place on the cliff. The man and his horses did not look around; they were still in a North Georgia trance. Stonewall Jackson hurled one whelp at a time into perdition over the steepest parts of the cliff, often onto the top of the tents they climbed out of—and not a single whelp knew until it was too late that it was rushing into the jaws. As they went over the cliff and hit the jagged spurs and thorns and flint, the private secretary put her fingers into her ears. And then took them out again. She, too, was getting echo-intoxicated.

The old lady bred from Butte out of Cripple Crick had not yet spoken. She seemed to think a time had come for silent action. She went into another tent and lifted a trap-door into the bowels and internal workings of the earth. Then new hydrophobia she-wolves came forth with an amazing blood-cry, roused by the death screams of the dying woman's club members hurled over the cliff. But they had to climb the hill one at a time. It was indeed a narrow path of sliding shale. Almost all of them went to destruction instantly—the deadest little hydrophobia she-wolves that ever climbed a steep hill to interfere with an utter stranger-man on the free United States highway. The old lady went into another tent, opened another trap-door into the bowels and internal workings of the earth, but the new pack would not climb the hill. They began to tear to pieces their screaming sisters at the foot of the cliff who were not yet dead. They were coyotes every one, foaming now with a

queer lust that seemed to be awakened by the cries of the disemboweled.

Meanwhile North Georgia had not looked around at Leonidas. He was trying to light a stogie. But he dimly apprehended that eloquence had begun, and lifted one eyelid as the United States poetess at the foot of the cliff began her oration. She swore until the echoes were ravening, ravening. I can't think of anything she said that one could print, but since in our most advanced literature it is permitted to use dots and dashes, on occasions that touch tender hearts most intimately, I shall use dots in a moderate way.

".....
.....
....." she said, describing his horses. Then she said precisely the same thing describing his harness. Then she said precisely the same thing describing the whip. Then she said the same thing describing the wheels on the wagon, and then she said the same thing describing the wagon.

Echolalia, echolalia! She had not yet seen the bulldog. He was back, standing like a stone wall under the wheels.

She began again. Something awful had happened, and that male up there had done it. Her own dogs were tearing her skirts and she was beating them off with a blacksnake whip. Again she went on to the horses, the harness, the wheels. Echolalia, echolalia! Then, fearing she had missed something, she went back to the whip with the silly piece of twine string for a lash. Suddenly, realizing that she hadn't yet mentioned that Georgia cracker personally, she began again. She called him a hydrophobia she-wolf, if you know what I mean. She did it with an elaboration worthy of the Almanach De Gotha. Of course, she missed his sex, but then what difference does it make?

But he made no mistake. North Georgia was roused to action. North Georgia would reply. He leaned over the cliff and said, "That's just what you are your own self! Giddap!"

THE WHITE RIBBONERS

BY DUFF GILFOND

IF ANY one reason might be given for the journalistic fraternity's incontrovertible rejection from Heaven, it would be its treatment of that great moral organization, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. What have the newspaper boys written about the dry ladies in the past few years? That they demanded the recall of an American consul at Boulogne because he said "Hurrah for Prohibition!" and then sardonically passed champagne around at a dinner to Gertrude Ederle; that they entreated the trustees of Columbia University to remove Dr. Butler for speaking in contempt of the Volstead Act; that they denounced the New York State Health Commissioner for being quoted and featured on the same page as Dr. Butler; that they boycott grocers who keep home brew ingredients, jewelers who sell hip flasks, and department stores whose advertisements display women with cigarettes; and that they raised a horrible hullabaloo over Lord Birkenhead, who, they charged, took a drink before a lecture at Grace Methodist Church in Sioux City, Iowa! A nice impression to give of ladies who sacrifice husband and home to a holy cause! No wonder the average American has come to think of the W. C. T. U. as a band of sniffing old women who bark and bite whenever their neighbors smell the least bit hippy.

Mention is never made of the real work of these heroic women, dragging their docile husbands from house of worship to house of worship on their day of rest, that the children in even the remotest Sunday-schools may be told of the bane of alcohol. How many of us know of their incessant

labor with babies, foreigners, prisoners and Congressmen? The explanation—shame on the press!—no doubt lies in the fact that they are no longer young and beautiful. Ruth Elders or even Ruth Snyders are never written down by the newspaper men. A trim ankle is all the justification they want for an enthusiastic or at least a sympathetic story. But women who give the time that they might waste upon removing wrinkles and redistributing flesh to the uplift of humanity are always disparaged by a debauched press. If they wore red, bobbed their hair and loaded the atmosphere with Cologne water, there would be no stint in extolling their efforts. But since they shun all passionate colors, and are mainly bespectacled and of Gothic build, they needs must be abused. Perhaps the old girls do look a bit severe. But what if their lips turn down? Is not the seriousness of their project enough excuse? What though their necks be wrinkled and unlovely? It is from prayer.

Psychoanalysts and other antinomians have even tried to make it appear that this lack of pulchritude is the genesis of their passion to save humanity. When women are attractive and enjoying life, say these alleged scientists, they do not want to deprive others of the kick in it. Knowing that homeliness is the most provoking charge that can be made against women, it is natural that the enemies of the temperance cause should adopt that explanation. But they have worked from a false premise. Men or publicity or psychoanalytic approval can have no value to women who are responding to a Higher Urge. What matter that they are spurned by mundane

man when they have the approval of God Himself?

True, some ladies join the W. C. T. U. because of past suffering or future promise: a drunken father or an ambitious husband in the Prohibition Unit. A few have been ordered by their chiropractors to lose themselves in social work. But the great majority have been personally delegated by God to do His business on earth. They scorn the layman's idea that Volstead is the author of the Eighteenth Amendment. Only Jahveh Himself could have wrought that divine change in the Constitution. Is the W. C. T. U. occasionally accused of intolerance, as when a New York chapter refused to give former Senator Wadsworth an opportunity to present the other side of Prohibition? To these ladies there is no other side. A skeptic once asked one of them how they could be sure they were in the right. She replied: "Can God's side be other than the right one?"

Since God is the sponsor of the movement, its success depends on prayer rather than on money. "Prayer," said Dr. Ella A. Boole, president of the national organization, at the last convention, "changes things; it will bring the final victory." Hence one day a year and one hour a day are set aside for petitions to the throne of Grace, and every meeting, though there be three in one day, is started and ended with prayer. The noon hour has been dedicated to this confidential communion with God, and the fact that it is always noon somewhere on earth enables the organization to be in constant communication with its Founder. Such a monopolization of the Omnipotent ear may not seem fair to other pious movements, but it is for humanity, not for themselves, that the old girls are inconsiderate. Subjects for supplication are unlimited: the continued growth of the organization, the preservation of dry Congressmen, a concoction of liquor whereof one drop would kill an elephant. In the event of an unusually successful dry raid they hold special services. At a recent executive meeting of the District of Co-

lumbia chapter one woman suggested that the police be requested to confer special parking privileges on the members while they were in session. She was promptly rebuffed. "All we have ever attained in our great work," she was told, "was through mother-love and prayer. Let us not condescend to ask anything of the police."

II

The Woman's *Christian* Temperance Union, as it is called by its members, was founded through prayer back in 1874, when a group of consecrated women knelt in the snow before a saloon in Hillsboro, Ohio. Its motto is "For God and Home and Every Land," its objects "Peace, Purity and Prohibition," and its badge a bow of white ribbon to denote the purity of the wearer. When a member dies each visiting White Ribboner drops one of these bows into the casket, so that the deceased meets her Master in an exceptionally pure condition. The *Union Signal*, their weekly journal, says: "Once more the gate of Heaven has swung open to admit one of our loved W. C. T. U. members to receive her crown after the cross-bearing of many years." Being of divine inspiration, the movement is necessarily very poetic. At the last national convention every member who had brought ten neophytes into the organization was symbolized by a red pasteboard brick. These bricks, of which there were 5500, were built into a Wall of Defense, representing the Union's patriotic protection of American homes against the hellish liquor traffic.

The organization is divided into 10,000 chapters, and so there is one in nearly every American community, including even such Sodoms as New York, Union Hill, N. J., and San Francisco. Bible reading, prayer, hymns and spectacles make the chapter meetings sober affairs, and at one I attended a dear old sister, wearing a Victorian black velvet neck-band, dozed off and snored. But things take a livelier turn when the booze reports start. One

member, sharp of mind as well as of body, sets the ball rolling with the news that on a recent automobile trip she counted eighty-three vineyards in fifty miles. Another, suffering from varicose veins but an indefatigable worker withal, adds to the dismay with the report that a very prominent citizen in her town, whom she has just interviewed, had liquor on his breath. But quickly the pained clucks and whispers are offset by the revelation that a notorious bootlegger has lost his best friend through poisoned whisky and has promised to tell all he knows. A bootlegger's bad luck invariably throws the dry ladies into ecstasies. Sometimes the wife of a Prohibition official invites her husband to thrill her colleagues with tales of mishaps to bootleggers. These are Christian women and she has no cause to fear that they will steal her Charlie. Another favorite feature is the admission of a new member, who takes the total abstinence pledge and is then decorated with the badge of purity and acclaimed by song. Frequently her mother was a member of the W. C. T. U. in the bad old days when mothers had to sniff their sleeping boys to see if they had been drinking. Thank God those days are over! And so another prayer.

These women, unlike their self-centered pretty sisters, are performing a gigantic task for humanity. They not only shadow the imbibers with a rolling pin, but steal into his home by mother-love. Temperance work starts at the cradle and one department of every chapter has for its business the winning of the mother through the baby. When a baby is born a notation is made in a little book, and on Christmas, Easter and other holidays it is favored with a greeting from the W. C. T. U. On its birthday it receives congratulations, and when cutting teeth, condolences. Occasionally it is visited and its mother told how beautiful it is. Eventually, perhaps, the mother consents to sign a pledge "to teach my child the principles of total abstinence and purity." If, in addition, she pays the dues, the baby becomes a White Ribbon

Recruit. At the following local convention it is consecrated and a bow of white ribbon is tied around its wrist. Any child under eight is eligible to be a W. R. R. Young as he is, he soon understands the purpose of the order and brings his problems to his leader. Always embarrassing is the query, "If God says not to drink beer, why does Daddy?" Here, in the cause of temperance, the W. R. R. gets his first shock about paternal rectitude.

Children over eight are promoted into the Loyal Temperance Legion, in which organization they sign their own pledge. "Desiring to Obey the Laws of Health," it reads, "the Laws of my Country and the Laws of God, I promise, God helping me, not to buy, drink, sell or give alcoholic liquors while I live; from all tobacco I'll abstain, and never take God's name in vain." The W. C. T. U. has been criticized for exacting such a pledge for life from children of the delicate age of eight. But a visit to an L. T. L. meeting offers convincing proof that these children know quite well what it is all about. Once I saw a picture of a luscious bunch of grapes held before a class. "Now if these beautiful grapes were left to grow stale and rotten," explained the leader, "you would have—" "Home brew," piped one youngster. A well-trained little girl related with the horror of a grandmother in the adult organization that she had seen a drunken man in the alley behind her house. "What did you do?" questioned the leader. "I called the other children," she replied, to that good lady's gratification, "and we hollered 'You broke the law! You broke the law!'"

The task of an L. T. L. leader is not enviable. Although some of the children come from respectable Christian homes where the "Keep Thyself Pure" certificate is framed and set on the piano, others, gathered up on the streets of the slums, are difficult to handle. Products of a jazz age in which rouged young women in sheer hose impart the principles of arithmetic and grammar to the children in the public

schools, these debauched youngsters have little reverence for the sober and elderly. And even Prohibition becomes dull when glorified in a shrill voice. But the earnest old girls make up for their physical deficiencies by the punch they inject into their tirades. Prohibition is put across with mottoes, anecdotes, cheers, banners and yells. Every L. T. L. member is a National Prohibition Guard whose motto is "Safeguard America's Future." He is symbolized by a link in a pasteboard chain which secures the gates of the famous Wall of Defense. A new member is represented by a blue link and called a Go-Forwarder; an old member is a Hold-Faster and a red link in the chain. Over 2,000,000 youngsters belong to the L. T. L. Each must memorize the prescribed catechism, repeated at each meeting. Part of it follows:

- Q. What great victory was won in 1917?
 A. The passage in Congress of the National Constitutional Prohibition Act.
 Q. What is the Eighteenth Amendment?
 A. A law.
 Q. What kind of a law?
 A. A good law.
 Q. What is a bootlegger?
 A. A lawbreaker.
 Q. Where should he be?
 A. In jail.
 Q. Who is worse, he who sells liquor or he who drinks it?
 A. He who sells it.
 Q. How do we start a meeting?
 A. With prayer.
 Q. Why do we pray?
 A. Because we belong to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
 Q. Why is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union nice to you children?
 A. Because they love us.

The W. C. T. U. always makes its beneficiaries feel that mother-love, and not addiction to a cause, prompts its interest in them. Despite the obscene psychoanalytic contention that a satisfying love life at home would keep these ladies out of the homes of others, we know by their own testimony that it is only because they love humanity to distraction that they carry on their crusade. When they visit foreign families, for example, they teach them to speak English, to pray for a sick child, and to bathe oftener. It is only because

they want them to be good, true Americans that they stress the doctrine of abstinence. In their public addresses they may blame the foreigner for his opposition to Prohibition and remind him "that boats are still running to Europe," but in his home they are verily Big Sisters. At first the foreign women are usually disappointed with them; every one loves his fairy god-mother to be beautiful. Moreover, praying for a sick child doesn't always cure its stomach-ache. But, if the husband resents this interference (with his immoral taste for wine), the wife soon comes to appreciate it. She does not hesitate to bring all her problems to her patron. "How do American ladies have little bit children?" shyly whispered one Italian mother of eight to a White Ribboner. This was indeed a difficult question, even for one of God's representatives, but she did not sidestep it. "I'll tell you," she said, firmly. "Keep your thoughts clean."

The inmates of jails, hospitals and barracks are regularly treated to comfort kits and temperance talks. In boasting of its work for Uncle Sam's boys, the W. C. T. U. is proudest of the fact that it was one of the very few organizations during the war that didn't send cigarettes to France. The sick are constantly supplied with flowers—after they have served at conventions and the like. A medical department in each chapter keeps busy ferreting out substitutes for Peruna, Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and other such stimulating remedies. Although alcohol is not specifically forbidden the members for medicinal purposes, its use is thoroughly discouraged. The doctors who prescribed whisky during the influenza epidemic were bitterly denounced. God's methods, says the W. C. T. U., should always be given preference.

One group in each chapter attends the sessions of the nearest rum court to give the learned judge moral support. In sentencing a bootlegger, though the culprit be flanked by a gang of his cronies, a judge is not likely to let his private weaknesses

influence him when the righteous glare of a row of gray-haired viragoes pierces him. Nor will he let the sight of a pleasing curve dilute justice in the presence of such austere and respectable monitors.

Congressmen must be watched, too. At the national legislative headquarters in Washington a card for each Honorable is kept on file, recording all of his votes on dry measures. Another file contains a card for each W. C. T. U. member in the country, arranged according to her congressional district. When an Honorable needs a little prodding he is visited by the legislative director of the organization, and should he be pachydermatous the women back home are immediately notified to write and telegraph. But the legislators do not find these ladies nearly as formidable as they look. Sometimes the less boozy Congressmen are invited to tea at headquarters, where they are told exactly how many women in their districts swear by Prohibition.

III

Actuated by mother-love and the gospel of Christ, the old girls nevertheless find militancy very effective in dealing with the more recalcitrant Congressmen. One cannot invite such a man as Mr. Hill, of the Maryland Free State, to a tea and get any useful results. When that illustrious (and now departed gentleman) was misbehaving himself on the Child Labor Amendment (that is, in the opinion of the W. C. T. U.), a delegation of White Ribboners was sicked on him in the lobby of the Capitol. "You are against babies!" they screamed, clutching him fiercely, "and what makes it worse, for beer! We threaten you we will visit every mother in your district and tell her Mr. Hill is for beer, not babies." But Mr. Hill thought he had been very kind to the babies in wet Baltimore. "If you do that," he said, as soon as he could catch his breath, "I'll campaign with a baby under each arm and a bottle of beer in each

pocket. I have the babies and I can get the beer."

The tremendous influence wielded in politics by the dry sisters was brought out at the hearings of the Campaign Funds Investigating Committee, of which Senator James A. Reed of Missouri was chairman. Even that sophisticated statesman was flabbergasted by the achievements of the Pennsylvania ladies, who, when the Legislature failed to run the State as pure women would have it, set up their own government and for three years ran it themselves. In 1923 the Pennsylvania Legislature passed a law for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, but failed to make an appropriation to enforce it. Refusing to allow this trick to frustrate them, the girls took a carefully guarded scheme to the dry Governor Gifford Pinchot. It was simple enough. If the law-makers would not pay for the wringing out of their great State, they (the girls) would. The Governor was overwhelmed by this generosity and blessed the expedition to drum up funds. Every source was squeezed by the zealous White Ribboners and before long two Deputy Attorneys General and a corps of dry law sleuths were being paid by the W. C. T. U. to purge Pennsylvania of the Demon Rum. On busy days, it was revealed at the committee hearings, a dry agent would drink eight and ten dollars' worth of liquor on his tour of the speakeasies. One of the skeptical Senators demanded to know how he could keep sober after drinking up so much evidence. It was explained that he often "stood for treats."

Everything would have been hunky dory and Pennsylvania would have been a comfort to these Christian ladies, who have so little voluptuous joy in life, had not Mrs. Maude T. Seymour, vice-president of their organization, behaved in a very un-Christian manner to their president, Mrs. Ella M. George. She charged Mrs. George—may God be merciful to her!—with using part of the fund to promote the candidacy of Governor Pinchot for the Senate.

Mrs. Seymour and her followers were supporting Pepper. But of course that wasn't the point. The point was that money collected from poor folks in the sacred cause of temperance ought not to be diverted to sordid politics. Mrs. George, whose white hair, gold spectacles and wrinkles bespoke her integrity, denied the allegation loudly, and the attitude of the two ladies toward each other at the committee hearing quite alarmed the Senators. The possibility of an unfriendly embrace between Christian women was really dismaying. Senator Reed quickly engaged Mrs. George in a tilt, part of which follows:

Q. And do you spend much time in Harrisburg?

A. I stay there while the Legislature is in session.

Q. Like the Manufacturers' Association?

A. I suppose so.

Q. You were not there lobbying?

A. Oh, yes, I was there. They call me a side-liner.

and then:

Q. And you paid for cases brought in the name of the State of Pennsylvania?

A. Oh, yes.

The awe-struck Senator lit a cigar, but something in the grandmotherly face of his witness prompted him to ask whether she objected. She did, most assuredly, and very deferentially Mr. Reed snuffed it out. The W. C. T. U. is always straightforward. It does not mince words or affect poses. Even its deadliest enemy, the Association against the Prohibition Amendment, could not lay its persistent triumphs to feminine wiles.

Disdainful of softness of heart, as, apparently, of softness of body, it recently insisted violently on the use of poison in denaturing alcohol, but added, however, that every bottle ought to be marked with a skull and crossbones. A man who took a drink on the scene of one of its picnics

had to be rescued by a blue-coat. At the Capital a speakeasy was picketed until the law could hold out no longer. Everywhere easy-going policemen are urged to arrest the stewed. No leniency is extended to the members themselves when they fall, and one was ousted last year because she traitorously spoke for modification of the sacrosanct Eighteenth Amendment.

Still more recent is the case of Mrs. M. E. Hunt, a widow past seventy, who for fifteen years had been devoting herself to the city and State organization at Muskogee, Okla. So loyal was Mrs. Hunt to the holy cause that she would not even admit a tenant who drank into her large apartment-house. Naturally, one would slip through occasionally, but on her sniffing tours of inspection she soon discovered him and sent for the police. It was surely a shame that such a conscientious soul should be caught with a bottle of home brew in her own apartment! She could have said it was confiscated from a tenant, but she would not lie. Why should she? The doctor had ordered it for her stomach trouble and her superiors had given their sanction. It is probable that Mrs. Hunt expected the Union to shield her, after fifteen years of faithfulness. But the Union did not. Deriding her excuse, it declared that she had broken "the white pledge of purity" and she was automatically read out of the organization.

Mrs. Hunt foamed like her brew upon pouring. She demanded that the city chemist analyze it to prove its innocence. The analysis showed an alcoholic content of four per cent, enough, in the opinion of the Union, to impurify her. Mrs. Hunt lamented that her reputation had been blackened and pleaded for readmission. But the hearts of the authorities could not be softened, for the W. C. T. U. kind of purity, once lost, can never be regained.

KU KLUX

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

I HAD hunted oil in that little Oklahoma town several years before and made some friends among its people. I drilled two dry holes there, and then quit. Passing through again a while ago on my way to Dallas, I stopped off for a few hours for the purpose of drinking some Choctaw beer, a sweet, sour, potent beverage which all the might and power of the Anti-Saloon League has failed to stop Lo from brewing, drinking and selling.

I headed for a joint where I felt sure of a hearty welcome. It was still run by Lizzie Gritts, a corpulent, smiling old Creek tribeswoman, black as the blackest Ethiopian, and, I should say, about as pure-bred a Negro as the late Booker T. Washington. But Lizzie was officially an Indian, with all the privileges pertaining to that status, for the Creeks had given her ancestors sanctuary back in slavery days, adopting them into the tribe and mixing the breeds. Lizzie must have been a throw-back to the pure African strain, for there were no signs of a Creek about her. Even her speech was Aframerican.

I drank two bottles of her beer, and waited to talk of old times until two Katy freight trains, going in opposite directions, had stopped bowing and scraping to each other on the tracks outside her open front door. Gradually there came quiet and we grew reminiscent over the oil boom that had turned this settlement into a noisy city for a few months and then reduced it over-night into a deserted village. I wanted to know particularly about the death of Adam Kapechik, a big blond Polak who used to mend my boots and those of the other drillers.

"I read in the papers," I told her, "that he went crazy at a Fourth of July parade and started shooting at the marchers. And then when the sheriff went after him he fought back and they had to kill him. I heard he had shell-shock when he was in the marines. Must have hit him again, sudden-like."

Lizzie was gurgling a bottle of beer. She put it down on the table and stared at me a moment, her eyes almost popping out of her honest old black hide.

"Is you-all Ku Klux?" she demanded. "I asks you is you-all Ku Klux?"

"Not by a damn sight," I hastened to reply. "In the first place, I'm ineligible—born in the Old Country and therefore not a 100% American. Second place, I'm agin 'em."

Lizzie took another long slug, put down the bottle, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, scrutinized me for a full minute, and spoke again.

"Ku Klux got dat boy Adam," she said and stopped short.

"Why, I heard they put up a monument to him," I answered in wonderment. "He was the war-hero of this man's town, and I understood they just figured he went out of his head when he did the killing."

Lizzie was at the ice-box now, pulling the caps off two more cold bottles.

"Dat's what de papers said," she replied as she came forward with a flagon in either fist. "De gemman what sent out de word from here he's a Ku Klux and de boys all had him fix it dat way. Nobody never comes around here t'argue 'bout it. Don'no as I should be a-telling you-all."

I kept her running back and forth from

the ice-box to the table until I had her thoroughly oiled and very talkative. Before I left she had given me the tale.

Next morning, before the Dallas train was due to leave, I dropped round to the cemetery. I halted at last before a big granite shaft which bore the following inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of Adam Kapechik,
Late Private, United States Marine Corps.

Born in Poland, August 19th, 1894.

Died in this City, July 4th, 1924.

He fought as a volunteer in the army of his adopted country during the World War and was severely wounded in the engagement with the enemy at Chateau Thierry. He was twice decorated for individual heroism.

The effect of his injuries was such that his mind gave way during the progress of a patriotic parade. He fired a machine-gun into the midst of the marchers, killing two of his fellow citizens. He was himself unavoidably slain while attempts were being made to overcome him.

Realizing that he was unaware of what he did, this monument has been erected by popular subscription of his neighbors. Among the donors were the families which were bereaved by his act of madness.

May His Soul Rest in Peace

At the foot of the inscription, and set in the stone behind a piece of plate-glass, were the four medals which Adam Kapechik had won in the war.

Lizzie Gritts had told me to look up Round Heels for corroboration and further details of the story. I did not get to the Smackover oil-fields until several weeks later, but I found Round Heels the first night in Joe Yancey's dance-hall.

She had certainly developed into a tough baby—soured, dopy, drink-sodden and looking forty instead of what she was, around twenty-two. You will know how hard she had become when I tell you she charged me five dollars to take a look at the thong marks on her back. In the old days she had been just a sweet, easy little kid, a bit too generous with her favors—which accounts for the name they gave her.

Anyway, she checked up Lizzie's story and gave me a lot more details, buttered in among curses and dragged out of her with slugs of Joe Yancey's corn liquor. Between her and the old black Creek I got what I am now setting down.

II

Adam Kapechik had wormed his way out of Warsaw and managed to make the safety of Copenhagen without being picked up by the patrols hunting more cannon-fodder. Not that Adam was any sort of a coward. But he was trying to get to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow which he knew as the United States, and no war was going to stop him.

However, he landed in New York just in time to see the pot of gold, so to speak, take up arms itself. Adam, wandering around the streets, fell in love with the red stripes on a marine sergeant's pants and got into talk with the wearer. Before he knew what had happened to him he was a marine himself and was picking up the rudiments of "To the rear, march!" on the Quantico parade-ground.

He learned to be a marine quicker than he got hold of the English language, but as that did not hinder his fighting qualifications he went across with the first replacements and in due time became an excellent machine-gunner. While it is true that he was hit on the shoulder by a chunk of shrapnel, there is no proof that he was ever marked up for anything more than an average dose of first-contact shell-shock. Certainly not enough to set him off berserk, as the inscription on his tombstone was to say later on.

Adam got his discharge in 1920, and, having saved up a few dollars and won American citizenship by virtue of his war service, he cast around for a spot to light on. His hunt ended in the little Oklahoma oil-town where he is buried today. Being a shoemaker by trade, he opened up a little workshop, and soon he was doing as well as the next fellow.

Most everybody liked him. He was a big blond, smiling boy with a kind word or a joke in his broken English for everyone who came around. A crowd of the boys who had been in the war started to make a hang-out of his little store. He put in a shine-stand and a case of cigars and

cigarettes. He had everything he wanted now but a girl. Judged by Oklahoma standards he was dumb, what with his Old World ways. The fact didn't set him in so good with the flappers.

The Ku Klux Klan and Adam both got to going good about the same time in that neck of the woods. The local klavern was started off by a professional plugger who liked the lay-out down there so well that he decided to stick. He made the town his headquarters and worked all over the State, so that he came to be a high muck-a-muck, big enough to challenge the gang down in Atlanta and get away with it—for a while. Women and booze were his meat and they nabbed him in the end with a combination of both. He's doing a long stretch for murder right now.

Faulkner, his name was. A short, scrubby, little man, all puffed up like a pouter pigeon. Acted decent enough till he got his hooks into the county and State political machinery. From then on he was hard-boiled. He got away with so much that he figured no thing or person could stop him. He has been made aware of his error since then.

Right off the line he sold himself to Dr. Dody, the Baptist minister. The boys who hung around Adam's shoe shop used to call the doctor Old Horse Teeth. He was a tall, skinny man with long arms and bent legs like one of those big wicked monkeys. He had a greasy grin for the women, especially the young ones.

Well, the parson gathered in a lot of his church folks for the Klan organizer—it was whispered they split the commissions—and first thing you knew he had all the bankers and the storekeepers. This made old Narcissus Harper, the Methodist preacher, sorer than Hell. But Faulkner soft-soaped him and got him to ride along by giving him an office. Cyclops or something like that.

Inside of a month all the big bugs in town had their nightshirts and pillow cases and were sneaking once a week into what used to be the Odd Fellows' Hall,

but what was now a full-fledged klavern, with a fiery cross blazing on the roof every night in red electric lights.

At the go-off the young fellows laid away from it. They had lots of fun watching the monthly parade from their usual hang-out at Adam's store. They used to play a game of picking out the Koo-Koos by their walk. Adam himself didn't depend on the strut. He could recognize the shoes he had cobbled, and always beat the rest of the gang in guessing.

The Klan would swing along Main street every fourth Friday night. The band was only four men at the start, but it made noise aplenty. Faulkner would be in the lead, all robed in white and gold and red, and riding Jess Mackintosh's old white mare, the one with a touch of the blind staggers.

"There's Fatty McGahan, the Ford dealer," one of the boys would shout from Adam's doorstep. "Hey, Fatty, pull in your belly, you can't fool me!"

Of course you couldn't see Fatty's face through the pillow slip, but you just knew he was madder than all Hell.

"And look at Limpy Squires dragging his nighty in the mud! Hey, Limpy, God help you when you climb into bed to-night with all that muck on your tails!"

There were certain ones they would make fun of and there were others they'd be careful about, such as old Horse Teeth and Jeremiah Slades, the banker. They knew better than to make any wise cracks about those two. They did poke fun at the Rev. Narcissus Harper, who was knock-kneed and could be spotted a mile away, but they stopped picking on him when young John Hawley's dad ran him out of town at the preacher's complaint. Old Hawley was in the Klan and he told the boy he was through with him and to go jump a freight train. The boy beat it and his mother died inside of three months. There were folks around that blamed her passing on the Klan.

The whole thing was a jumble to Adam Kapechik. You see, he still wasn't any-

thing more than a greenhorn. He even wanted to join up when Joe the dairyman went in, and you could have knocked him down with a toothpick when they told him he could never be a hundred-percenter as long as he did not possess an American birth certificate.

From its being a laughing stock, this klavern got to be something that even the young fellows were scared of. The first straight tip they got to quit kidding the organization came when Faulkner and the Rev. Mr. Dody raided Panhandle Jessie's joint down on the Katy tracks, a few doors below Lizzie Gritts' place.

Jessie had the habit of going a bit further than Lizzie in that she had some young girls around as well as some cases of Choctaw beer and a jug of corn. Faulkner and Dody came busting in there one Saturday night when the piano was going and there was a bit of dancing. There were about thirty who broke the door, all in nighties. They caught five of the gang that made Adam's store their hang-out and they gave each of them three cracks with a leather whip right out there on the railroad tracks.

Then they loaded Jessie and three girls into a car and put them on the three o'clock morning train for Oklahoma City. Warned them not to come back for their duds, either. All they started them off in was the flimsies they were wearing in the house. Dead of Winter too.

Bit by bit it got to be nosed around that the only way for a fellow to guarantee himself a good time without getting in jams was to join the Klan. It was common talk that Faulkner himself would chase a skirt twenty miles barefoot on the chance of a date. He'd been seen in Oklahoma City more than once with some fast looking babies. He wouldn't have dared do this at the start but he'd got so now that he was pretty near bossing the State. Talking of running for Congress, too.

There came a handful of other raids with more whippings of young fellows, and girls put on a rail, near naked, and

run down to the three o'clock Katy speeder for the West. And every time it would happen there would follow a big recruiting for the Klan. It came so that about six months after Faulkner had blown into town the only guys who didn't belong were Adam the Polak, five Jew storekeepers, nineteen Roman Catholics, the Red Indians who wore blankets or sold beer, and the Negroes.

However, it didn't bother Adam much, even if they wouldn't let him in. The gang still hung around his store, but, being Klansmen now, they wouldn't be around on parade nights to kid the marchers. Instead they would be tramping along behind Faulkner and the old white mare with the staggers. But they didn't mend their ways any. Instead, they got worse, for they figured they were now safe. Jessie even came back to town and set up again after one of the boys who had got whipped over her told her he was a Kluxer now and she could go the limit. So she brought nine girls with her instead of three. Faulkner took a shine to one of the new babies and they said he was a regular customer now.

III

I spoke earlier in this yarn about Adam liking the girls. In a decent way, of course. The boy was clean, and he never had any part in the rough talk that went around his place sometimes at night. He just didn't get it. But he was lonely, and pretty nearly any girl who would have made up to him could have got a right fine fellow for a husband, and all this trouble that is going to be set down here would never have happened.

He did have his eye on one, but he couldn't make much headway with her. This was the kid the boys called Round Heels—behind her back, of course. At the time these things were happening she was about eighteen years old and as pretty as they make them. A little blonde with a smile for everybody. She had no folks

in town, having blown in from the country, over by the Arkansas border. She worked in a notions store and when her day's stint was done she had nothing on her mind or in her eye but a good time with the boys.

She got herself a bad name right away. I guess she deserved it according to the letter of the law, though not according to the teachings of the Man whose representative hereabouts was old Horse Teeth Dody. She was easy. Thousands like her all over the world, doing no harm to anybody but themselves.

The boys had passed the news around. They talked about it in Adam's store, but he never got it quite clear. He saw the other lads dating her up, and at last he mustered the courage to try it out himself. She turned him down but was nice about it. The kid was all puffed up with her popularity and couldn't tell the difference between an honest-to-God man and a lot of chippy-chasers. Adam was just a dumb Polak to her.

He never had the nerve to try again, but he would look at her calf-eyed when she came in to have her shoes shined or fixed. One time he did get something of the drift of a crack that was made about her and flattened the boy who was talking with one left-handed swing. Kept his foot on the lad's neck till he took it back, every word.

Judging by the way things came out afterward he must have been crazy over Round Heels. You see, he was just a tight-mouthed Old Country boy, dumb, and not here long enough to know how to wise-crack the girls.

Faulkner got his eyes on her at last. It happened one evening when she was coming home from work. He ran his car alongside of her for about five blocks, trying to strike up. Now, she could be picked easy enough, but as I said before, she was desired by all the good-looking kids around her own age, was a snappy looking baby and was still choosing, even though they had given her a bad name.

Anyhow, she ritzed Faulkner. And that wasn't the half of it. She told the story over at the drug-store that night and a guy who overheard it carried it right back to the Klansman.

"Who does he think he is, the little pot-bellied shrimp?" she squealed over the top of her banana-split. "A dirty little old man trying to chase girls young enough to be his daughters! I don't care if he was the Imperial Wizard himself—I'll teach him to be fresh with me! The way I told him off he'll not bother me again."

Faulkner just burned up when they carried this back to him. He was about as mean as a rattlesnake and he knew something already about Round Heels chasing around. Anyhow, that night and for many nights afterward, he had her trailed, and I guess he got her to rights more than once. She had a special sweetie, Johnny Sakheimer, whose father kept a gents' furnishing place on the main street. They were Jews, but in spite of the Klan having the town by the ears Johnny was about as popular a kid as there was around. He played a bit, sure enough, but wasn't any worse than the others. But he was a Jew and that fitted in with Faulkner's plans to stir up the boys in the nightgowns.

Faulkner had lined up things so good while he was trailing the two that he had the trysting place and the time all spotted and mapped out. So about ten o'clock on a Summer's night about forty picked Klansmen, robed and all, closed in around Johnny's coupé where it was sitting under a tree on a country road and pulled therefrom the boy and the girl.

What happened after that I'll set down in Round Heels' own words as she told me the story in Joe Yancey's dance-hall in Smackover. As I said before, I had given her five dollars to let me see the scars on her back, and after drinking nearly a quart of corn liquor she spilled the yarn just about as old Lizzie Gritts had outlined it to me.

"So help me, God, all we were doing

was sitting there and loving up a little. Nothing wrong. I'm not saying I'd been what you call a good girl before this happened, but that night we weren't doing a damn thing but kissing and hugging. We were crazy about each other at that time.

"The first thing I knew all these guys in white robes rose around us. I was scared to death. I squealed holy murder. They threw open the doors and a big fellow grabbed me. I think it was Parson Dody, but I couldn't swear to it. He stuffed a handkerchief down my throat. I kicked so hard it took five of them to drag me into a big car. Johnny was fighting like Hell behind me. I heard them calling him a dirty Jew.

"'You will lay around with our women and make them prostitutes,' I heard someone shout, and then they must have landed on him hard, for he was still. They loaded him into another car behind us and started off.

"A fellow took the handkerchief out of my mouth and I started to holler again. So they put it back and tied another one across my face so I couldn't spit it out. There were a dozen of them in the car and they had their hands all over me in the dark. Laughing while they were doing it.

"They drove us out about five miles to a little hollow with fir trees around it. Then they dragged me out and laid me on the grass. Did I tell you they had tied my feet and hands with handkerchiefs? Well, they did.

"They tumbled Johnny out. He was still dazed from that wallop. They pulled off his coat and shirt and tore his underwear from him so he was stripped from his trousers up.

"They tied him up to a tree with his hands over his head. And they put a rope round his knees to keep them close to the trunk. Then they made a circle round him with me just inside of it, lying on the ground.

"A guy stepped out from the bunch

with a whip. Just a short mule-wagon whip. He beat Johnny about five times over the back before he let out a holler. Then he gave him about fifteen more, with the kid yelling his head off. He was all blood when the bird that was whipping him laid off. But he stopped hollering when they let him loose. Just dropped to the ground, moaning.

"They pulled him out of the way. Now it was my turn. I was fighting like a wild-cat. Scared stiff but game, if I say it myself. They got me over to the tree and hitched up my hands by a rope to a branch over my head. Then they tied my knees like they tied Johnny's. I still had all my clothes on.

"The big guy, I am sure it was Parson Dody, came up and cut my dress from me with a knife. I had knickers and a shimmy on below. Most times I don't wear the knickers and I might just as well not have this night for all the good they did me. Then they backed away. I was waiting for the whip.

"'Pull off her shimmy!' someone hollered. And half a dozen others yelled out the same thing.

"'Pull off her shimmy!'

"I felt a hand on me and then a yank. It was torn right from me. But still they weren't satisfied.

"'Strip her!' yelled two or three more of them.

"The fellow behind me just took my knickers by the elastic and pulled them down so they were round my knees. I was naked from there up.

"And then they laid that lash on me! God in Heaven! Ten times that I counted! I think they stopped at that, but I couldn't swear to it. I don't know another thing about it till I came to, laying on my face in Lizzie Gritts' parlor. She was pouring corn liquor on the cuts and Adam Kapechik was standing beside her."

That was Round Heels' story. As she finished it, sitting in that cubicle in a Smackover dance-hall, she opened her waist, pulled it to one side and showed

me her right breast. The nipple was split clean in half.

"I'll throw in that exhibit without any extra charge," she said. "That's where the end of the lash came around and caught me."

IV

It was Adam Kapechik who found Round Heels lying by the roadside in her shoes, stockings and knickers and with her torn dress thrown across her shoulders, stuck there by the blood on her back. It was his habit to take a walk before going to bed and chance sent him in that direction. The Klansmen had dumped her out inside the city limits the same as they had done for Johnny Sakheimer. Johnny managed to get home some way and a week later his whole family left town. On orders, it was whispered.

Adam carried Round Heels the mile and a half to Lizzie Gritts' house. Lizzie was a good friend of his. The only dissipation he went in for was drinking her beer. He stayed there all night watching old Lizzie, who doctored the kid's back with corn liquor to clean it and chicken-fat to heal it.

In the morning he lit out. This was the third of July and the Klan was to have the biggest parade of its history in this town on the Fourth. Three big bands, a full gathering of all the hooded hosts in the county, the Civil War men, the Legion boys, and the boy scouts.

The way things happened, Adam must have been completely out of his mind—but like many maniacs he went about things systematically. First he drove his flivver to Oklahoma City. He belonged to the National Guard and got into the armory without any trouble. He came out the back way with two or three packages and loaded them into his car. He had swiped an old machine-gun, pretty well shot. And one of the packages was a hundred rounds of ammunition. Also, he took his rifle and bayonet out of the company rack.

He must have hid the artillery in his shoe-shop overnight, for afterwards people told of his carrying bundles to the roof of the McMaster Building at the top of Main street. They said this was about noon on the Fourth. Nobody paid much attention, thinking he was doing some work for the store.

All the night of the third he sat beside Round Heels, who was lying on a bed in Lizzie Gritts' parlor. Another sure proof that he was crazy was that after petting her all night—just with words—he asked her to marry him and told her they would go off to some other town if she would. The kid agreed, though she probably didn't know what she was saying—being in a fever and all. He told her he would come back with a minister "after the war," so you can see he was clean off his base.

The big parade was to start at three o'clock. The route was up Main street from First, past the reviewing stand at Eighth and on to Fifteenth and Spruce, where they were to disband. The McMaster Building was at the corner of Sixth and Main. A big Klansman from Atlanta was to review the marchers, and Faulkner was to be in the stand beside him with a lot of other high muck-a-mucks. Lucky for that boy he *was* in the stand.

They came swinging uptown out of First street about a quarter past three. Everybody in town had turned out except poor little Round Heels and Lizzie Gritts, who was nursing her. On the coping of the McMaster Building were stuck two American flags. Nobody thought to look closely between them. If they had they might have caught the glint from the nozzle of a machine-gun. Behind it was crouched Adam Kapechik, crazy as a March hare, wearing his overseas uniform, his war medals and a full pack. Beside him lay his rifle and bayonet. What he figured was that he was back in the trenches sure enough.

The Klan was leading the procession and the band ahead of it was playing the

"Klexology." All the boys were singing it out loud. The tune is "America" and these are the words:

God of Eternity,
Guide, guard our great country,
Our homes and store.
Keep our great State to Thee,
Its people right and free,
In us Thy glory be
Forevermore.

Crazy Adam got his gun into action at about a hundred yards. Picked off two at the first crack. The Rev. Narcissus Harper through the forehead, and John Hughes, the butcher, through the stomach. Then something happened that saved the entire klavern of Klansmen from annihilation. The old machine-gun jammed.

Sheriff John Kruger, a man you have to

hand it to for guts, whipped off his nightie and pillow-case and tore up the fire escape of the McMaster Building while the mob was ducking for cover and Butcher Hughes was kicking up his heels in the road.

Two cops followed Kruger with their revolvers out. Adam had given up hope of getting the machine-gun to work again and had taken to his rifle. He was nestling the butt into his shoulder and drawing a bead on the panicky mob below when Kruger came bounding off the fire-escape.

Adam turned just a fraction of a second too late. The sheriff caught him on the swing and drilled him clean through the side of the head. He never knew he had been hit.

EDITORIAL

HAPPY nations, said Cesare Bonesano Beccaria, have no history. Nor, it appears, have intelligent men: at all events, they are seldom remembered generally, and almost never with respect. All the great heroes of the human race have preached things palpably not true, and practised things palpably full of folly. Their imbecilities, surviving, constitute the massed wisdom of *Homo sapiens*, lord of the lion and the whale, the elephant and the wolf, though not, as yet, of the gnat and the fly, the cockroach and the rat. So surviving, these august imbecilities conceal the high probability that, when they were new, they must have been challenged sharply by doubting and dare-devil men—that sober reason must have revolted against them contemporaneously, as it does today. But of that revolt, in most cases, nothing is known. The penalty of intelligence is oblivion.

Consider, for example, the case of those ancient Jews whose banal speculations about the origin of things still afflict the whole of Christendom, to say nothing of Islam. Is it possible to believe that, in the glorious Eighth and Ninth Centuries B.C., *all* Jews swallowed that preposterous rubbish—that the race was completely devoid of intelligent men, and knew nothing of an enlightened public opinion? I find it hard to go so far. The Jews, at that time, were already a plainly superior people. They had proved in a previous age that they were the best of the desert tribes, and by long odds, and they were fast moving to the front as city folks, *i.e.*, as civilized men. Yet the only Jewish document that comes down to us from that great day is part of the Book of Genesis, a farrago of nonsense so wholly absurd that even Sunday-school scholars have to be threatened

with Hell to make them accept it. The kind of mind it reveals is the kind one encounters today among New York wash-room attendants, Mississippi newspaper editors, and Tennessee judges. It is barely above the level of observation and ratiocination of a bright young jackass.

Are we to assume that this appalling mind was the best Jewish mind of the time—that Genesis represents the finest flowering of the Jewish national genius? To ask the question is to answer it. The Jews, you may rest assured, were not unanimously of such low mental visibility. There were intelligent men among them as well as sorcerers and theologians. They had shrewd and sophisticated fellows who were to Moses and the other patriarchs as Thomas Henry Huxley was to Gladstone. They had lost and happy souls who laughed at Genesis quite as loudly the day it was released as it is laughed at today by the current damned. But of these illuminati not a word survives in the records of the Jews. They are completely forgotten. Of their animadversions upon Moses's highfalutin tosh—and no doubt those animadversions were searching and devastating—we lack even so much as the report of a report. Thus all we know today of the probably brilliant and enterprising intellectual life of the ante-Exile Jews is contained in a compilation of balderdash by certain of their politicians and ecclesiastics. It is as if their descendants of our own time were to be measured by the sonorous rumble-bumble of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, S. Stanwood Menken and Otto H. Kahn. It is as if the American civilization we sweat and prosper under were to go down into history in terms of Calvin Coolidge, Henry Ford, Mr. Secretary Wilbur and Arthur Brisbane.

Well, why not? Those, perhaps, are the precise terms in which it *is* to go down. On second thought, I change perhaps into no doubt. What has happened invariably in the past will keep on happening to the end of the chapter. Certainly we can't expect to escape the fate of Greece and Rome—and both Greece and Rome are chiefly remembered today (and venerated by the learned and unintelligent) by the records of their second and third rate men. Is it seriously argued that Aristotle was the most enlightened Greek of his age? Then it may be argued with equal plausibility that Upton Sinclair is the most enlightened American of this one. Item by item the two match: as political scientists, as professors of aesthetics, as experts on the natural processes. In some ways, true enough, Aristotle was clearly superior to Sinclair: for one thing, he was better versed in the jargon of metaphysics, heavenly maid—which is to say, in the jargon of organized nonsense. But I think that no one will undertake to deny that Sinclair beats him on the pharmacology of alcohol, on the evils of voluptuousness, and on the electronic vibrations of the late Dr. Albert Abrams.

Aristotle survives today as one of the major glories of Greece. Put upon oath in a court of law, most specialists in dead ideas would probably rate him as the greatest Greek of them all. But you may be sure that there were Athenians in his own day who, dropping in at the Walk to hear his Message, carried away a different notion. Some of them were very bright fellows, and privy to the philosophical arcana. They had heard all the champions, and had their private views. I suggest somewhat diffidently that there were ideas in the First Philosophy, in the Nicomachean Ethics and even in the Organon that made them retire to the nearby wine-shops to snigger. But no one remembers these immune Athenians today, nor the hard-boiled fellows who guffawed at the court of Philip of Macedon. The world recalls only Aristotle.

II

Here, I sincerely hope, I shall not be mistaken for one who seeks to cry that great man down. On the contrary, I venerate him greatly. There is implicit in his writings, though not often explicit, the operation of an intellect of a high order. Whatever may be said against him, he at least refrained from ratifying the political, theological and epistemological notions that were popularly current in his time. He was no Athenian Rotarian, nor was he a Coolidge or a Bishop Manning. But his very intelligence made him remember, when he got up before his customers at the Walk, that it was necessary to adapt his speculations to their capacities and prejudices. Like Woodrow Wilson in a later age, he had a weakness for oratory, and got himself enmeshed in its snares. Some of his principal works are no more than reports of his harangues, and the heat in them sings the sense. He suffered, as all reflective men must suffer, from the fact that what is put into words for the general ear can never come within even the remotest reach of what is pondered in the privacy of the study or praying-room.

The case of Abraham Lincoln immediately recalls itself. He was, I believe, one of the most intelligent men ever heard of in this realm—but he was also a politician, and, in his last years, President of the Federal Union. The fact worked an immemorial cruelty upon him when he visited the battlefield of Gettysburg, on November 19, 1863. One may easily imagine the reflections that the scene and the occasion must have inspired in so sagacious and unconventional a man—at all events, one may imagine the more obvious of them. They were, it is highly probable, of an extremely acrid and unpleasant nature. Before him stretched row upon row of new-made graves; around him ranged the gaunt cinders of a witless and abominable war. The thought must have occurred to him at once that—

But before him there also stretched an

III

acre or two of faces—the faces of dull Pennsylvania Dutch peasants from the adjacent farms, with here and there the jowls of a Philadelphia politician gleaming in the pale Winter sunlight. It was too cold that day for a long speech, and the audience would have been mortally offended by a good one. So old Abe put away his reflections, and launched into the tried and sure-fire stuff. Once started, the *furor loquendi* kept him going. Abandoning the simple and crystal-clear English of his considered utterance, he stood a sentence on its head, and made a pretty parlor ornament of it. Proceeding, he described the causes and nature of the war in terms of the current Creel Press Bureau. Finally, he launched a sonorous, meaningless epigram, and sat down. There was immense applause. The Pennsylvania Dutch oafs were delighted. And the speech remains in all the school-books to this day.

Lincoln had too much humor in him to leave a diary, and so we do not know what he thought of it the day following, or a month later, or a year. But it is safe to assume, I believe, that he vacillated often between laughing at it sourly and hanging himself. For he was far too intelligent to believe in any such Kiwanian bombast. He could no more have taken it seriously than he took the strutting of Mr. Secretary Seward seriously, or the cerebral steam-pressure of General Grant. He knew it, you may be sure, for what it was. He was simply doomed, like many another good man before and after him, to keep his soundest and loftiest thoughts to himself. Just as Aristotle had to adapt his most penetrating and revolutionary thoughts to the tastes and comprehension of the sophomores assembled at the Walk, so Lincoln had to content himself, on a great occasion, with ideas comprehensible to Pennsylvania Dunkards, which is to say, to persons to whom genuine ideas were not comprehensible at all. Knowing their theological principles, he knew that, in the political field, they grazed only on pansies.

Nor is this all. The higher flights of the human intellect are not only inordinately offensive to the overwhelming majority of men; they are also, at least in large part, incapable of reduction to words. Thus the best thought of the human race does not appear in its written records. What is set down in orderly and seemly sentences, even today, always has some flavor in it of the stilted rubbish that the Sumerian kings used to engrave upon their tombs. The current *clichés* get into it inevitably; it is never quite honest. Complete honesty, intellectually, seldom expresses itself in formal words: its agents of notification are rather winks and sniggers, hip flasks and dead cats. The language was not made for it. Reading Shakespeare, a man of penetrating intelligence, one frequently observes him trying to put a really novel and apposite thought into words—and falling helplessly into mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. The groundlings pulled him and the deficiencies of human speech pushed him. The result is many a magnificent salvo of nonsense, vastly esteemed by the persons who esteem that sort of thing.

I propose no remedy. In fact, I am convinced that no remedy is possible, or even imaginable. The human race seems doomed to run, intellectually, on its lowest gear. Sound ideas, when by chance they become articulate, annoy it and terrify it; it prefers the sempiternal slobber. I predict formally that, of the statesmen of this age in America, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin will be remembered, and the Hon. James A. Reed will be forgotten. There will be a bronze effigy of Frank A. Munsey in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine centuries after the very name of James Branch Cabell has vanished in thin air. I used to be uneasy about Dr. Coolidge. But an examination of history has reassured me. He is as safe as Swedenborg or William Jennings Bryan. His memory will never die. H. L. M.

REPORT ON THE MUSIC INDUSTRY

BY LOUIS SHERWIN

EMINENT among the once sacred canons of demophilous doctrine was the notion that if the canaille could only be inveigled into symphony concerts we would have bigger and better music. Do you remember the days when we railed because "The Bohemian Girl" was more beloved than Beethoven? And how we foresaw the artistic millennium in the hour when the plumber, still plumbing, should whistle the *Walkürenritt* over his larcenous toil, the laundryman mutilate our shirts to the tune of "Fin ch'an d'al vino" and the operatic lore of the Yale boys advance beyond the Toreador chorus?

Music for the People was the slogan. Emancipate the musician from poverty and the yoke of a despotic Mæcenæ, be he dilettante German prince or half-educated American millionaire! When the composer no longer had to score his masterpieces with cold-crippled fingers in a garret he would turn them out monthly. Mute, inglorious geniuses would come to the front in unstarved masses, freed from the necessity of prostituting their art to vaudeville's level. Instrumental virtuosi would perform none but the greatest works and *prime donne*, male and female, would eschew the teary, Tosticular ballad to sing only exquisite *Lieder* by the multitudinous heirs of Schubert and Brahms, and majestic arias by latter-day Webers and Glucks. This, we pronounciamented, would be the Golden Age. (Yes, *we*. Like many a better man, I, too, once wallowed in such liberalistic follies. In my time I have swallowed the whole menu of mobolatrous claptrap, not even barring Socialism, and it needed a course in the unread-

able *opera* of the Rev. Dr. Upton Sinclair to show me that it was as depressing a creed as Christianity.)

Well, Conscript Fathers, the dream has in large, horrendous part come true. Music, heav'nly maid, has stepped down from her niche to become one of the most followed trollops in America. Abandoning her vow of poverty, she is chucking chastity into the same discard. Her modest and honorable attire of yore she has replaced with chiffon stockings and an ermine wrap as bawdy as any Park avenue paphian's. Every year she rides in a newer and costlier limousine. She is, in short, ceasing to be either maid or heavenly.

The popularization of this, "the last of the great arts," is one of the unmistakable and overwhelming phenomena that afflict the land. To save quibbling, for the purposes of this essay you must construe the word music to apply only to the concord of sounds heard from the concert platform or in the better lyric dramas. With the noises made in theatres and cabarets I have no quarrel and they do not enter into this discussion save indirectly, as an economic factor. Moreover, to forestall Boeotian carping, let it be understood that I realize perfectly the size of the majority which still thinks Beethoven is something to do with the Bread Trust and does not want to hear anything about Bach. My point is that whereas I and many other fatuous souls once looked forward to the lessening of that majority I now wish it were increasing.

From where I write in a modest and almost shabby quarter I hear for the third time this evening the wailings of the

Liebestod, through the medium of a neighboring and thrice accursed soundbox. When that is over the people across the way will turn on the records of the Seventh Symphony which they recently bought. At no hour of the day am I sure of being free from the necessity of listening to Donner building the lordly bridge to Valhalla out of crashing chords in the brass and thund'rous rumblings of tympani. To hear all these works I used to walk lunchless and dinnerless through the bitterest New York blizzards and be well repaid. But now they are rapidly becoming as loathsome as one of Cantor Al Jolson's mother songs. Sounds that once were of unholy joy to me hold nothing but holy terror. The only compositions of Chopin I can endure are those either too difficult to record on piano-player and victrola, or too unpopular. Thank God, most people detest Bach!

All my life I have been one of the gladly damned. Music, as Shaw's Don Juan observed, has been my brandy. So has brandy. The periods I have had to spend in provinces of this continent where these necessities were difficult or impossible of access have been the most savagely dolorous I have ever endured. And my case is no different from that of any other fairly civilized man. A laryngotomy, which would undoubtedly destroy my taste for liquor, I might survive without too much loss of individuality. But I would as lief submit to a gonadotomy as be completely deprived of my pleasure in the gorgeous noises of polyphony. That, nevertheless, is what threatens all of us now. And so you will observe that the much desiderated popularization of music is not a civilizing factor, but the opposite. It is making life not more delectable for people of urbane palate, but more Christian and ugly, if you'll forgive the pleonasm. It is destroying one of the gifts which make life a little less of an impertinence.

Do not, however, imagine it is merely the excess of sound-boxes, radios and other mechanical devices that is turning music

into one of the Bloody Nuisances, although their influence not only disturbs the peace and privacy of the individual but manifestly corrupts the concert platform. At even the best recitals the latter parts of the programmes are given over, not to the playing of great works, but to a thinly disguised, unblushing ballyhoo for the sale of the virtuoso's records. To name the honorable exceptions one would use less than the fingers of one hand. For all that, the canned-tone machines represent only a part of the process which is developing the art into a Foremost Industry and an abnegation of art. But there is another side to the story of this lamentable *dégringolade*, and the effects, as I shall try to show later, are far more serious and corrosive than those I have outlined above. Let us consider first those descendants of Fortunatus, the great virtuoso.

II

Some thirty-five years ago Jan Ignatz Paderewski made a tour of the States and went back to Lausanne with a check for \$225,000 after all expenses were paid. At the time and for many years after this was a high-water mark for the earnings of a single individual in this domain. It was equalled subsequently by Kubelik but not surpassed until Caruso and John McCormack reached the prime of their careers. The point is that until quite recently such incomes were phenomenal and there was but a bare handful of musicians in what is known as the Big Money.

After his retirement from politics Paderewski found himself at the age of sixty-one almost broke. His investments in Poland had been devastated by the war and the rest of his once respectable fortune he had spent in the Polish cause. He tried to sell his large holdings at Paso Robles, Calif., but withdrew them from the market when it became evident that he could not get decent prices for the land. With considerable misgivings he started on an American tour. In the show business he was con-

sidered a doubtful proposition. The managerial point of view was that his political emprises had made the public think of him as a Prime Minister rather than as a pianist and had rendered his vogue a thing of the past. But within two years his recitals produced a gross of a round million dollars.

Today there are no less than ten instrumentalists and singers whose earning capacity is as big as or even bigger than Paderewski's. Among them are Hofmann, Heifetz and Kreisler, Galli-Curci and Schumann-Heink, McCormack and Chaliapin. In the class next to theirs are some fifteen or eighteen whose incomes from concerts alone are high up in five figures. One young pianist of quite recent reputation was paid \$12,000 for a week at a movie theatre. Thereupon Kreisler refused an offer of \$15,000 for a similar adventure, not on the ground that it was beneath his artistic dignity, but because the sum was below his weekly earnings in recitals. This I relate merely as an illustration of the prosperity of these magnificos.

Below the first thirty-five or so in commercial rating there is, of course, a vast horde of accomplished soloists who are lucky if they make as much as ten thousand a year without the wear and tear of a teacher's job, and the majority of these rate less. But the point is, I maintain, quite clear: that there is fabulous and excessive prosperity at the top and a general condition of well-being in all grades quite amazing by comparison with the last century. And I am not forgetting the unusual expenses incidental to life in the profession, such as advertising, publicity, traveling, accompanists' fees, the rent or purchase of pianos, and so forth. All these essentials are much costlier than they were, but the margin of net income left after everything has been paid is infinitely larger, though in this as in every other occupation those at the foot of the tree have, even proportionately, a great deal more exhaustive demands on their purses than the illustrious.

At this moment I hear a loud, protesting roar from the *intelligentzia*. What, they will shout, of the artist who deserves most of all at the hands of the republic? What of the creative musician, the composer? On the face of things it would seem that you have me there. *Forse che sì, forse che no*. *Imprimis*, I have to admit there are no rich composers in America and few in the world who have grown so out of their music. Richard Strauss receives handsome *pourboires* from his works—principally the operas—and does not need them, since he married a super-brewer's daughter, the lucky blighter! Verdi and Puccini made vast sums, judging from Gatti-Casazza's memoirs. Mascagni was always my mother's pet horrible example of a man who did good work while he was starving in an attic and was so excessively rewarded for it that he never did anything worth a tinker's dam thereafter. Stravinsky is well to do, I believe, but not rolling in lucre. Manuel De Falla and Albeniz have no palaces, Hispano-Suizas nor harems that I ever heard of.

As a matter of plain fact, there are no great composers living today—unless you include Strauss—and precious few of even second or third rank comparable, let us say, with Saint-Saëns, Berlioz, Scriabin, or Grieg. And this is an important point in my argument. All the prodigious sums that are spent for music, all the multiplicity of orchestras and audiences, all the hunger for new works that even approach greatness—a hunger that is all the more avid because the multiplicity of concerts and mechanical reproductions has satiated us with a large volume of the classics—all this has elicited only the feeblest response from the creative artist.

Let me here indulge in a diversion and parenthesis and anathema upon the sophisticated half-wits who deride the Nineteenth Century. I have been one of them, and a dam fool I was for it. Aside from the towering figures of Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms and Verdi, it produced an extraordinary number of lesser demi-gods,

whose work was an honorable and enviable contribution to our joy of life and the enhancement of our higher faculties. A great epoch in art, my masters, and the next time we smile patronizingly at an anti-macassar or derisively at the Albert Memorial let us remember they were contemporaries of "Die Meistersinger" and Brahms's fourth symphony and violin concerto! Well, I would call to your minds that in those days the musician was either desperately hard up—with the exception of a very few sensational virtuosi—or dependent upon the caprice of Mæcenæas.

Now let us return to a consideration of the composer in the year 1928. The most widely known exemplar in this land is Deems Taylor: he is the first American to write the score of an opera that was not immediately scoffed out of court when it was produced at the Metropolitan. "The King's Henchman" was not a superlative achievement, but at least it was so workmanlike and *opernmaæssig* and so devoid of musical *clichés* that he was commissioned to do another. Barring accidents, his path henceforward will be smooth. But to keep the pot even moderately boiling he was forced into newspaper work for many years. His envious contemporaries insist that he owes his promising condition to his prestige as music critic of the New York *World* rather than to his creative talent. I do not take much stock in such carpings, but it is manifest that his endowment is more respectable than thrilling.

So much for the Americano most eminent in the domain of lyric drama. What of the others, the symphonic aspirants? A myth prevails to the effect that the studios of our metropolises and hamlets and even the fields teem with brilliant, unheard youngsters, their souls full of majestic, polyphonic song, but crushed and gagged because a camarilla of jealous conductors will not play their pieces for the public. This is moonshine of most unpotable quality. The *Dirigenten* of our orchestras are actually desolate for the lack of additions to their repertory that

will be new and also good. Figure it out for yourself. The notion is against common sense. It stands to reason that a conductor becomes just as weary of doing the same thing over and over again as any other man. There could be no greater thrill in his work and no more galvanizing inspiration than the opportunity to interpret a brilliant comeling who really had something to say and the skill to say it. Quite aside from the purely commercial need for variety, one need not be a musical fanatic to appreciate the desirability of increasing the scope of concert programmes, which are now so abysmally monotonous. This legend, much cherished by unarrived mediocrities, is on a par with that propagated by impatient and incompetent scribblers regarding the obtuseness and reluctance of editors to admit young genius to their pages.

III

The fact is that from time to time conductors *do* play compositions by young home talent. Provided he is even moderately workmanlike in his orchestration and does not too blatantly echo familiar masterpieces, any American composer is sure of a hearing sooner or later. But what is the result when these path-breaking novelties are performed? Almost invariably they call to mind an anecdote some time current in Germany. A composer who was rehearsing a new *chef d'œuvre* with the Gewandhaus Orchestra insisted upon the interminable repetition of a particularly difficult passage. After he had taken it over again for the fifteenth time the leader of the violoncellists spoke up with a patient smile and the kindest accent: "Ach, Meister, geben Sie sich keine unnütze Mühe! Die Stelle ist auch in 'Tristan' nie gegangen."

The composers, admittedly, are not a flourishing lot. They can protest very justly that the enormous sums spent for music in this country do not benefit them in the struggling years before they are

recognized. Those of them who cannot make livings out of newspapers have to do other hack work in the shape of accompanying or coaching soloists, copying, orchestrating and so forth. Struggling composers have had to face that problem ever since there was such a thing as music. As a matter of fact, the hack work is so much better paid than it used to be that if they were really in earnest they could earn for themselves much more leisure for creative work than the masters of the Nineteenth Century.

In New York, for instance, it is impossible to hire even a moderately competent accompanist for less than ten dollars an hour. A man or woman who can read at sight and sympathetically interpret a really difficult obligato is in tremendous demand. Such a person can earn a decent livelihood by ten hours' work a week and have all the others to devote to composition. If you think I am exaggerating, ask any singer or teacher. Pianists of even commonplace proficiency are snatched up by restaurant, cabaret and movie house orchestras almost the moment they are out of the schools.

The trouble with the American composer, I am convinced, is that the hack work by which he keeps himself alive while he is waiting for his masterpieces to germinate and fructify is far too profitable. It tempts him to a scale of living much higher than he needs for creative effort. This, as everybody knows, is an insidious poison. One of the first and worst catastrophes it leads to is marriage. Only the greatest and toughest can survive that and keep the flame of genius from flickering out. The female who will tolerate such a disorder in her own husband is a creature of mythology. It takes a thorough black-guard like Wagner to cope properly with the genus wife—the curse of Allah be on them all!

There is one writer of symphonic music, one of the most distinguished this land has yet produced, whose story aptly illustrates one phase of the relation between

self and productiveness. (For reasons which will be obvious he will have to be nameless as far as this narrative is concerned.) His compositions have eloquence, power, charm, good taste and invention of a high order. It is generally supposed that he owes his position in no small part to his wife, who comes of a well-to-do family. The fact is exactly the opposite. He married one of the species whose exhibitionism takes the form of clambering among those who can crash the society columns. Such income as she has is far from being enough to support activities of that sort. The consequence is that this talented but uxorious fellow spends most of his daytime hours conducting a business which brings in, from all accounts, quite a handsome profit, in order that he may spend most of his evenings being reluctantly showed off to a crowd of she-mandrills who have considerably less cultivation than that noble lucumo of learning, the Hon. William Hale Thompson. No wonder the volume and scope of his *opera* are small compared to those of composers who devote their entire lives to their art! In fact it amazes me that he is in condition to do any serious work at all. Of course it is idle to speculate on how great he might have become without the unnecessary and irrelevant burden he undertook, but it is difficult to abstain.

Now let us consider some other well-upholstered gentlemen who could afford ample time for creative effort—the famous instrumental virtuosi. The fiddlers are the worst offenders in this respect, for their repertoire is the most glaringly in need of increase. The fact that they have been invading the pianists' domain, arranging Chopin nocturnes and other *morceaux* for themselves, shows of itself how meagre that repertoire is and how stale. The list of additions thereto within the last quarter of a century is ridiculous. All the great violinists of the last century, with few exceptions, made contributions to the programme that are still being played today. Those of this generation are so

occupied in idly piling up fortunes which they don't need and will eventually be nothing but an incubus on their shoulders that they create nothing.

Perhaps you will say they have no talent for composition and we should be grateful for their good sense in recognizing the fact? Bosh! Whoever says that does not know musicians. Nearly all of them are "going to write some day, when I get time." Probably their achievements would not be of the highest order. No interpretive artist ever wrote anything to compare with a Beethoven concerto. But many of them have made interesting contributions, works that are at least interesting and instil harmless, necessary variety into programmes. Kreisler, for instance, has given birth to charming little pieces with originality and real melodic invention. But—little pieces, none of them too long to go on a twelve-inch record. What he has done shows quite sufficiently that if he would he could bring forth serious works that might at least challenge comparison with those of Joachim, let us say, or Vieuxtemps. In any event they would be worth hearing and provide relief from the everlasting repetition of present-day programmes. And what I have said about Kreisler applies even more strongly to his confrères. I am not pretending that every executant should also be a composer whether he wants to or no and whether he can or no. The point I am trying to make is that since music has become a prosperous industry it has begun to decline into a dead art, that the Midas touch is corrosive and threatens to be fatal.

The violoncello is in even more parlous case than the violin. This poignantly beautiful instrument is the most neglected of all, its répertoire nothing less than poverty-stricken. Is it because there is, ostensibly, "no money in writing for it"? Then how shall this generation's composers escape contempt? A man must live, they say, but, setting aside Voltaire's reply, don't they consider themselves practitioners of a noble art? Violoncellists

are forced, in large part, to play transposed versions of *opera* conceived for the violin and not nearly as well suited to the larger instrument.

The pianists, we must admit, are more industrious, more serious. Rachmaninov, while I am not one of his most ardent admirers, has added notably to the library of his craft, as has Godowsky with his erudite arrangements. Grainger has evinced talent of distinguished piquancy. Prokofieff, whose brain offspring are incoherent and muddy to my ear, has at least done something. Paderewski decided to become disgruntled at the failure of "Manru" and swore off, although his *Fantaisie Polonaise* and *Concerto in A* minor contain many passages of real beauty. (They are deplorably neglected of late, by himself as much as by his confrères.)

Despite the respectable contributions of a few, the dearth of new music that is also good is too self-evident to need argument. "Das Gutes ist nicht neu und das Neues is nicht gut." I know many amateurs like myself who seldom go to concerts nowadays because of the devastating staleness of programmes. The self-labelled modernist group strike me as the most pathetic of all. They exhibit the indicia of an impotence actually pathological. "To Hell with Beethoven!" is their slogan and, having nothing to say, they ransack not only the orchestra but the boiler factory and the kitchen for novel methods of saying it.

IV

So much for the creative side. But what of the interpretive? Here again is no great provocation to ululations of joy. The more numerous the performances the more rarely is it possible to hear one that is thoroughly inspiring. There never were so many brilliant virtuosi, and occasionally one of them is moved to give a reading not only of power but of restraint and finesse. But two or three seasons of success in Dollarland are usually enough to take the fine edge off their execution. The *goût*

Americain gets in its virus here as in other spheres: sensationalism, rabbleroising.

Most of their recitals begin dutifully with a polite bow to the classics and a sop to the prejudices of the critics. But, as I observed before, the larger portion of the afternoon or evening is, save in rare instances, given over to a more or less unblushing ballyhoo for the sale of the records, with trivial, pretty-pretty fragments of that saccharine quality that ought to set any musician's teeth on edge. This *pâtisserie* of the Cesar Cui and Drla school belongs nowhere but in the movie cathedrals today and there ought to be a fine for playing it in a dignified concert-hall. When a virtuoso of serious pretensions protests that the public want this stuff the only adequate reply is the Vanderbiltian epigram. (And while I am on this cadenza, I raise my paws to Jehovah and plead, with tears in my old blue beard, for a ten years' moratorium on Tschaikowsky. *Dirigenten*, please copy!)

Which leads me to the orchestra and its Old Man of the Sea, the Musicians' Union. Of this crew of gifted gorillas it is difficult to speak politely. (As you will observe, I find it impossible.) Their worst characteristic is that of the printers against whom I had occasion to jape not long ago. One could sympathize with their demands for more money, although they are almost grotesquely excessive, but the harassing restrictions and regulations they impress upon their employers, their exclusion of foreigners, and their protection of the incompetent at the expense of his superior are beyond all apology. Furthermore, an agreement evidently means little more to them than to a movie magnifico, and because nobody can tell how soon they will kick over the traces with further exactions, they keep everything in a state of uncertainty. You can thank nobody but the union if the playing of orchestras is so often ragged, unbalanced and lacking in delicacy.

Symphony societies today are as thick in America as dandruff on a preacher's col-

lar. But how far they have fallen below the once lofty estate of the Boston and Theodore Thomas bands! In those there was a perfection of ensemble equalled in Europe only at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, the Berlin Philharmonic and, strangely enough, the Paris Conservatoire. That perfection now exists nowhere in America. The proportion of competent players to the needs of the big orchestras is ludicrously inadequate. This is no *ipse dixit* of mine; I have it on the authority of the most important managers in New York and elsewhere in the Republic. The union can't supply enough first—or even second—class men from its own ranks because they are not there.

And it will not allow them to come in from Europe. Formerly a musician could enter the United States disguised as an artist and unbothered by the immigration Dogberrys. But when the native performers joined the American Federation of Labor they declared themselves mechanics, and I'm bound to say the last lot I heard in the Ninth Symphony played like mechanics—boiler-makers at that. The consequence of this beneficent provision is that only a soloist is now immune from the law of the quota and orchestra managers are tearing their hair. Not even the leader of the violoncellists or any other choir in the band can pass Ellis Island except as a laborer. And after he has arrived he has the amiable privilege of starving to death before he is graciously permitted to join the union.

First players are paid \$150 a week. As a matter of fact the fellows on the first desk of the fiddles receive as much as \$200. This is by no means the extent of their income. By teaching and performing in other organizations aside from their symphony work they increase their wages considerably. Another trouble which grays the chestnut tresses of the conductor and his manager is that some of their best men are constantly being lured away by the fantastic salaries paid in the jazz bands. A good trumpeter or cornetist, for instance,

who can play tricks with his instrument and make it sound like a dying giraffe or a woman slipping on the soap in the bathroom may earn as much as a bank cashier.

To all of this one might say, what of it? Lord knows I don't object to people becoming prosperous. My objection to this condition is that the performances grow worse as the musicians grow richer. The strongest argument in favor of higher wages for the artisan has always been that they will free him from worry and hardship to do better work. Here he has his higher wages, and with what result? The orchestra player, once the dignified servant of a lofty art, has become an insolent and slovenly mechanic. The more conscientious, decent and accomplished among them are helpless because the minute they raise their voices in protest they are shouted down by the dolts who, of course, outnumber them. Rehearsals are so costly that they have perforce been reduced to the minimum. A hard and fast regulation restricts the length of concerts to two hours. If the programme, by no matter what necessity or accident, lasts one minute longer there is overtime to pay. Moreover it is impossible for the management of a symphony society to make plans ahead because they never know what new conditions or demands may be imposed upon them. Frequently this redounds to the disadvantage of the men, since it prevents any promise of an extension of their engagement.

Here is a juicy little trick to illustrate the union sense of honor. A conductor preparing a new work spends the utmost he can afford on rehearsals—sometimes more than he can afford—in order to drill his men to as near perfection as may be. On the evening of the first performance he finds he has anywhere from two to half a dozen substitutes run in on him at the last

moment in important positions. Then discriminating auditors screech because the ensemble is so ragged. (I believe this takes place more often in theatres than in symphony halls, but it is a dishonorable practise anywhere.)

A pupil of my maternal parent who has had considerable success in America came to call on her shortly after her arrival here. For one solid hour the young man conducted a monologue of shop-talk. This soprano had just signed contracts that would bring her \$80,000 next season; such and such a baritone made \$125,000; So and So had refused \$8000 to sing over the radio; he himself expected to earn \$20,000 and had refused so much and so much. In all that time not one word did he utter about music, not one syllable of comment on the artistic aspects of his craft. In Europe he had been trained and encouraged to take his work seriously. After three seasons of such wages as he had never dreamed of, all he seemed to take seriously was his fees. That, you may well imagine, is the sort of deterioration which is affecting all musicians today.

"An artist," said a distinguished Frenchwoman of my acquaintance a few years ago, "is at his best when he is *dans la purée*. *Un artiste riche, c'est un artiste ridicule*."

Searching my memory for instances, I thought of Anatole France, surrounded by priceless bibelots at the Villa Saïd, and it occurred to me that he was hardly wallowing in poverty when he achieved such works as "L'Ile des Pingouins" and "La Révolte des Anges." So I could not swallow the lady's apothegm without strenuous regurgitation at the time. But after considering the status of music as she is played today I give up. Nietzsche was right. It is the last of the great arts, the art killed with kindness.

PASTORALE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

WELL, it looks like Burbie was going to get hung. And if he does, what he can lay it on is, he always figured he was so dam smart.

You see, Burbie, he left town when he was about sixteen year old. He run away with one of them travelling shows, "East Lynne" I think it was, and he stayed away about ten year. And when he come back he thought he knowed a lot. Burbie, he's got them watery blue eyes what kind of stick out from his face, and how he killed the time was to sit around and listen to the boys talk down at the poolroom or over at the barber-shop or a couple other places where he hung out, and then wink at you like they was all making a fool of theirself or something and nobody didn't know it but him.

But when you come right down to what Burbie had in his head, why it wasn't much. 'Course, he generally always had a job, painting around or maybe helping out on a new house, like of that, but what he liked to do was to play baseball with the high-school team. And they had a big fight over it, 'cause Burbie was so old nobody wouldn't believe he went to the school, and them other teams was all the time putting up a squawk. So then he couldn't play no more. And another thing he liked to do was sing at the entertainments. I reckon he liked that most of all. 'Cause he claimed that a whole lot of the time while he was away he was on the stage, and I reckon maybe he was at that, 'cause he was pretty good, specially when he dressed hisself up like a old-time Rube and come out and spoke a piece what he knowed.

Well, when he come back to town he seen Lida and it was a natural. 'Cause Lida, she was just about the same kind of a thing for a woman as Burbie was for a man. She used to work in the store, selling drygoods to the women, and kind of making hats on the side. 'Cepting only she didn't stay on the drygoods side no more'n she had to. She was generally over where the boys was drinking Coca Cola, and all the time carrying on about did they like it with am-monia or lemon, and could she have a swallow outen their glass. And what she had her mind on was the clothes she had on, and was she dated up for Sunday night. Them clothes was pretty snappy, and she made them herself. And I heard some of them say she wasn't hard to date up, and after you done kept your date why maybe you wasn't going to be disappointed. And why Lida married the old man I don't know, lessen she got tired working at the store and tooken a look at the big farm where he lived at, about two mile from town.

By the time Burbie got back she'd been married about a year and she was about due. So her and him commence meeting each other, out in the orchard back of the old man's house. The old man would go to bed right after supper and then she'd sneak out and meet Burbie. And nobody wasn't supposed to know nothing about it. Only everybody did, 'cause Burbie, after he'd get back to town about eleven o'clock at night, he'd kind of slide into the poolroom and set down easy like. And then somebody'd say, "Yay, Burbie, where you been?" And Burbie, he'd kind of look around, and then he'd pick out some-

body and wink at him, and that was how Burbie give it some good advertising.

So the way Burbie tells it, and he tells it plenty since he done got religion down to the jailhouse, it wasn't long before him and Lida thought it would be a good idea to kill the old man. They figured he didn't have long to live nohow, so he might as well go now as wait a couple of years. And another thing, the old man had kind of got hep that something was going on, and they figured if he throwed Lida out it wouldn't be no easy job to get his money even if he died regular. And another thing, by that time the Klux was kind of talking around, so Burbie figured it would be better if him and Lida was to get married, else maybe he'd have to leave town again.

So that was how come he got Hutch in it. You see, he was afear'd to kill the old man hisself and he wanted some help. And then he figured it would be pretty good if Lida wasn't nowheres around and it would look like robbery. If it would of been me, I would of left Hutch out of it. 'Cause Hutch, he was mean. He'd been away for a while too, but him going away, that wasn't the same as Burbie going away. Hutch was sent. He was sent for ripping a mail-sack while he was driving the mail-wagon up from the station, and before he come back he done two year down to Atlanta.

But what I mean, he wasn't only crooked, he was mean. He had a ugly look to him, like when he'd order hisself a couple of fried eggs over to the restaurant, and then set and eat them with his head humped down low and his arm curled around his plate like he thought somebody was going to steal it off him, and handle his knife with his thumb down near the tip, kind of like a nigger does a razor. Nobody didn't have much to say to Hutch, and I reckon that's why he ain't heard nothing about Burbie and Lida, and et it all up what Burbie told him about the old man having a pot of money hid in the fireplace in the back room.

So one night early in March, Burbie and

Hutch went out and done the job. Burbie, he'd already got Lida out of the way. She'd let on she had to go to the city to buy some things, and she went away on No. 6, so everybody knowed she was gone. Hutch, he seen her go, and come running to Burbie saying now was a good time, which was just what Burbie wanted. 'Cause her and Burbie had already put the money in the pot, so Hutch wouldn't think it was no put-up job. Well, anyway they put twenty-three dollars in the pot, all changed into pennies and nickels and dimes so it would look like a big pile, and that was all the money Burbie had. It was kind of like you might say the savings of a lifetime.

And then Burbie and Hutch got in the horse and wagon what Hutch had, 'cause Hutch was in the hauling business again, and they went out to the old man's place. Only they went around the back way, and tied the horse back of the house so nobody couldn't see it from the road, and knocked on the back door and made out like they was just coming through the place on their way back to town and had stopped by to get warmed up, 'cause it was cold as hell. So the old man let them in and give them a drink of some hard cider what he had, and they got canned up a little more. They was already pretty canned, 'cause they both of them had a pint of corn on their hip for to give them some nerve.

And then Hutch he got back of the old man and crowned him with a wrench what he had hid in his coat.

II

Well, next off Hutch gets sore as hell at Burbie 'cause there ain't no more'n twenty-three dollars in the pot. He didn't say nothing. He just set there, first looking at the money, what he had piled up on the table, and then looking at Burbie.

And then Burbie commences soft-soaping him. He says hope my die he thought there was a thousand dollars anyways in the pot, on account the old man being rich

like he was. And he says hope my die it sure was a big surprise to him how little there was there. And he says hope my die it sure does make him feel bad, on account he's the one had the idea first. And he says hope my die it's all his fault and he's going to let Hutch keep all the money, dam if he ain't. He ain't going to take none of it for hisself at all, on account of how bad he feels. And Hutch, he don't say nothing at all, only look at Burbie and look at the money.

And right in the middle of while Burbie was talking, they heared a whole lot of hollering out in front of the house and somebody blowing a automobile horn. And Hutch jumps up and scoops the money and the wrench off the table in his pockets, and hides the pot back in the fireplace. And then he grabs the old man and him and Burbie carries him out the back door, hists him in the wagon, and drives off. And how they was able to drive off without them people seeing them was because they come in the back way and that was the way they went. And them people in the automobile, they was a bunch of old folks from the Methodist Church what knowed Lida was away and didn't think so much of Lida nohow and come out to say hello. And when they come in and didn't see nothing, they figured maybe the old man had went in to town and so they went back.

Well, Hutch and Burbie was in a hell of a fix all right. 'Cause there they was, driving along somewheres with the old man in the wagon and they didn't have no more idea than a bald-headed coot where they was going or what they was going to do with him. So Burbie, he commence to whimper. But Hutch kept a-setting there, driving the horse, and he don't say nothing.

So pretty soon they come to a place where they was building a piece of county road, and it was all tore up and a whole lot of tool-boxes laying out on the side. So Hutch gets out and twists the lock off one of them with the wrench, and takes

out a pick and a shovel and throws them in the wagon. And then he got in again and drove on for a while till he come to the Whooping Nannie woods, what some of them says has got a ghost in it on dark nights, and it's about three mile from the old man's farm. And Hutch turns in there and pretty soon he come to a kind of a clear place and he stopped. And then, first thing he's said to Burbie, he says,

"Dig that grave!"

So Burbie dug the grave. He dug for two hours, until he got so dam tired he couldn't hardly stand up. But he ain't hardly made no hole at all. 'Cause the ground is froze and even with the pick he couldn't hardly make a dent in it scarcely. But anyhow Hutch stopped him and they throwed the old man in and covered him up. But after they got him covered up his head was sticking out. So Hutch beat the head down good as he could and piled the dirt up around it and they got in and drove off.

After they'd went a little ways, Hutch commence to cuss Burbie. Then he said Burbie'd been lying to him. But Burbie, he swears he ain't been lying. And then Hutch says he *was* lying and with that he hit Burbie. And after he knocked Burbie down in the bottom of the wagon he kicked him and then pretty soon Burbie up and told him about Lida. And when Burbie got done telling him about Lida, Hutch turned the horse around. Burbie asked them what they was going back for and Hutch says they're going back for to git a present for Lida. So they come back to the grave and Hutch made Burbie cut off the old man's head with the shovel. It made Burbie pretty sick, but Hutch made him stick at it, and after a while Burbie had it off. So Hutch throwed it in the wagon and they get in and start back to town once more.

Well, they wasn't no more'n out of the woods before Hutch takes hisself a slug of corn and commence to holler. He kind of raved to hisself, all about how he was going to make Burbie put the head in a box and tie it up with a string and take it

out to Lida for a present, so she'd get a nice surprise when she opened it. Soon as Lida comes back he says Burbie has got to do it, and then he's going to kill Burbie. "I'll kill you!" he says, "I'll kill you, dam you! I'll kill you!" And he says it kind of sing-songy, over and over again.

And then he takes hisself another slug of corn and stands up and whoops. Then he beat on the horse with the whip and the horse commence to run. What I mean, he commence to gallup. And then Hutch hit him some more. And then he commence to screech as loud as he could. "Ride him, cowboy!" he hollers, "Going East! Here come old broadcuff down the road! Whe-e-e-e-e!" And sure enough, here they come down the road, the horse a-running hell to split, and Hutch a-hollering, and Burbie a-shivering, and the head a-rolling around in the bottom of the wagon, and bouncing up in the air when they hit a bump, and Burbie dam near dying every time it hit his feet.

III

After a while the horse got tired so it wouldn't run no more, and they had to let him walk, and Hutch set down and commence to grunt. So Burbie, he tries to figure out what the hell he's going to do with the head. And pretty soon he remembers a creek what they got to cross, what they ain't crossed on the way out 'cause they come the back way. So he figures he'll throw the head overboard when Hutch ain't looking. So he done it. They come to the creek, and on the way down to the bridge there's a little hill, and when the wagon tilted going down the hill the head rolled up between Burbie's feet, and he held it there, and when they got in the middle of the bridge he reached down and heaved it overboard.

Next off, Hutch give a yell and drop down in the bottom of the wagon. 'Cause what it sounded like was a pistol shot. You see, Burbie done forgot that it was a cold night and the creek done froze over.

Not much, just a thin skim about a inch thick, but enough that when that head hit it it cracked pretty loud in different directions. And that was what scared Hutch. So when he got up and seen that head setting out there on the ice in the moonlight, and got it straight what Burbie done, he let on he was going to kill Burbie right there. And he reached for the pick. And Burbie jumped out and run, and he didn't never stop till he got home to the place where he lived at, and locked the door, and climbed in bed and pulled the covers over his head.

Well, the next morning a fellow come running into town and says there's hell to pay down at the bridge. So we all went down there and first thing we seen was that head laying out there on the ice, kind of rolled over on one ear. And next thing we seen was Hutch's horse and wagon tied to the bridge rail, and the horse dam near froze to death. And the next thing we seen was the hole in the ice where Hutch fell through. And the next thing we seen, down on the bottom next to one of them bridge pilings, was Hutch.

So the first thing we went to work and done was to get the head. And believe me, a head laying out on thin ice is a pretty dam hard thing to get, and what we had to do was to lasso it. And the next thing we done was to get Hutch. And after we fished him out he had the wrench and the twenty-three dollars in his pockets and the pint of corn on his hip and he was stiff as a board. And near as I can figure out, what happened to him was that after Burbie run away he climbed down on the bridge piling and tried to reach the head and fell in.

But we didn't know nothing about it then, and after we done got the head and the old man was gone and a couple of boys that afternoon found the body and not no head on it, and the pot was found, and them old people from the Methodist Church done told their story and one thing another, we figured out that Hutch done it, specially on account he must of been drunk and he done time in the pen and

all like of that, and nobody ain't thought nothing about Burbie at all. They had the funeral and Lida cried like hell and everybody tried to figure out what Hutch wanted with the head and things went along thataway for three weeks.

Then one night down to the poolroom they was having it some more about the head, and one says one thing and one says another, and Benny Heath, what's a kind of a constable around town, he started a long bum argument about how Hutch must of figured if they couldn't find the head to the body they couldn't prove no murder. So right in the middle of it Burbie kind of looked around like he always done and then he winked. And Benny Heath, he kept on a-talking, and after he got done Burbie kind of leaned over and commence to talk to him. And in a couple of minutes you couldn't of heard a man catch his breath in that place, accounten they was all listening at Burbie.

I already told you Burbie was pretty good when it come to giving a spiel at a entertainment. Well, this here was a kind of a spiel too. Burbie act like he had it all learned by heart. His voice trimmed and ever couple of minutes he'd kind of cry and wipe his eyes and make out like he can't say no more, and then he'd go on.

And the big idea was what a whole lot of hell he done raised in his life. Burbie said it was drink and women what done ruined him. He told about all the women what he knowed, and all the saloons he's been in, and some of it was a lie 'cause if all the saloons was as swell as he said they was they'd of throwed him out. And then he told about how sorry he was about the life he done led, and how hope my die he come home to his old home town just to cut out the devilment and settle down.

And he told about Lida, and how she wouldn't let him cut it out. And then he told how she done led him on till he got the idea to kill the old man. And then he told about how him and Hutch done it, and all about the money and the head and all the rest of it.

And what it sounded like was a piece what he knowed called "The Face on the Floor," what was about a bum what drewed a picture on the barroom floor of the woman what done ruined him. Only the funny part was that Burbie wasn't ashamed of hisself like he made out he was. You could see he was proud of hisself. He was proud of all them women and all the liquor he'd drunk and he was proud about Lida and he was proud about the old man and the head and being slick enough not to fall in the creek with Hutch. And after he got done he give a yelp and flopped down on the floor and I reckon maybe he thought he was going to die on the spot like the bum what drewed the face on the barroom floor, only he didn't. He kind of lain there a couple of minutes till Benny got him up and put him in the car and tooken him off to jail.

So that's where he's at now, and he's went to work and got religion down there, and all the people what comes to see him, why he sings hymns to them and then he speaks them his piece. And I hear tell he knows it pretty good by now and has got the crying down pat. And Lida, they got her down there too, only she won't say nothing 'cepting she done it same as Hutch and Burbie. So Burbie, he's going to get hung, sure as hell. And if he hadn't felt so smart, he would of been a free man yet.

Only I reckon he done been holding it all so long he just had to spill it.

PLUMES AND BUSKINS

BY IDWAL JONES

IN A ruinous print-shop off the Tioga road I once conversed with an editor who was setting type for his weekly palladium. He was eighty-five if he was a day. The length of his whiskers would have sufficed to make the encounter memorable. His fingers trembled as he picked up some Greek letters and composed a line to head the editorial page.

"A paper's no good without some learnin' in it," he said. "That's what we got taught on the *Golden Era*."

Doric epigrams in a mining-camp sheet! What few readers he had left must have been mystified. This was in the dim years before the war, and he can hardly be alive now. Are there any of his tribe left: hieratic old fellows who gave journalism a cachet of learning, and elevated its practice to a sort of ritual? I fear not. Not that any Greek pundit could have puzzled out that quotation. The characters were just strewn in for impressive effect. Any printer was entitled to some eccentricity if he were old enough to have been setting type on the *Golden Era* in 1852.

It was about this time that Western humanism, or post-Spanish culture, dawned by the Golden Gate. Leisure had set in again after three years of hurly-burly following the discovery of gold. It was the age of honor and its handmaiden, the derringer, and therefore the age of politeness. The amenities of literature were held in the highest esteem. The main body of the people lived in the country. They had little means of misusing their leisure, and though they may have shot at each other to some extent, they did read considerably. They achieved cultural efflorescence in their

spare time. It is impossible to regard that halcyon period as one of imperfect civilization.

In that year two youths, both under twenty-one, J. MacDonough Foard and Rollin M. Daggett, started up in San Francisco the *Golden Era*. Journals there were aplenty. The *Alta California*, for one, was printed on pages the size of a bed-sheet, but like the rest it purveyed dull and factual reading. The charm of Foard and Daggett's new weekly was that it reduced facts to a minimum. It laid itself out to mirror life in terms of heart-throbs and romance. Was not glamour abroad in the land? The prevailing malady of the Argonauts, indeed, was nostalgia. More miners died from nostalgia than from pneumonia. The only specific was bits of lotus-blossom. The weekly published many letters from the East, ravings, poems and apostrophes by homesick miners. It dealt with claim-jumpings, ghost stories, cock-fights, and reported hangings at full length, with pious moralizings thereon. It came home to men's bosoms with panegyrics on good liquor and recipes for lighter flap-jacks. It glowed. Its heart throbbed in unison with the hearts under the red shirts in the gulches.

San Francisco itself was indifferent. It swarmed with jobbers, company organizers, iron-mongers, accountants with parchment faces and rigid side-beards, and other commercial gentry. They had post-office mouths, and read nothing but stock reports and the shipping news. They refused to advertise in the *Golden Era*. Soon the bailiff began to dog the steps of the romantic editors. Daggett pulled on a red

shirt and top-boots, and hastened out among the miners in quest of subscriptions at five dollars a year. His tour was a triumphal procession: committees gave him torchlight parades and dinners of stewed rabbit. He returned with ten thousand names. In a few months the *Golden Era* had a plant of its own and an income exceeded only by that of the lordly *Alta*.

Foard had a high opinion of his periodical, and he knew how to express it in strophes that were fitting:

Go where you may, within the vast confines of California—amid the denizens of the frozen north, where the flinty crest of Nevada ever gleams with snows, among the hardy sons of toil whose arms are digging from the earth the glittering treasure which is enriching the world—among the yeomanry of our broad and fertile valleys who far "from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" are silently adding to the flora and wealth of our rising State!—visit the family circles of our cities and towns, and there you will see the rich and teeming pages of the *Golden Era*.

The curious thing about this statement is that it was true. There was no psychasthenia in Master Foard's soul. He was a sturdy original, and his influence on literature has been grossly overlooked. Kinglake and "Janus Weathercock" may have discovered the purple patch, but it was the forgotten Foard who fostered that value in diction known as local color. This value abounded in the *Golden Era*, for the greater part of the paper was devoted to sketches in the whimsical and bombastic vein that fixed the style of most Western journalists. The manner influenced the pre-Civil War humorists, definitely colored Mark Twain's prose style, made the fame of Petroleum V. Nasby, and terminated in the writings of the Danbury *News* Man and Bill Nye, though traces of it were discernible in the lucubrations of the patent inside hack writers up to the year 1902.

Foard had the energy of a steel automaton, and the amount of rewriting he did was prodigious. The composing-room force marvelled at the strength of his wrist. They were sometimes moved to sympathy, and sent up neat contributions of their own. E. G. Paide wrote weekly a "patent

sermon" in a series that was lifted the country over, and gave him the renown of a lay Spurgeon. He was a dry little man in a greasy tick apron, who guzzled beer around the corner and who on pay-days pocketed the change of the entire staff through his skill at Pedro. One of his assistants, Joseph Goodman, a boy of eighteen, contributed verse. He was later to write a poem, "The Death of Lincoln," that for a time was surpassed only by Walt Whitman's and the rhymed apology in Punch. In maturity he became famous for having shot the silver-tongued Tom Fitch in the knee-cap at some duel or other. His most important work was a history of the Mayas that has not been published. Another protégé of Paide, a lad of the same age, wrote a pleasing sketch of a flag-raising in the Plaza, and followed it with verses that readers pasted in their scrap-books. He was Bret Harte. The editor gave him a desk, and there Harte would chisel for hours on a single paragraph, gradually acquiring speed, and rising to the creation of "M'Liss."

A smudge-faced printer's devil turned in rhymes, which he signed Pip Pepperpod. The alliterative pseudonym was genteel in those days. His first effort was:

The East is red,
The dark-plumed night has fled,
My frightened muse, so tender,
So full of fear
As day is near,
No further singing words of night will render.

Foard thought it cryptic, but worth two dollars. Thus was Charles Warren Stoddard encouraged.

II

There was abundance of talent in these dingy offices off Montgomery street. Euterpe breathed and flitted in an ambience of gin and shag tobacco and odors of meals brought in by bawling waiters, and the racket of an ancient press with an arm that came down with a shuddering crash; the buzz of country subscribers, liquored by

the genial Daggett, and the yells of the staff in the throes of composition. Foard, glaring about him with his fierce gray eyes, secured intervals of peace by hitting the spittoon with a heavy cane.

Money flowed in, and disappeared even faster, the proprietors did not know where. They expended large sums in the purchase of poetry. Transcendentalism had sunk, and the genius loci of Boston Common hovered over the chimney-pots of the *Golden Era*. Up the stairs trod regularly the most august practitioner of the rhyming art in the West, John Rollin Ridge, the learned Cherokee. Here was no celebrant of bulbuls and swooning Chloes, but an artificer in stirring and tender meters. His muse was autochthonous. A large, handsome man, a companion of the stars and hill-tops, he had a deep, mournful voice and the aspect of a Hindu seer. The chicane of land agents had despoiled him of his patrimony, and vicious whites had butchered his father before his eyes. His mind was blighted. Something in his work recalls the admirable narrative style of John G. Neihardt, and his poem on Mt. Shasta, "companionless and cold," has some of the undertones of Coleridge's verse on Chamoûni.

Fitzhugh Ludlow, the hasheesh-eater, laid down good things on the desk. He never had to bicker much about the price, for whom the gods had made mad Foard never cared to argue with. Orpheus C. Kerr and Dan De Quille, just over from Nevada, had the privilege of the best office chairs. Col. George H. Derby, the geodetic engineer, drifted in frequently, and then all talk ceased. Derby was a droll wit. He never contributed to the periodical, but he was at this time the most influential "stylist" in the land. Under the pen-names of Squibob and John Phoenix he ridiculed the dull gravity of government reports in satires that abounded in buffoonery and caricature. Not a writer in the West but tried to ape that style, so highly esteemed by Foard. Even Mark Twain imitated it for years.

At times Derby came near being clapped into the dungeons by the infuriated Secretary of War. In "Squibob's Defense of Army Posts" he advocated the defensive measures of large snuff-boxes, fierce bulldogs held in leash by the soldiery, and field-pieces strapped on the backs of jackasses. His prose was bad, but his ideas on preparedness were quite unmistakable and modern. He was accordingly sent to build lighthouses on the hot, mucky flats of Alabama, where, in 1861, following a sunstroke, he died, blind and paretic.

A lay satellite of Derby was Prentice Mulford, who described with quaint humor his adventures with pick and shovel in the Southern mines. His stuff had the authentic crackle and displayed native genius. What harmed him was that he had taught school and had become a scold. He wanted to pound the pulpit cushions. But he was still promising, until he got entangled in the tenets of Buddha, and then delivered himself of "The White Cross Library." Edyism had not then come West, and Mulford had a cult unto himself. "The God in Yourself," "Thoughts to Create Happiness," "Health and Success"—so run the titles. His humor deserted him, and one day he was found drowned.

Down the street, in a shabby hotel reeking of paraffin lamps and boiled cabbage, lived an exile, Thomas Starr King, the Unitarian divine, who found the office a congenial haunt. He was then thirty-six: a frail, little man with a shawl draped about him, a hacking cough, and eyes that burned in cavernous sockets. His curious resemblance to Patrick Henry was accentuated by his dank hair, retreating chin, and the loose mouth of a public speaker. He was even then regarded as the greatest pulpit orator in the country. The Unitarians were looked upon as a mildly erratic sect that practiced animal magnetism, and were certainly Abolitionists. King was viewed with suspicion, but his grace was disarming, and within three months of his arrival from Boston his personal acquaintance was phenomenal. He knew everybody

in town: politicians, miners, criminals, soldiers, play-folk, merchants. No one was more revered. The crowds stood fifty deep in front of his church door hours before he began preaching, and entrance was accompanied by tumult that brought the police on the run. The voice of this pallid but magnetic being "thrilled and throbbed through the audience like an organ, carrying conviction captive before its wonderful melody."

King managed to find time to write on the agricultural resources of the State and the natural wonders of its mountains and trees. He went into politics. He had begun life as a theologian, and wound up as a sort of Chautauqua lecturer on the grand scale. He attacked Secession. He went for the Governor who, when the Civil War began to cast its shadow, proposed the happy *via media* of a Pacific Republic. Floods in the great interior valleys destroyed property worth fifty millions, and his eloquence on behalf of the Sanitary Commission brought in a million and a quarter, and obviated much acute distress. He refused to run for the Senate. He got his friend, Bret Harte, the post of secretary to the chief of the Mint, and, at a Union rally, first introduced him in public as a poet.

That King was a paid advocate of the Union cause is probably true. That California would have joined the North without the urgings of this fiery angel was likewise probable. The miracle was that though he lived in the State but four years and was less than forty when he died, he exerted upon its destiny an influence unparalleled in the history of the West. The Legislature mourned his death officially for three days. His funeral exceeded in grandeur that accorded any other citizen before or since. Minute guns were fired. A giant conifer and a peak in the Yosemite bear his name. His tomb lies by the public thoroughfare. A few months ago the State chose him to be immortalized in marble pot-hat and broadcloth in the Washington Hall of Fame. The only other Californian to be so chosen is Junipero Serra, the Jesuit.

III

There were other gentlemen who worried much more about their bread-and-butter, and trod Grub street with their toes out of their boots. It is about time that local Bohemians, now grown fat and prosperous, should put up a statue to Stephen Massett. He was the first to bear the gallant title of Bohemian. I believe that James L. Ford, the social chronicler, dismissed lightly Massett's verse, but dwelt with respect on his feat of devouring a whole goose at some literary soirée in Brooklyn where the poet once languished in the ormolu age. It was at one of Nelly Bly's parties, I think. But hunger was ever the bane of Massett's life. His nose was ever a-twitch when he stalked leanly, like the celebrated Père Gringoire, past the bake-shops. Massett had been befriended by a fat German in New York, whom he had enchanted by his tenor voice and skill on the guitar, and was prevailed on to accompany him to San Francisco in the brutal and materialistic rush of 1849. At Panama their funds just sufficed to buy two hams apiece. Massett ate his up on the voyage. The German retailed his at a dollar a thin slice, and as soon as he landed bought water-front lots, and retired in six months a millionaire.

The poet sat on a three-legged stool in a land office, and copied out abstracts, until Governor Riley made him Commissioner of Deeds. He quit at once and devoted himself to the cultivation of the arts. He bought an asthmatic melodeon and gave recitals. The *noblesse* and the frailty besieged the hall to hear the troubadour warble his composition, "When the Moon on the Lake is Beaming." The merit of the ballad was that it was the first printed in the town. His set-pieces in recitative were "My Name is Norval" and "Take Back the Heart that Thou Gavest," but his specialty was "Massett's Budget of Fun and Comic Olio," in which—antedating Joe Cook with his imitation of four Hawaiians—he mimicked seven Yankees at a town meeting.

He voyaged up the river to Marysville to give a performance, and the citizenry bolted their suppers and jammed the opera-house to the guards. The first song went over fairly well, but the "Comic Olio," though delivered with aplomb, was received coldly. One or two patrons went out to return with coils of rope. There was considerable whispering and a manifest desire on the part of some spectators to march down the aisle and charge over the footlights. A friendly stage-hand told the poet that he was the counterpart of the bandit pictured on the sheriff's "\$500, Dead or Alive" poster outside. So Massett leaped out of the back window with urgent despatch.

Escaping to Sacramento he poured out his woe in ballads which he rendered under a naphtha torch in the public square. Here was a linnet fallen among Philistine crows. Being a fair elocutionist, he was impressed into auctioning off job lots of groceries, steel rails and tarpaulin. His commissions ran up to \$1,500 a day. Being, after all, a poet, he endured the indignity only two months, and then became a sub-editor of a country newspaper. Soon the urge was on him once more, and he roamed on a lyric tour of the hinterland.

"Sir," wrote his chagrined associate, "it is derogatory to the dignity of an editor to be gallivanting about the country, giving exhibitions of his vocal and imitative powers."

Whereupon Massett returned to the city, penniless. Bret Harte, on a friendly visit, found him in one dismal room furnished with a bag of straw and an inch of tallow candle in a beer bottle, and wrapped in a red blanket, composing the affecting lines:

Cold water for me, cold water for me,
But wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Massett was no Villon, but he symbolized for his admiring townsmen all that was divinely gay and rakish. He made a voyage to Turkey: Turks were poetic beings in those days. After having gazed respectfully on the Sultan, he came back.

He is one of the few writers who, after achieving fame, did come back to San Francisco. He built a dovecote on stilts in a morass where the post-office now stands; and there, before one window that gave out over a vista of meandering rills and colored flowers, wrote pretty things for the *Golden Era*. Details are scanty of this first visitor from the realms of Momus, and he has since become a legendary figure.

Mark Twain had now drifted to the city. Perhaps *drifted* is hardly the word. He arrived by stage-coach from Virginia City, under a cloud, a fugitive from justice. The irrepressible Steve Gillis, his composing-room foreman, had put him to sending a rival editor a challenge to a duel, and this being Mark's second offense, he faced penal servitude if he tarried in Nevada an hour further. Foard regarded him as a distinguished gunman. His first contribution to the periodical was an art critique. The owner of the saloon most favored by the literati had gone to great expense to import a luscious painting from Europe. It hung over the bar and met with general, if ribald, approval. Considering that Mark got credit for liquor up to ten dollars a week, his comment was ungracious:

Now, what is the first thing you see in looking at this picture down at the Bank Exchange? Is it the gleaming eyes and fine face of Samson? or the muscular Philistine gazing furtively at lovely Delilah? or is it the rich drapery, or the truth to nature in that pretty foot? No, sir. The first that catches the eye is the scissors on the floor at her feet. Them scissors is too modern—there warn't no scissors like them in them days, by a d—d sight.

The art critics never plunged too deep into the metaphysical. In æsthetics it was the drama that engaged the major interest. Foard, having passed his early youth in Baltimore, a town hospitable to the theatre, started a dramatic page. It was the first in California; its renown spread to St. Joe and New Orleans, and visiting stars at once rushed to the sanctum to make a favorable impression with offerings of whiskey and cigars. The dramatic editor was Ada Clare, who signed herself the

Queen of Bohemia. It is to be suspected the title was a misnomer. She was an acidulous person with a pince-nez, who read Shakespeare in select drawing-rooms, and approved only of dramas that were on a high moral plane. In New York she had been the mentor of the youthful Willie Winter and other neophyte critics who fluttered about her divan and made note of her Sibylline utterances. She wrote interminable essays, and rambled so frightfully that every paragraph began with, "But, as usual, I am wandering from my subject."

IV

The impresario regnant at this period was Tom Maguire. He was a large, irascible fellow with a polypous nose that dipped into a milk-white moustache, and he had the general appearance of an inebriated coachman. He was never out of trouble, but never otherwise than jaunty. He built the Jenny Lind Theatre. He was always building Jenny Lind theatres. Three of them burned down, and one was confiscated by politicians in a deal so shady that everybody concerned lost what little reputation they had possessed.

I have been shown the crinoline dress the lyric Swede is said to have worn when she made her first appearance before hysterical crowds in Maguire's theatre. Almost a bushel of documents is extant to show how warmly the prima donna was acclaimed by the pioneers. One antiquarian insisted on showing me the exact spot where the gallants cut the traces of her barouche and hauled her like a queen to the Occidental Hotel. This makes it all the more painful to reflect that Jenny Lind never came to San Francisco. It is doubtful if Barnum ever brought her across the Mississippi. It is really of no consequence; since drama must have tradition to flourish on, then let the legend be.

Drama—the classical drama, delivered with gusto and fury—that was what Maguire liked, and he spent months inducing Edwin Forrest to come to the

Coast. The great man came laden only with a stick and a carpet-bag. He was a limping, shaggy old Thespian; dewlapped like a bull, with a mouth like a tomahawk slash. He was already a millionaire and weary. Maguire rounded up a middling crew to support him. It was no hard task, for the town was full of actors. California was a Heaven for the profession. The eccentric Master Gates, for one, would ride a mule to Red Dog or Hangtown, ringing a bell to announce his coming; and after plastering the camp with posters, sing, dance and recite solo the horror scene from "Agnes, the Bleeding Nun of Sorrento," and thus easily clear \$300 a night. These mountain tours were healthful in the extreme. The air was balmy, the liquor potable, and the audiences usually appreciative and sometimes generous.

For weeks Forrest boomed mightily in Shakespeare's tragedies, with the young McCullough playing Iago, Edgar and Macduff. The town was not chary of its patronage, though it supported then more places of amusement than any city double its size in the world. The elder Booth and his family dwelt on Telegraph Hill. John Drew, Sr., the best Irish comedian going, was playing to marked success. Lola Montez and Annie Yeomans were dancing. Lotta Crabtree plunked her banjo. Billy Emerson and the Burch and Wambold Minstrels were drawing their enthusiastic crowds in Gilbert's Melodeon, proclaiming, unaware, the birth of variety. Of other theatres, as merry as they were disreputable, there must have been a score.

Wambold, a shiny-faced butcher boy with a tenor voice of exceeding beauty, sang "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and monopolized the select trade of the town. Maguire, in desperation, started up a minstrel show of his own: the Hooley Minstrels, that later became famous, and staved off calamity. He did some directing on his own account, and at some rehearsal violently throttled an actor larger than himself. Mark Twain composed this pasquinade on the event:

Tom Maguire, roused to ire,
 Lighted on MacDougal;
 Tore his coat, clutched his throat
 And fairly split his bugle.

Maguire, who had oftentimes defied the Vigilantes, was helpless against the dart of poetry, and hid himself for days afterward. Yet the man was forgiving, and when Mark, a month later, lectured on "The Absurd Customs of the Sandwich Islanders," Maguire billed him, at his own expense, as "the wild humorist of the Pacific Slope," and let him have the theatre at half price.

The headquarters of the drama now shifted three blocks below the *Golden Era* office to a cloistral saloon, which had armchairs upholstered in morocco leather. Torrance, the proprietor, had failed as an actor, but in middle life triumphed by marrying Mrs. Judah, the tragedienne. This stateliest ornament of the stage was then in the full plenitude of her powers. In person she was majestic, and passion was seated on her brow. Her voice, like a trumpet, invested her acting of Lady Macbeth with a sepulchral and terrifying quality. Perhaps she had no equal in her day as the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," and her humor stirred the groundlings to tumultuous joy. Her visits to her husband's establishment gave it prestige. No wagon-show manager dared pull off for the mountains without first getting her benison over a glass of port.

Actor-managers who mapped their routes on these sloppy tables were Wesley Venua, the tragic player, and Luckless Johnny Potter. Venua, a tall, lion-hearted Englishman, wore an Astrakhan cape and carried a staff with a silver apple on it. He had a bad limp, and usually walked supported by the arm of the elder Booth, who was his comic foil. He had joined the Portuguese Navy as a lad, and the calf of one leg had been shot away by a cannon-ball. The men of his company held him in affection and a mild terror. He found the women intractable, and it drove him half frantic. Two of them, the Gougenheim sisters, his leads, twiddled their noses at him and

skipped off to Australia. When they returned they brought suit for enormous damages against the ship captain because he hadn't furnished enough sugar with a dish of limes and their faces, as a result, had got irreparably puckered. Venua perjured himself by swearing that hithertofores they had been notable for their amiability and pretty looks. It was a regrettable case. To Venua it was the last straw, and casting about for some archipelago devoid of actresses, he sailed to live in the Society Islands.

No woman ever joined Luckless Johnny's company unless she was in love with somebody in it. His troupe, notorious for its leanness, was named the Skeletons. The maestro was a Micawberish little fellow, who had something wrong with his luck. He and his band voyaged in a converted stage-coach, with scenery and costume trunks lashed on behind. These five unloaded and set up their own props, acted as many as six rôles apiece in one evening, and shod their own horses. At Yuba Dam Luckless gave a performance on an improvised stage in the Miners' Hall and played both Hamlet and the Ghost. There were no curtains. At the end of the first act he made a polite request:

I crave your indulgence for ten minutes, ladies and gentlemen. Will you kindly turn about in your seats while the company effects a complete change of costume?

Whereas worse actors swept a camp clean of every dollar, Potter and his devoted band were often thankful to dine *al fresco* on blackberries and whatever rabbits they could knock over.

What actress nowadays writes in language like that of Adah Isaacs Menken? Some gems of hers yet remain to be culled from the yellowed files of the *Golden Era*. There was a tendency amongst moralists to associate La Menken with none other than the Prince of Darkness. Their attitude is unintelligible to those who are unaware that she possessed legs of wonderful symmetry and splendor—none of that horrid skimpiness made palatable by

the tinsel of the Follies, but a Junoesque opulence, full-blooded, and aglow like the peach-blossom marble of some goddess in a Frascati villa. Even Foard had his doubts as to her moral influence on the town when he heard that she was on her way from the East. The clergy had no doubts whatsoever. Nor had the police. The citizens were not immune to shocks and excitement, and they hailed her coming with shouts of delight.

The sporting gentry met her at the docks with a fife-and-drum corps and streamers tied round their hats. She had recently married John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, whose fistic prowess had shed glory on California. And John was now on the English heaths, ready to face Sayers in that 44-round mill—the Sayers who had whipped the Tipton Slasher, Paddock, and Couch, the fighting muffin-baker.

However, the lady was illustrious in her own right. Her figure was said to be the most beautiful in the world, and local experts were willing to be divorced of their scepticism. The theatregoers of that day had not the opportunity for study enjoyed by the present generation. "Wiry Sal," the "British Blondes" and the "Black Crook"—these instructive spectacles had yet to be witnessed. Byron was still being read, and the scholarly decided to see Mazeppa merely to improve their minds.

Maguire was prepared. He had gone over to Virginia City to assist at her first performance in Nevada, and had met with extraordinary difficulties in finding a horse for her that was only agile enough to convey the impression of being wild. La Menken had no desire to risk her life for the sake of realism. This beast, instead of galloping down the boards, lagged across the stage with reluctant steps. The audience recognized the steed and gave vent to loud and mournful yells: "Where is the corpse?" "Whose funeral is it?" "You'll never get to the cemetery that way!"

The performance was ruined because Maguire had borrowed the horse from the local undertaker. With every seat for the

metropolitan début of the "Equestrienne par Excellence" sold, and scalpers' tickets at a premium, Maguire was not going to take any more chances, and the star took her pick of a hundred frisky chargers that he had had assembled in the plaza. The show that night was thrilling enough to bring the audience applauding to its feet. Gunpowder flashed lightnings and made great detonation; and electrifying, indeed, was the sight of the incomparable Menken, lashed to the back of the Tartar stallion, with her massive limbs forcing the ropes as she dashed from the light to the darkness of the wings.

Her ladylike traits captivated the populace, and after her engagement was over, she stayed on, enamoured of the place. She was hail-fellow-well-met and indifferent to criticism. She drank copious whiskies at the bar, and stood up the crowd each time she had luck at faro. Her appearance on the street, smoking a cheroot and with a horsewhip under her arm, was the signal for riotous applause. She rode astride, and loping over the sandhills, made her way to the foggy beach and raced for hours, solitary, along the ocean. Despite her popularity, she remained much in seclusion at her hotel, where she wrote most of the verse in "Infelicia," which she dedicated to Charles Dickens. At the Lyceum she gave impersonations of Forrest and Charlotte Cushman. She gave two piano recitals, and played Chopin sonatas with a cantabile touch that was inexpressibly tender. She also painted landscapes, but these were not particularly good. Her verse was brilliant and martial, though lacking in perfection of rhythm for the most part. There is no gainsaying its quality of thumpingness. For example:

O, weak Soul! Let us follow the heavy hearse that bore our old Dream past the white-horned Day-light of Love.

Let thy pale Dead come up from their furrows of winding-sheets to mock thy prayers with what thy days might have been.

The Benicia Boy, too robust and dull-witted, palled on her, and at the cost of her

local popularity, she left him, and departed for London. She married others in despairing efforts at self-realization, which ever eluded her, and became sensitive over her weddings. She frightened the anemic Swinburne almost to death with her adoration. Though she conquered, in her way, literary and dramatic Europe, she died dissatisfied. On her tombstone is the enigmatic cry: Thou Knowest.

V

Lola Montez, who came to the town in 1853, had still less pretensions to sanctity. Her doings with Balzac and Dumas, and her consortship with Louis of Bavaria, were scandals this side of the globe. She had come to lecture and pirouette before the footlights, like an English novelist, and also to fulfill a promise of marriage. But on the boat up from Panama she met Pat Hull, the editor of a weekly political sheet in San Francisco, and espoused him instead. She was catholic in her affections.

She danced at the Tivoli Beer Gardens for some months, then yearned for love in a cottage, and dragged Hull to Grass Valley, where they lived in a small frame house. Rumors were that lack of money had forced her to this sequestered spot. They were false, for she was still the Countess of Landsfeld, and had a hundred thousand dollars in the bank. She drove a buckboard wagon, shot her own venison, slept under the stars, and wore woolen garments, which she made herself. Edwin Booth and Laura Keane visited her, and once a week she held a soirée, attended by the upper circles of the mining camp, which included two nephews of Victor Hugo, a couple of shady French counts and some cashiered German barons. The editor of the Grass Valley paper affirmed in a front-page story his belief that Lola was the devil incarnate. That night, dressed in ballet costume, she called on him with a bull-whip and gave him such a hiding that he had no doubts left at all. The intellectual life was too much for Hull, and he

left her. After a stay of four years Lola embarked for Australia, accompanied by her favorite actor Folland, who was her manager, and a phalanx of admirers. The third day out, Folland cast himself into the sea through jealousy.

Foard announced his retirement from journalism. He swore the women were killing the *Golden Era* with their "school-girl trash." The aforementioned Queen of Bohemia was running things with a high hand, and Daggett, a victim of blandishments, was now an advocate of women's rights. Feminism was abroad. In the office the air was dulcet with the cooings of the alliterative Sapphos who brought decorum in their wake. Occasia Owens, Carrie Carlton, Minnie Myrtle, Florrie Fane and Topsy Turvy had come to stay, and the coarser male birds flitted the dove-cote. Ofttimes the doves bickered so amongst themselves that their claws were bent.

Peace and a firmer rule came with the strong-minded Eliza Pittsinger, a writing woman of Puritan ancestry. She was of Chaldaic aspect, armored with stiff bombazine, brooches and steel beads. Her verse was moral and instructive in the extreme. Her muse came down from the sacred mount. "Had she lived in the tribal times of mankind," says her biographer, "she would have been the one to raise the song of prophecy, of victory and of death." Since this was precisely what she did, that plaint seems unnecessary. She was inspired at times of public crisis, and any celebration of municipal proportions, or the funeral of a shining citizen, was a failure without some ode from her pen. She was a compound of Harriet Martineau and Felicia Hemans. That she had her lyric moments is incontestable. Her solitary book of verse, "Bugle Peals,"—alas, that I lent it to someone!—is quite pagan in spots, with allusions to coy Amaryllis and young Cupid beckoning from a couch of rose petals.

There was now the *Hesperian*, founded by an earnest group in 1858. It was a counterblast and a challenge, and Heaven knows

there had been provocation enough. Artemus Ward had been poking fun at "votes for wimmen." A Los Angeles paper—that jealousy still incomprehensible to San Franciscans had already begun to manifest itself—declared that "the tender plants of feminine literature could not be expected to flourish in a region of fogs, salt wind and scrub-oaks." Still worse, writers in the East had been hinting in fiction that the women of California were lacking in the cardinal virtues.

"If one of the Pleiades," uttered its spokesman, "abandoning the bright society of her sisters, should fall rayless, forever, down the infinite depths of space, should we the less admire the steadfastness of the six remaining Virgiliæ, that, unspotted in lustre, and in meek obedience to the Creator, tread their eternal orbits, sorrowing and unsinning?" Never! Or not so long as the *Hesperian* should endure. The Virgiliæ contributed essays. They dealt with sunsets, sublime thoughts on Milton, the Holy Land, and the best methods of making scones and knitted tea-cosies. After four years it died the death.

Briefer still was the flight of the *Pioneer* that, under the captaincy of Ferdinand Ewer, appeared monthly throughout 1854. Despite its name, it was parsimonious in local color. Ewer, a Harvard man, was a connoisseur of the macabre. He was a lean Nantucket Quaker, with a well-kept beard, a penchant for dissecting owls and fish, and given to spells of mysticism. He read Poe and Jeremy Taylor. Only horse-sense saved him from joining the table-rappers.

His tale, "The Eventful Nights," was

the hoax of the generation. It seemed that as a reporter he had been summoned to take down the revelations of one J. F. Lane, whose hand, magnetized after death, guided Ewer's pen while it scratched what was happening in the spirit world. The yarn was swallowed whole. Spiritualists—they were then an organized body of a million—experienced gooseflesh, then the hot flesh, and hailed Ewer as a great medium. He disowned the tale. But the most learned Sufi of them all, Judge Edmonds of New York, announced that it was genuine, and that the Lane was Colonel John F. Lane, whom he knew very well, and who had just ceased to exist on earth. Ewer went on disclaiming, and the Judge soon died of mortification.

Ewer became ordained a priest, and built a handsome Episcopal church. He established St. Ignatius in New York, introduced Roman Catholic rites, and issued "Ah, Beloved" manifestoes. He was eloquent and fearless. What ex-editor had such splendid obsequies? They were celebrated with the full panoply of eucharistic vestments, chalice, stalagmitic candles, and the chanted rogation of a hundred robed divines of the highest eminence.

The other editors were more carnal, though less nimble in worldly affairs. Writing improved. The *Argonaut* and the *Overland*, founded by Bret Harte, were to spring up. Joaquin Miller was on his way down from Oregon, and Henry George was beginning to set type. Ambrose Bierce, who flayed the world in its microcosm, San Francisco, was yet to arrive on the scene. The Sixties would make another tale.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

LAW Enforcement in the rising town of Sheffield:

Charlie Mitchell, deputy sheriff of this county, was out on bond Thursday following his arrest on a charge of assault after he had fired on an automobile containing women and children as it neared Sheffield. The party was composed of tourists. Mitchell said he thought the automobile was a liquor car. He also said he did not know it held women and children. The sheriff said Mitchell has been a faithful and fearless officer, but that he does not approve of reckless shooting at auto tourists.

CALIFORNIA

ECCLESIASTIC news from Hollywood, the new Athens of America:

Sacred music replaced the strumming of ukuleles at the Hollywood avenue beach last night when the Bowen Methodist Episcopal Church choir tried the experiment of practicing on the sands in beach costume. Led by W. G. Kidder, their director, men and women members of the choir assembled on the beach in bathing suits and rehearsed their songs for an hour. The Rev. F. A. Graham, pastor of the church, which is at Greenview and Byron avenues, pronounced the test a great success, predicting a great stimulus in church music interest as a result of the comfort in which the choir could practice.

PUBLIC announcement of an honest Christian in the Napa *Daily Register*:

TOM SCOTT, THE GARDENER—has moved to 816 Napa St. where he will stay for some time. Our Saviour was born in a manger in a barn. Why couldn't his companions sleep in a barn? He has but few.

POLITE admonition to his idealistic fellow members by the editor-in-chief of the *Blue Pencil*, official organ of the Advertising Club of Los Angeles:

A loud plea is made from the club office for members to please keep the song books out of the soup, salad, and other luncheon dishes. Each week a considerable number of song books have to be thrown away because of the fact that they have been ruined by carelessness, so a word of caution seems to be quite in line.

SPIRITUAL recreations of the Rev. W. F. Crabtree, pastor of the Central Christian

Church of San Diego, as revealed by himself in the *Union* of the same great city:

After I put in a full day on Sunday—and that's the kind we usually have at our church—I must do something different when I go to bed, for relaxation. What do you reckon I do? Turn on the light, get the *Union's* funnies and read myself to sleep, laughing at Andy Gump's ego, the antics of Mutt and Jeff, Elmer and other comics. It's a great thing to just drop down all of a sudden and get your mind into a different channel for a little while.

COMMENTARY upon human existence in a California health center, from the advertising columns of the *California Christian Advocate*:

WANTED: A Protestant Undertaker—preferably a Methodist—for a wonderful business opportunity in a growing health center in California. Unique opportunity. Write for information, sending particulars of yourself to Rev. X, care *California Christian Advocate*.

WHAT life comes to among the realtors and swamis, as revealed by a frantic advertisement in the Palo Alto *Times*:

HELP WANTED

AN ABLE PHYSICIAN who will first examine me thoroughly as possible; second, if he will then undertake to cure me of "a very strange," unheard of "and so very uncommon," if not "absolutely unique" experience, of which I will not inform him until after examination, I will put in escrow with the Bank of Palo Alto \$3,000 of bonds selling at par today, to be delivered to said physician if a "substantial cure" of said experience is effected within one year; I to do all things directed faithfully as is physically possible for me to do. Address Ku Kai Gar, Box 689, *Times*.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

REPORT upon the present condition of the great State of Florida, made to the House of Representatives by the Hon. Robert Alexis Green, B.S., one of her Representatives in Congress:

Her more than 30,000 lakes are still clear, placid, and surrounded by gigantic forest trees, draped with gray Spanish mosses. Her thousands of springs still gush forth an over-

abundance of transparent and God-given fluid, sparkling with purity and virtue. Her rivers still meander "here and yon" and give vent to the sweet perfume of the magnolia in the moonlight. The flaming poinsettia, the hibiscus, the bougainvillea, and the rose are still there, and the mocking birds sing at dawn. My friends, Florida is carrying on.

THE effects of a few days in Washington upon a statesman from the open spaces:

Now that the Federal Radio Commissioner from the West, Harold A. Lafount, has had time to look around in the National Capital and really get his feet on the ground, he has come to the conclusion, because of its vast possibilities and great responsibilities, that the radio industry should be represented in the President's Cabinet.

THE progress of culture in the capital city of the nation, as reported by the celebrated Washington Star:

President Julius I. Peyser of the Security Savings & Commercial Bank, has bought tickets for the entire personnel for the coming presentation of Earl Carroll's "Vanities," at the National Theater for the benefit of Washington Chapter, American Institute of Banking. Tickets for the wives of the married men in the bank were included in the gift. The bank president did the same thing last year, thus demonstrating in a most substantial way his deep interest in the educational programme at the institute.

FLORIDA

THE Rev. Golightly Morrill, speaking before the St. Petersburg Advertising club, as reported by the Evening Independent of the same great town:

God was the First Advertiser and the world is His billboard.

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the Florida Sentinel of Jacksonville, an eminent Afro-merican print:

ARMSTRONG, FLA. P. O. BOX 74

Stop, Look and Read. I give you luck. I tell lucky Days. I am the man that you should see or write for anything, regardless of what it is. Are you in trouble or distress or suffering with any kind of disease? I can cure any kind of disease that you were not born with. I move all hindering causes. I bring peace out of confusion. I make happiness and peace in your home and restore lost friends, locate lost and hidden treasures. I use no medicines or knives. Move all miseries, and pains from the body. I conquer all cases by mail or face to face.

Hours: From 3 A.M., till 12 M., 1 P.M. till 6 P.M.
7 P.M. till 10 P.M.

Don't say that you are sick and can't get well, because there is no such a thing. What is the

need of you worrying about sickness and complaints when I am here to worry for you. I am 32 years of age and have great experience, for I was born with this gift. I am from New Orleans, La.

Dr. J. E. ROBERTS

Brother to the Seven Sisters

Enclose \$2.00; Name, Address, Month and Date Born

THE progress of clean sport in Palatka, as reported by the neighborhood prints:

Testing whether his stomach, or any other stomach so conceived and so dedicated could stand the strain of twenty-four bottles of Mavis inside of a half hour, W. E. Bryan, 17-year-old Palatka youth, is the holder of the imbibing championship of Palatka at the present time (at least in the soft drink line), and stands open to anyone to challenge him for the honor.

Young Bryan drank twenty-four bottles of the new chocolate beverage this morning in twenty-four minutes and appeared ready and willing to continue drinking indefinitely. As each bottle holds half a pint, the new Palatka drinking champ consumed twelve pints or a gallon and a half of Mavis during his record-breaking soft drink spree.

Challenges for future contests should be posted with George Connoley at the Putnam service station at Eighth and Lemon streets. Mr. Connoley has signed to manage Bryan in coming bouts.

GEORGIA

PERILS of the Christian chivalry of Lumpkin county, as reported by the celebrated Dahlonega Nugget:

A while back some parties disliking the citizenship of Rosette Hughes, a lone woman over in Shoal Creek District, they went one night to scare her off. After walking around the house they made a little noise so the occupant would hear them, and then went to the door. The woman not being the scary kind, picked up her Winchester, backed against the wall of the house and began shooting through the door, filling the shutter full of holes. During the time all the parties but one were soon away out of sight, safe from any injury. The one left was too big, fat and clumsy to run. So he dropped down in front of the door, turned over and stretched out as close to the ground as a lizard sticks to a log, and began praying, and a louder or more earnest prayer was never delivered by no living person. His face turned down and so close to the ground caused this fat man to talk loud so the Lord would be sure to hear, get the location and be certain to know the one who was in distress. He asked that the woman be caused to cease firing, and renewed strength given his knee and be protected so as to enable him to reach his home in safety. Hearing the intruder's appeal, and not wanting to kill any one at prayer,

the occupant lifted her finger from the trigger and let the fat man leave her home on his hands somewhat like a tired gentleman bullfrog, and when his wife opened the door for him to enter his happiness can better be imagined than described.

News item and philosophical comment thereon in the *Banks Journal*, of the town of Homer:

One woman, who came to the show last Monday, spent all the money she had for a ticket. When the show was over she went home, sold her wash pot, got the money, and bought a ticket for her boy to take in the night performance. Such is life.

SCIENTIFIC news from the illustrious Waycross *Journal-Herald*:

A rare case in dentistry is one recently performed at Folkston. Sam, the fine bird dog of Dr. J. S. Taylor, fell from the running board of his master's automobile and broke one of his jaw teeth. This naturally interfered with his accustomed ability to gnaw bones. Dr. Taylor is himself a dentist, so out of appreciation for the fine qualities of his dog he crowned the broken tooth with gold. The work not only enabled Sam to eat as usual, but canine-like, he is now running all over town showing his gold tooth.

IDAHO

APPEARANCE of a new Swedenborg in the wilds where men are 100% he:

SHEEP HERDER DIED
and CAME BACK TO LIFE

* A wonderful little book is now on the market, entitled "The Unseen World," by Leo J. Gwinn, a sheep-herder, who died and came back to life. During the time my body was dead my spirit was in Heaven, or the world beyond. In this book I tell where Heaven and Hell are besides on this earth. I tell what the soul or spirit is that leaves your body after it is dead. I tell what you were put on this earth for, in your body and flesh. I tell that this world will be destroyed by fire and how it will be destroyed. I tell of other populated worlds. I tell what the Devil is. I tell what our God is.

Most doctors tell me that such a thing might happen, but they would rather believe I was in a trance, but right down in my heart I know I died and came back to life.

SEND ME ONE DOLLAR AND
I WILL SEND YOU THIS
WONDERFUL LITTLE
BOOK POSTPAID

Address

LEO J. GWINN
Priest River, Idaho

ILLINOIS

ECCLESIASTICAL news in the Charleston *Daily Courier*:

The revival meeting now going on at the Pilgrim Church is progressing nicely. . . . The evangelist this (Friday) evening will sing a solo, "God's Ford." We are so anxious to see the new Ford on display at the sales room. Now be sure and come tonight and hear the evangelist sing about "God's Ford." Henry's is good, but God's is the best.

IOWA

HISTORICAL pronouncement of the Spinoza at the head of the editorial staff of the illustrious Muscatine *Journal and News-Tribune*:

Whatever may be the fate of the United States of America in years to come, whether enemies abroad or at home finally encompass the destruction of this great republic—a possibility that seems impossible now—still the judgment of history must everlastingly record that the United States of America produced Lindbergh. That, in many ways, will be compensation for whatever national sins we may commit.

STRANGE news from Davenport, the fountain-head of chiropractic, in the eminent *New York World*:

The death of Alason Coleman, a forty-six-year-old machinist, whose wounded body was found in a gas-filled room of his home by his wife, was solved today by police. He tried to clean his trousers with a vacuum cleaner without removing the garments. Blood and flesh were found in the sweeper. Humiliated, he had turned on the gas.

THE intellectual life of learned pedagogues in this great State, as reported by the Des Moines *Evening Tribune*:

Iowa has an Eddie Guest Club, with headquarters in Des Moines. The purpose of the club, which is made up of school men of the State, is to promote good fellowship among school men and to study the life, poetry and philosophy of Eddie A. Guest. Officers of the club are: Harry Andrews, county superintendent of schools of Polk county, president; Forrest Hogan, superintendent of schools at LeRoy, vice president; E. O. Fenton, Des Moines, secretary; and Paul Sonner, superintendent of schools at Early, treasurer.

KANSAS

SPIRITUAL gossip from the celebrated Atchison *Globe*:

An Atchison man, who is very religious and also very businesslike, starts his prayers in this manner: "This is Jones speaking."

SCIENTIFIC news from the Osawatomic Graphic:

An Osawatomic physician called us the other day to call our attention to a serious condition that exists in many Osawatomic homes. He had just returned from a call where he had administered aid to a young lady and a small child whom she was giving a bath. And we well remember when not long ago the *Graphic* force was called to a neighbor's home where a man was suffocated in the bath-tub. All of the above is but to call your attention to the danger of having your gas heater in your bath-room. Our city water is treated with a chloride solution and when it gets so hot gives off a chlorine gas. The gas gives off a carbon and more oxide gas and when the two unite a very poisonous gas results.

LOUISIANA

CULTURAL advertisement in the *Conglomerate*, official student publication of Centenary College, Shreveport:

TRAVELERS

"By THEIR LUGGAGE YOU SHALL KNOW THEM"

NOTHING is more certainly the mark of the occasional traveler than spanking new luggage.

NOTHING is more swank and worldly looking than a bag or trunk covered with colorful stickers.

We can supply stickers from any City, Hotel, University, College or Steamship Line in the World. List includes:

London	Seville	Shanghai
Venice	Cairo	Vienna
Cadiz	Berlin	Madeira
Marseilles	Kobe	Cannes
Paris	Calcutta	Hong Kong
	Naples	

All American Universities and most Foreign, including Heidelberg, Sorbonne, Oxford and Cambridge.

MAKE YOUR OWN SELECTION—*Packet of Ten \$1.00*
Just clip your check or a dollar bill to this ad.

THE COSMOPOLITE,
United States National Bank Bldg.,
Galveston, Texas.

MASSACHUSETTS

LITERARY news from the old home town of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

A \$100 prize, offered by the Roosevelt Club of Boston for the best essay on "What President Coolidge Has Accomplished" will not be awarded, Augustus P. Loring, Jr., treasurer of the club, announced tonight. Only five essays were submitted, said Loring, and William B. Munro, professor of history and government at Harvard, to whom they were submitted, decided that none of them merited the award. The management of the club, Mr. Loring added, laments this lack of interest in the subject.

MINNESOTA

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the *Willmar Tribune*:

New Chapel
408 Second St. West

Sunday, 7:45 P. M. Lecture on "Life in the Next World. Is Life Beyond the Grave Real? Shall we know each other as relatives and friends from this world, or shall we there begin a new existence entirely forgetting our parents, children, husband or wife? Shall we be real beings, have real homes, and visit and enjoy each other's society, and what shall we do to occupy our time in the endless Eternity?" The subject will be illustrated with beautiful stereopticon slides. Come to see your future eternal home, and you will enjoy more the thought of going there.

C. EDWARDSON,
Evangelist.

MISSOURI

THE Hon. John T. Harding, speaking to the Kansas City radio fans, as reported by the eminent *Times* of the same town:

The Eighteenth Amendment was written by the peaceful hand of God.

NEBRASKA

THE social life of the pedagogues of this great commonwealth, as disclosed by the *Nebraska Educational Journal*:

Coach Thomas and Mr. Edgar Lightbody of the Broken Bow High School staged a watermelon feed for the faculty not long ago. The affair was unique in that the guests were weighed-in and weighed-out. The guest showing the largest net gain for the evening was given a big melon as a prize.

INDIGNANT public protest in the *Harrison Sun*:

NOTICE:—It has been rumored that Teresa Piper said, "That anyone who had had the mumps or who had been exposed to them would not be allowed to enter the schoolhouse the evening of the play." This was certainly a false report and it appears like the person starting the falsity must be quite a busybody about the affairs of others or else be hard pressed for want of a pleasanter occupation. We hope that but very few missed the play and dance on account of this false alarm.

NEW JERSEY

THE Rev. Henry R. Rose, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Newark, in the *Motion Picture*:

I believe that God invented the motion picture for the saving of the race from riot, suicide and other forms of rage and despair. . . . Motion picture directors, producers and distributors, and motion picture theatre owners are friends of man.

NEW YORK

THE art and science of policing in Batavia:

Frank Marsh, Stafford deputy sheriff, enlisted the aid of an ouija board to help locate Chester Ball, the Negro wanted for the murder of a porter at the Stafford Country Club last Thursday morning. Officer Marsh had seen the working out of many accurate predictions by the little table, and asked a friend who had one to operate it in behalf of the man hunt.

NORTH CAROLINA

REPORT of a miracle in the high-toned Asheville Times:

After attending the Erickson healing revival services a woman, who for sixteen years has suffered because one leg was three and a half inches shorter than the other, is now rejoicing because the afflicted limb has suddenly regained practically normal length, according to her own testimony at the revival service Monday night, as reported by Erickson's employed publicity man, who is furnishing reports of the revival services to all Asheville newspapers. This woman, Mrs. H. Herbert, Park avenue, Woolsey, testified further that as a result of the healing evangelist's ministrations she is now able to sleep peacefully, something she had not been able to do in months.

OKLAHOMA

SPIRITUAL news dispatch from the Christian town of Enid in the celebrated *Daily Oklahoman* of Oklahoma City:

IN THE VINEYARD

A heated battle has just come to an end in the Sunday-school division of the Enid Baptist Church. The Brotherhood Class, made up of men, defeated the T. E. L. Class, made up of women, in a membership contest lasting for four Sundays. The schemes used by the men in their victory have become the subject of many rumors, some of them very dark. For instance, the women claim that the men went out on the street just before class time on the third Sunday of the contest and conscripted small pickaninnies, and counted them as members of the class. They also claim that newsboys helped swell the total, and that the sheriff brought over all the male county prisoners on another Sunday. One member of the Brotherhood Class admits that he was tempted one morning to lead in a well pickled individual he found leaning against a lamp post, but was afraid the new member would become unmanageable, and gave up the project.

THE REV. E. W. PERRY in the *Oklahoma Informer*, a "Magazine of Negro Business":

As a business man, Christ stands at the head of the class. Business defined simply means employment, trade, profession or dealing by

way of sale or exchange. Christ seemed to have understood His business relation with His Father from childhood. A close student of the life of Christ will reveal a business-like genius in His mind. He talked much of profit and loss, and counting the cost of things. Jesus was not all emotion by any means. He possessed consecration, but it was intelligent. He put religion in His business and business in His religion. No business man can fail who takes Christ for his example. The fact is, He was born in a racial family that is noted for business the world over, so He naturally had a business turn of mind. He believed in money and organized His church on a business basis, equipped with a secretary and treasurer.

SOUTH DAKOTA

THE progress of civilization in this great State, as revealed by an advertisement in the *Lead Call*:

SAUNA—FINNISH BATH HOUSE

334 Old Abe Street

Every Saturday from 1:00 P. M. until midnight. New improvements have been completed, including a private bathroom for the use of married couples.

T. NELIN, Prop.

TENNESSEE

JUDICIAL news from the Christian town of Savannah, in the Total Immersion Belt:

Surveying his courtroom crowded to capacity for a liquor trial, Justice of the Peace Mitchell ordered the doors of the room closed and announced:

"I see a great many people here today who have not attended church in the last five years. We will now hold church services and anyone attempting to leave the courtroom will be cited for contempt."

The Rev. Henry Blont, raiding parson, who had made the arrests in the case on trial, was pressed into service, and discarding his badge and sidearms, delivered a sermon on the evils of bootlegging.

UTAH

FROM the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Utah, Free and Accepted Masons:

On September 7, 1926, Progress Lodge, No. 22 asked for the following ruling:

"I am instructed on behalf of Progress Lodge to request the favor of your instructions as to whether a petitioner who has had his right thumb amputated at the first joint is eligible to receive the degrees in Masonry."

To which I answered as follows:

"My ruling is that the loss of a first joint of a thumb does not make a petitioner ineligible for admission to a Masonic Lodge."

TWO-TIME LOSERS

BY JIM TULLY

CRIME, like sunshine, has ever been common in California. The State is controlled by moronic Babbitts without the vision to deal with the mob of criminals who crowd its borders. An official report made to the Legislature seventy-six years ago contained the following:

California is infested by hordes of the most desperate scoundrels, accomplished in the art of every villainy and bonded together in a brotherhood of crime. Convicts from the penal colonies and outlaws from all parts of the world have emigrated to this country, attracted by the fable of our riches and by the lust for plunder.

Fifty-nine years later an official bulletin said:

California is unique in the character of its penological problem due to various causes,—rapid occupation (the gold rush) by a heterogeneous population having no common traditions or standards; its isolation for many years from currents of social thought; its agreeable climate, which is attractive to the criminal and to the hobo who not only commits lesser crimes but is in constant readiness to shield the greater offender.

At the time of the American occupation of California, the Spanish, with their penchant for prisons, had the State well covered with adobe calaboooses,—privately-owned jails of the most primitive character, apparently contrived to render the occupants as miserable as possible. Petty thieves, drunkards, robbers, murderers, young and old and both sexes were all jumbled together in foul pens. They bred disease. They nursed crime.

The first State prison was a ship moored in San Pablo Bay off Vallejo, a short distance from San Francisco. By an act approved April 25, 1851, the State prisoners were leased to M. G. Vallejo and James M. Estell, who were to provide for their

charges and get their remuneration out of the prisoners' labor. Those gentlemen began business with the reception of thirty-five men. Great economy was exercised in running the institution. It was literally a private hell. The only attractive feature from the prisoners' point of view was the ease of escape. Twenty escaped during the first month. Seven were recaptured. A flourishing California town was named after Mr. Vallejo. Never did a gentleman flourish more on the labor of other gentlemen created in God's image.

A long ramshackle building contained forty-eight cells. Another room accommodated about a hundred men. The original estimate of the number to be confined was about fifty. All California villages gain rapidly in population. In four years there were over three hundred men in the prison. It is estimated that about two hundred others had departed, perhaps with plans to subdivide other sections of the State. Twenty-two men departed suddenly on a January night of 1855. Eight were reported killed a bit later.

In 1852 a permanent prison was opened at Point San Quentin, a site selected because of its proximity to San Francisco, which at that time supplied the majority of the inmates. (Los Angeles now claims the honor.) Civic-minded gentlemen soon reported to the Legislature that "on personal observation and examination 125 prisoners were entirely barefooted during the Winter months. A large number of the convicts had pieces of sacks and blankets tied about their feet. The general clothing of the prisoners seemed to be too scant for Winter wear and was in such a tattered,

tor, forbidding, and filthy condition that the commonest street beggars sleeping by the wayside and begging their daily bread would, by comparison, give the appearance of newly-Parisian-clad gentlemen. . . . As for the bedding, the rags had ceased to resemble blankets and were such a mess that lice could easily be seen crawling on the beds."

The Legislature became irate because men escaped from such conditions. It passed a law which doubled the sentence of any convict who tried to escape. Full of ingratitude, the prisoners paid no more attention to the law inside than they had while free. The law-makers then decided that the State of California should manage its own prisons. Because of the abominable conditions at San Quentin, and the frequency of escapes under the lessee system, the State took control of the institution in 1855. In June of that year a Board of Prison Directors was chosen. In eleven months it had spent or misplaced nearly a half million dollars. The voters wailed.

In 1856 the Legislature abolished the board as "expensive and unnecessary." It voted to release the convicts to any contractor who would feed and clothe them for \$15,000 a month. After much haggling, Mr. Estell's bid of \$10,000 was accepted. But during the Civil War California again decided to take care of its convicts, and to gain control of them the Legislature used high-handed methods with Mr. Estell. He brought suit against the State, and was awarded \$275,000.

In 1864 the prison board discovered that guards and convicts greatly resembled one another. To make a differentiation it introduced striped suits for the convicts. At first the prisoners refused to wear the stripes, but this prejudice was eventually overcome. They were literally given their choice between freezing and the stripes. They chose the latter for reasons of modesty.

For fifteen years the State profited by the labor of its enforced charges. Then their

competition with outside labor became so keen as to cause protests by the free wage slaves. To solve this problem the State expended a half million dollars on the now world-condemned jute mill. This mill was operated day and night from 1888 till 1891. The night shift was then abolished.

Seventeen years ago a gentleman on the Prison Board reported that notwithstanding the crowded condition at San Quentin, the prison was clean, sanitary and healthful—that the prisoners had clean, wholesome food to eat, clean places to sleep, and clean bodies. A local prison historian comments that at that time there was a pool in the upper yard where men of all types and nationalities mingled indiscriminately. The same prison official said, "The wholesomeness of their food is a matter of comment." Shortly after this report a great riot started in the mess-hall. Several guards were wounded. One was killed.

Roy Gardner, the notorious mail-train bandit, now in Leavenworth, saved the life of another guard by offering him a ladder by which he escaped from the half-starved convicts. By this act, Mr. Gardner earned the reputation among his own craft of not being on either side.

II

The California prison problem is still acute. The dungeon, the stone quarry and the jute mill grind out, but do not reform, the hearts of men. A warden's recent report to the Prison Board touched a significant point:

The housing problem continues to be a difficult one, making necessary the assignment of two men to each cell intended for one, and four to the cells intended for two.

Too much propinquity will drive even well-balanced men mad: the warden sensed a considerable problem.

A Catholic prison divine with a Middle Age viewpoint blamed the prevalence of crime in California on the publication in newspapers of detailed accounts of murders, robberies, etc.; he said this "whetted

the appetites of morons and the feeble-minded." Like members of the clergy the world over this priest simply washed the outside of another sociological cup.

Essential features of the new California penology by 1910 were:

1. The single cell.
2. The classification and segregation of prisoners.
3. The surrounding of prisoners with an atmosphere of normal life, including instruction and recreation.
4. The habit of industry.
5. The indeterminate sentence.
6. The parole.
7. Employment under surveillance.

First: Seventeen years later four men are still crowding the cells at Folsom.

Second: Criminals of all types are together.

Third: The young convict editors of the *San Quentin Bulletin* work within seventy-five feet of the gallows.

Fourth: The jute mill breaks the hearts of the men.

Fifth: The indeterminate sentence, by its very uncertainty, turns men bitter without reforming them.

Sixth: The parole often comes after the first-offender's spirit is broken.

Seventh: The men are under the surveillance of brutal, illiterate guards whom they hate. These guards are called herders by the convicts, one of whom recently said to me, "You can't hire a good dog for ninety dollars a month."

San Quentin houses the first offenders. Folsom Prison, twenty-one miles from Sacramento, the State capital, and over a hundred miles from San Francisco, is the home of the second offenders, known in prison parlance as the two-time losers.

In 1858 the Prison Board authorized the selection of a site for a "branch prison." Nothing was done until 1868, when an act was passed by the Legislature directing the board to choose between one of two sites—Rocklin and Folsom. Folsom was chosen because of the stone quarry and the additional advantage in the water power furnished by the American river. Three hundred and fifty acres of land covering the

quarry were obtained. An additional tract of 133 acres was bought later. Work on the prison began in 1874, but was delayed, in typical political fashion, because of insufficient appropriations until 1880, twenty-two years after the inception of the project.

The site of Folsom is one upon which the forty-niners searched for gold. The grim, squat buildings are composed of immense rocks delved out of the earth upon which they stand. The home of twisted, abnormal men, the place is surrounded with all the beauty of a pastoral scene in Spain. But the buildings frown with menace. The turbulent American river flows to the rear of the prison. It serves as a wall. There are, strictly speaking, no other walls about Folsom.

On all sides of the prison are gatling gun stands. Here guards loiter, eternally vigilant, ready to hail bullets over the prison grounds. These guards have target practice weekly.

"We've got to keep shootin' straight to hold our jobs," a guard said to me.

But in spite of that precaution there is always danger at Folsom. Seething hatred is written on the faces of guards and convicts alike.

On the last Thursday of last November there occurred what is known as the Thanksgiving Day Riot. In the morning twelve hundred convicts were seated in the prison auditorium awaiting a film performance. The picture was called "Ankles Preferred." Whether or not this caused the riot, I don't know. The twelve hundred prisoners were guarded by fifteen men.

Suddenly the immense room was filled with shrieks and curses. Some of the convicts were armed with revolvers and knives. The ringleaders of the prearranged revolt were gathered at one end of the room. An assistant turnkey, with more courage than judgment, rushed at them. He was shot and cut to death. Three other guards were wounded. The remaining guards fought their way out of the con-course of murdering madmen and carried

their dead and wounded with them. It was perhaps the finest act of sheer courage ever performed in California.

Police and soldiers with machine-guns and tear bombs came from neighboring counties. The revolting men were beleaguered in their barracks. By a lucky chance of war they held four guards as prisoners. If too stringent methods were used, they threatened death to the guards. But after twenty-four hours they were forced to surrender, and the ringleaders are now facing the gallows.

III

One of the most widely known of Folsom prisoners was Ed. Morrell, a member of the Sontag gang of outlaws, who fought the Southern Pacific and the State in the early Nineties. The railroad and State were literally one until the advent of Hiram Johnson.

Morrell is the most indomitable man I have ever known. His courage and tenacity in the face of overwhelming odds would make the prisoner of Chillon seem as inane as Hugh Walpole before an Iowa Women's Club.

Morrell was sentenced to solitary confinement for the rest of his life. He spent days in a straight-jacket. This instrument of torture was known as "the one-eyed pirate's overcoat." Morrell calls it "the bloody straight-jacket. . . . That instrument of Hell in its black terror outrivaled even the horrors depicted by Poe in 'The Pit and the Pendulum.' Jungle travelers have described the awful agony of a native being squeezed to death by a giant boa-constrictor. It is all too terrible for the human mind to contemplate, but even this unconceivable spectacle must pale before the death terrors of the jacket."

Morrell speaks of "God in His infinite mercy." Anatole France will smile and Dean Swift will frown should they ever come across his words. He emerged from prison with his spirit defiant, steel-jawed, and snarling.

An uneducated man, a waiter in early life, he was born for a mightier destiny. Not gifted as a writer, and seething with bitterness, he nevertheless compiled in "The Twenty-Fifth Man" a prison story worthy to stand with Dostoevsky's "House of the Dead."

During his years in prison he was, like Bunyan, touched with genius or madness. The fire burned unquenchably in him. He became, in his own opinion, astral. As the grinning fates would have it, he met the Socialistic prostitute, Jack London.

That writer was at the time worrying about the wealth which he despised. He made a one-sided agreement with Morrell. The latter gave him the material which London serialized for many thousands of dollars under the name of "The Star Rover." London agreed, for this material, to collaborate with Morrell on the story of his gigantic prison experiences.

It is possible that London realized that this material could never be serialized in a popular magazine. At any rate, he dallied with Morrell until he went to the Socialists' Nirvana. Morrell complained that London had cheapened his experiences in "The Star Rover." The untutored convict was forced to write "The Twenty-Fifth Man" alone.

Morrell, turning prison reformer instead of artist, then came to Hollywood with the hope of interesting Charlie Chaplin and other superficial people in his scheme. Chaplin would not see him. I arranged an interview for him with a leading scenarist, at a meeting place of hack word peddlers known as the Writers' Club. The scenarist said, "Ed, you're a damn fool. These people only want froth."

Morrell did not believe him, and lingered many weeks. The scenarist was right. Morrell left—defeated and defiant. Thus he wrote of Folsom and the lines over which convicts dare not step:

Within these death lines creatures in stripes pray
or curse, as they choose, while they slowly drag
out the stunted measure of life the law has left
them. Convicts of Folsom were never told not to

escape. The gun guards welcomed every attempt. It was called "the blood sports" there.

Nothing is so pleasing to hardened game-stalkers as a moving target. The standing order to the guards in line is to ask no questions, to wait for no explanation, but shoot to kill. And the bloody history of Folsom has amply testified how these brutes carried out the order with unerring aim.

Folsom has made a blood-curdling, terrible history. Convicts not hardened to endure its slave-racking toil and tortures have blindly hurled themselves into the rushing waters of the river to go down at least to a more merciful death. Such tragedies were common at the time I entered Folsom.

One took place the very first day. A poor, half-demented Chinaman had wandered from his work in the stone quarry down to the edge of the river. Without even challenging, a guard fired from a frowning cliff above. The poor victim toppled over into the river desperately wounded; but fortunately it was at a spot where he did not come in contact with the raging current.

At that moment the captain of the guard happened along. He was an ungodly, unfeeling, ruthless man who cared less for a convict than for a mad dog.

He brutally gave the order to two convicts to jump in and pull out the drowning man.

The order in itself would have been humane, had he first taken the precaution to command the guards not to shoot.

Hundreds of convicts cheered as the two men bravely faced death to save a fellow prisoner. But the scene was turned to one of horror in a moment. The guards deliberately fired upon the rescuers!

Morrell tells how the hyena-like shrieks of the other convicts flourishing hammers made the captain of the guard tremble. He "waved his hands to the murderers above him to cease firing." The rescuing convicts were wounded. The demented Chinaman was dragged to the shore—dead.

As I walked down the graveled road which led to the warden's office, I thought of Morrell, and of his experience in the closed cell which the guards sprinkled with chloride of lime, and then poured water upon it. The fumes choked him into unconsciousness before the guards dragged him out.

Folsom Prison is a study in what amateur artists can do with stone. The stone embankment leading to the prison is a masterpiece. Huge stones, surrounded by smaller ones, slope for hundreds of feet.

A few old convicts rested in the sun, as

if weary of crime and labor. Further on an aged sinner in grey pored over a magazine which deals with the heroic deeds of cow-boys. He did not look up.

Carved in a rock at the edge of a building were the figures 1895. I calculated how long ago that was. Thirty-two years. "Well—they were all gone now, anyhow." I walked into the heart of Folsom.

Young men sat outside the warden's office. One had a face shaped like a dime. He chewed gum like a popular novelist. Old in the ways of life, their youthful appearance startled me. For over one who visits Folsom there comes the feeling that every man confined has had at least one chance to keep within the law. Some have had many more. This knowledge curbs sentimentality. It makes the mind drill deeper into the matter.

It was Lombroso who said that there was a distinct criminal type. He may as well have said that the Rev. Billy Sunday was a broad and cultivated man.

Nearly all books on crime and sociology in general are but vapor from minds unschooled in the hard business of realistic observation. About all that one knows about crime is that—it is.

With such thoughts, I stood before the warden. The city editor of the San Francisco *Examiner* had apprised him of my coming. He sat at his desk, a two-hundred pound ponderous man with kindly blue eyes devoid of everything but laughter. His face was round, unlined, expressionless. It was merely made from a larger plan than that of the dime-faced, gum-chewing convict. He beamed at me. I saw at once that he was not a deep man, and therefore not a sad one. Life had made no more impression upon him than if he had been a club woman.

He rose from his desk, his hand outstretched in the manner of a small town politician. He searched for my name in the caverns of his mind.

"Mister—Mister——"

"Tully——" I took pity.

"Glad to meet you, Mister Kelly."

"I came to see Ernest Booth—the lad who wrote 'We Rob a Bank.'"

"Want to learn how to rob a bank?" he beamed.

"Nope, I already know. I'm a writer."

His work at the prison was touched upon. "You know, I don't like to brag about myself—but I get along well with the men here. You've gotta watch them, though. But I've spent years with them. I'd really be lonesome if I left."

The warden introduced his secretary. He was tall, with a bridge on his nose, and small eyes out of which he looked sideways in the manner of a detective.

"You came to see Booth, did you?" he shot at me. "Well, he didn't write that stuff. Tasker wrote it—over in San Quentin. We've seen his stuff here. It don't look nothing like that stuff in the magazine."

"Well, you see," I replied, "it may be edited—you know what I mean—put in shape for the magazine. You can't expect a guy who's devoted his life to other work to know everything about English."

The warden, with serious face, looked at his secretary.

"Well, that explains it, then."

He took a copy of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* from his desk. "I'd never heard of the darn thing—one of the cons brought it to me. The cons in here say that Booth don't know so much about robbin' banks. A lot of them could give him cards and spades at that game, to hear them talk."

I thought of the warden at San Quentin, who also had a copy of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

"I thought it was the *American Magazine* these fellows were writing for." He scanned the green cover with unbelieving eyes.

"It's not all true, either," broke in the warden's clerk. "Fellows here say that couldn't all happen in that article."

"Well, that doesn't matter. The article had the general effect of truth. It was a fine piece of work. Being a writer, I've been close enough to robbing banks to know how near Booth hit it."

"Booth will be here in a few minutes. He walks slow, you know. . . . Ankle broke in that escape from San Quentin, that didn't work." Then, directly at me: "What's wrong with Booth?"

"He never got over the dime novel period—a few screws loose."

"A few——!"

The warden turned from me as if I were a writer of romance.

I thought for a moment what a fine yarn it would be if Tasker had really written Booth's stuff. But *someone* had supplied the material. It rang true. Had Booth?

IV

He entered the room.

His hair was neither blond nor brown. His face was long, horse-like. He was about five feet eight, and weighed about 175 pounds. He had the manner, even in his frayed prison garb, of one who had lived well. He stood still, leaning heavily on his cane. An old magazine of the better grade was folded under an arm. He saw me, extended a hand, moved slowly. "Hello, Jim Tully."

The warden drummed the sides of his chair with heavy fingers. His clerk looked sidewise at us.

Both were alert, as if they watched the greeting of two brigands on the way to the gallows.

"Hello, Ernest," I said. "Let me help you." I held his arm as we walked toward a window. Warden and clerk looked at each other as I gave the brilliant bank robber the easiest seat.

I felt a tension in the room; the clashing of different psychologies under urbane manners.

The warden left. The secretary took his chair.

Booth laid the magazine down. "I've been reading this over and over—every ad in it." We looked at the *Century Magazine*.

He asked for a cigarette. I noticed his hand as it applied the match. It was slender. The fingers tapered gracefully.

There was no embarrassment, no pause in the conversation.

Twenty-eight years of age, he was serving life. Inexorably stretched the years ahead of him. With a criminal career dating from his sixteenth year, he had escaped from the law's manacles six times. His attempted escape from San Quentin had ended in his falling fifty feet and breaking an ankle. A comrade in the attempt was shot to death. Booth lay unconscious, with a revolver on his person.

"I took my jolt," he said with finality, his long horse face becoming serious. "I knew that life was done for me; that I was a goner. So I brought no one else into the miserable business."

I wondered if he did not have a weak mouth. But then—what was a strong mouth?

We skidded over his career, and as always with men in prison, the chances, however vague, for his release.

"But get me right, Ernest—I'm not a moralist—and I understand. If they bat a pitcher all over the lot for a few games, he changes his style of delivery. You can't beat the law—it's batted you all over the country for twelve years. You're a damn bright man—brighter than most of the men whose banks you've robbed. Now, what's wrong with you?"

His manner was bland, suave. He smiled with no mirth, then leaned closer, and lit another cigarette. The thought came to me that in a long wandering I had never met a more charming conversationalist. He knew the nuances of speech; he had lived high drama. He had read widely and well. It had not robbed him of originality and verve. He had none of the affectation of men who suddenly discover knowledge. My first interest in him was that of one who was potentially the greatest prison writer to emerge from the iron wilderness of America. He had detachment, drama, humor. He had that most difficult achievement of the writer from the submerged strata; a clear perspective on happenings but a few years old. O. Henry was ashamed

of his prison experience. Jack London quailed at his. I had hopes of Booth.

"I'll tell you, Jim," he said slowly, "no one will believe it—and I'm here for a devil of a long while. But when I lay unconscious at the bottom of that wall something passed from my brain. None of us reform—the intelligent man grows out of things. I'm through with crime." He sighed, puffed his cigarette nervously, then slumped slightly. "But it's too late."

No man knows the weird ramifications of the human brain. Booth's words might have stopped Lombroso. I studied a moment. The prison officials had not been unfair to Booth. If his words were true, where could justice enter? Was a life sentence too long for one who had stolen money from gentlemen who had acquired it more smoothly—within the law?

I thought of Cesare Borgia. Booth's blue eyes smiled at me. Who was it that sought to prove that all the most ruthless adventurers in the world had blue eyes and light complexions? Booth was right. I, too, had grown out of many things. But Borgia was dark.

"You see, Jim—you know—you've been through the ropes. That something passed from my brain. I'm not talking for a pardon . . . nothing. I'm here from now on, and then—some more—and it's a long time."

He puffed feverishly at his cigarette. The smoke rolled in flying ringlets toward the warden's desk.

"I can only write from five-thirty till seven-thirty—whether I'm in the mood or not. I'm in a cell with three other men—and they don't know what I'm all about. Their lives are summed up in the headlines of the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Denver Post*. They say that Dempsey did—and Tunney didn't—and other endless rounds of nothings. But I should not condemn them. It is their life—from now on—and mine—I fear."

The last four words were like the rattling of stones on a prison coffin.

I could frame no word. Then with sar-

donic smile, "I'm not pitying myself, Jim—don't get me wrong."

The warden's secretary moved in his chair.

To relieve the strain I said, "Well—you'll never rob an editor, Ernest."

"There's a lot of them doing it," was the reply. Our moods were lifted.

V

Booth comes of an excellent family. A brother has been a member of the California Assembly. Another holds a high position with a Western railway. They have remained loyal to him down all his turbulent road. He has all the qualities of a fine writer save compassion.

We talked of his record.

"There is nothing can be said concerning it. It's like taking up a forkful of macaroni—all tangled up. You will have to take it up a piece at a time and lay it out straight."

I quarreled with his title, "Ladies of the Mob," on an article concerning women who are the comrades of thieves, in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for December.

"Misleading—not significant," I said. In defense he spoke of "the women who live and love with thieves." The words sang.

"There was your title," I said.

We hurried to other subjects.

"There has always been some force behind me which seemed to push me into things . . . something I could not control. I remember once I hurried from Los Angeles to Cleveland. I rushed to the California Limited in a taxi, took the Twentieth Century out of Chicago, and hurried to the tenth floor of the Statler Hotel. I opened the door—and there sat two dicks."

He puffed his cigarette and smiled.

"Well,—they threw a couple of bullets at me—and I threw a couple back. I rushed down the elevator. It jambed. The paper told the next day how some innocent bystanders were hurt."

He smiled again.

"It's funny—but it's always the 'innocent bystanders' and taxpayers who get hurt when the Bold Bad Bandits run amuck."

And then with finality, "Now what in the hell made me rush to Cleveland?"

"God rules all things," was my reply.

Ironically enough, having been transferred from San Quentin to Folsom after the failure of his escape, Booth is now eager to be returned to the former prison. Many inmates wish to leave San Quentin. Booth wishes to return.

Talking of the bank, the robbery of which he described in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, he said, "We were all nervous, hanging around in the lobby waiting to get started. The people kept crowding in depositing money—and of course we couldn't chase them out—we were open for business."

The young convict with a face like a dime entered and stood before the warden's desk.

"Who's the kid?" I asked Booth.

"Oh—a little drug-store bandit," he answered in a superior tone.

And then something of interest for lawyers, detectives, and dramatic critics who wish to desert their craft. "It's not hard to rob a bank, Jim. But it's hard to get the gang together. This fellow has a date with a dame, the next fellow wants to smoke a little hop, the next fellow intends to hold up a truck-load of booze—when he knows darn well he'll have to split with the authorities and have nothing left. One has to control all this bunch and keep them working."

As it was nearly three-thirty, Booth was forced to leave. "I must lead the line to supper," he said as he limped out of the office, a broken gambler in a game not worth the playing.

"Well—what do you think of him?" asked the returned warden.

"Only one thing right now, Warden—Tasker didn't write his stuff."

"Are you sure?" he returned.

"Damned sure," I replied, as I looked out of the window where convicts labored

in the stone quarry less than a hundred feet below the warden's office.

A crane moved giant rocks about. The shouts and laughter of the two-time losers floated up to us.

"Would you like to go through the prison?" the warden asked.

A guard was deputized to accompany me.

VI

The interior of the main building was literally a gray wilderness of iron bars. Many of the convicts had so-called holy pictures in their cells. A plaster of paris Christ writhed in a fantastic death agony on an enamel cross at the head of a murderer's cot. He sat, gray-headed and dejected, elbows on his knees, face in his hands; the picture of death in life.

At the end of an iron bordered lane was the death cell. It was without bars.

Adjoining was the immense dining-room, above which were iron paths controlled by guards with ready triggers.

The food had not been brought in. Before each of the many hundreds of vacant chairs was a metal plate, piled high with grapes.

Convicts were grouped about the ends of the tables where I walked with the guard.

The guard was some feet in advance. It was the first time in my adventurous life that fear had ever even whispered to me.

I do not think the guard liked me. But I was thankful for his presence. A judge had recently said that if a lady should walk through Folsom unattended she would be torn limb from limb. Judges were ever ambiguous men. She would not need to be a lady.

Right here the other side of prison life dawned upon me. What are the herders of terrible morons to do? If those morons rise above their class and are brilliant like Booth—then what?

A Tasker is sentenced to from five to twenty-five years for what was little

more than a boyish Hallowe'en prank with an empty gun. One solution is—to educate the judges and the guards. The rest—I know not.

Many voices, in coarse prison whispers, said to me as I passed, "Give us a cigarette, Jack." As I do not smoke, I could not comply.

A gentleman, more irate than the rest, threw a very large grape, which struck me in the back of the neck. Due to my early training, I did not want to give him away. I walked even with the guard.

"Them grapes look nice," he said.

"They sure do," I replied.

We passed through a door into a large yard. The prisoners were in single file, awaiting the raising of a flag on the main building. It was the signal to begin the march to the dining-room.

The line formed in a letter S and twisted around a far building. It was like a huge snake with only half of its body visible.

A guard sat near the door through which the two-time losers passed. He checked each prisoner as his right foot was lifted across the stone door sill. This stone, once of great thickness, had been worn thin by the countless treads of imprisoned feet.

The flag was raised. The march began.

The line moved slowly, as if to funereal music.

There are those who say that a group of convicts in citizens' clothing will resemble any other group of men. This may be true of convicts in other prisons. But not of the two-time losers in Folsom. All in all, they were not normal in appearance. Rapists, murderers, forgers, burglars, peg-legged men and some with crutches, Negroes with no foreheads, and aged white men with lascivious leers, they marched, with burning feet, through my brain.

I said to the placid guard, "Did you ever happen to figure the amount of time being done by that bunch of men?"

"I never figger," he replied.

"And neither did they, perhaps."

The guard made no answer.

LATIN FEARS AND YANKEE FAVORS

BY MARY WILHELMINE WILLIAMS

DURING recent years there has come from the countries beyond the Rio Grande an almost unbroken chorus of denunciation of the United States, aimed, in general, at the alleged unholy designs of the Colossus of the North upon Latin America, and especially at the brand of iniquity known as Yankee Imperialism. This denunciation is not only comparatively new, but shows a complete reversal of the attitude formerly taken toward the United States by its southern neighbors. Repeatedly, in times past, the Latin Americans have yearned after the Yankee with an exceeding great yearning, and been fearful lest Washington refuse to intervene in trans-Rio Grande affairs, or to accept and annex proffered territory. In fact, this attitude still exists—in spots. The following cases of appeals for the sort of aid and comfort referred to do not exhaust the list, but they include the most conspicuous instances.

II

In 1822, before the Powers of Europe were startled by the pointed remarks later known as the Monroe Doctrine, came the first Latin-American call for help: the petitioner was a tiny, remote State on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. In Mexico, which had just won freedom from Spain, an officer of the Spanish army had set himself up as Emperor Augustin I, and was proceeding to extend his control over Central America. Salvador, bent upon eluding the imperial clutch, passed a formal decree asking for annexation to the United States. Henry Clay, a most enthusiastic friend of the re-

volted Spanish colonies, was touched by this action, but the American government failed to grant the request.

In a few months Augustin was ousted from his rickety throne, and the Central Americans became free to establish a confederation for themselves. But this co-operative venture virtually died a-borning, for at once began a round of revolutions and civil wars, and in a few years the Central American confederation was defunct. The weakness of the demoralized States which had composed it invited a renewal of aggressions by the British which had been directed against the territory while it was a Spanish colony. British subjects, who had long enjoyed a log-cutting concession in Belize, spread beyond the treaty-boundary into Guatemalan territory; English officials reestablished themselves in the Bay Islands, which belonged to Honduras; and the British government revived an ancient protectorate over the Mosquito Kingdom, a portion of northeastern Honduras and eastern Nicaragua inhabited by a barbarous, greasy tribe of Indians known as Mosquitos. Originally this "kingdom" was invented and cherished by the British Crown for the purpose of trade with the Spanish Indies; now, the protectorate over it was renewed with a shrewd eye to future needs.

In 1846 began the war between the United States and Mexico, which was certain to end in the American acquisition of Mexican soil in the Southwest, and a consequent stimulation of American interest in a canal between the two oceans. England, fearful, that the United States would get control of Lake Nicaragua and the San

Juan river, which for a number of centuries had been thought to offer the best trans-isthmian route, promptly discovered that its Indian wards owned both banks of the San Juan, ousted the Nicaraguans from the village at the mouth of the stream, and took possession of the little port in the name of His Majesty, the King of the Mosquitos.

Before the paws of the British lion thus fell upon the eastern terminus of the proposed canal, the weak Central-American countries had been revelling in anarchic license. Now, however, three of them, Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua, huddled within the limitations of their incompetency and cried frantically for Yankee aid. Nicaragua, the most vitally concerned, was spokesman, and twice during the Polk administration it appealed to the United States against the British-Mosquito hold on the San Juan. Colombia, which at the time had territorial claims high up on the isthmus—at the expense of Costa Rica—likewise urged American intervention against the pretensions of His Mosquito Majesty. Polk took no definite action, so when Taylor came into office Nicaragua again asked for help, and followed up its request by overtures for the admission of itself, Salvador, and Honduras into the American Union. George Bancroft, at that time American Minister to England, to whom the proposal was made, was evasive on the subject of annexation, but bluntly frank in advising the little States to try to win the "sympathy and esteem of the civilized world" by settling their internal quarrels.

The United States government, however, while not wanting any part of Central America for itself, did not intend to let Great Britain hold territory on the isthmus, and was dead set against British control of the projected canal across Nicaragua. Hence, in an atmosphere well charged with danger of war between the two English-speaking peoples, there were begun by their governments the negotiations which resulted in the Clayton-Bulwer

Treaty of 1850. Into this pact John M. Clayton, the American Secretary of State, wrote a clause by which the two countries jointly pledged themselves not to occupy, fortify, colonize, or exercise dominion over any part of Central America. After ratification, came a long, angry argument as to whether or not the provision referred to was retroactive; but in the end the American interpretation prevailed,—that a promise not to occupy territory meant to get out of it if one was already in. The British government, in compliance with this view, agreed to a fair boundary-line between Guatemala and the Belize settlement, and withdrew entirely from the Bay Islands and the Mosquito Kingdom, leaving in possession the rightful owners, Honduras and Nicaragua. The British treaties with the Central-American States, which effected these ends, were negotiated because of the insistence of the United States government, and under its auspices. Obviously, this achievement was a great victory for the Monroe Doctrine, as well as an outstanding service to three little nations in need of a friend.

III

In less than a decade after the Mosquito Kingdom fell before the diplomatic onslaughts of the United States, there came another request for annexation to the Union. This time the aspirant was the Dominican Republic, then in dire need of a protector. During the first twenty-two years of independence from Spain the little State had been under the oppressive dominion of Haiti, from which it escaped in 1844, and became independent. But the standing menace of Haitian reconquest led it, in 1861, to return voluntarily to Spanish control. There was, however, little to choose between Haitian rule and that of Spain, and, after four years of experiment with the latter, the Dominicans were again free. Now they let it be known that they would like to be taken under the wings of the American eagle.

In 1868 a treaty to this end was negotiated, and approved by the Dominican Congress and people. The project was also the very apple of President Grant's eye; but the Senate, inspired by Charles Sumner, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, would have none of it. Baez, the optimistic Dominican President, who had fostered annexation, assured his disappointed Congress, however, that the measure would succeed in the end, "for it is a necessity in the progress of humanity, whose unseen agent is God himself." Nevertheless, for the next forty years the Dominican Republic went alone on its financially prodigal, politically turbulent, way. Then came several years of American occupation to straighten out its financial tangle and protect its foreign creditors. But the Dominican flag remained flying over the land and in 1924 the American forces were withdrawn. The passing of the years had not inspired the United States government to be the instrument of God, the "unseen agent," in bringing about the merge of the Dominicans with the American nation.

The loss of most of her over-seas empire taught Spain nothing of wisdom in governing the fragments that remained. Hence, early in the Nineteenth Century, many desperate Cubans aspired to bring the island under the Stars and Stripes. A number of pro-annexationist newspapers were established in New York by Cuban exiles, and clubs having the same object sprang up there, and likewise in Havana. The leaders in these activities were usually at the back of the various Cuban filibustering expeditions launched from the United States before the Civil War.

After that conflict was ended, the Cubans still longed to be under the American flag. In 1887, John Sherman, on a visit to the island, was struck by the miserable conditions prevailing there, and reported that the Cubans almost to a man desired annexation to the United States. But he himself was opposed to it. In the same year, the English historian Froude visited Cuba

and wrote that "the opinion of Cuba was and is that America is the residuary legatee of all the islands, Spanish and English, and that she will have to take charge of them in the end, whether she likes it or not."

Nevertheless, the United States has not yet assumed control in the sense desired by the Cubans of that time. At the outbreak of the war with Spain, in 1898, Congress guaranteed the island's independence. And this pledge was firmly adhered to in the peace negotiations, notwithstanding the fact that the Spanish commissioners, fearful for the safety of Spanish life and property in Cuba, tried hard to induce the United States to annex the island. The Platt Amendment, intended to discourage financial irresponsibility and political turbulence, was the only restraint placed by the United States upon Cuban freedom. In the past twenty years this measure has unquestionably prevented the island politicians from utterly wrecking Cuba Libre—for whose independence several thousand Yankees gave up their lives.

IV

Venezuela has been more successful than most other Latin-American countries in getting aid from the Colossus of the North, perhaps because it has asked less. In the '90's a hoary dispute with England over the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela reached an angry and critical stage, and the British government refused to arbitrate the question. Venezuela, bearing in mind the doctrine named for Monroe, fervently requested American intervention. President Cleveland and Richard Olney, his Secretary of State, responded with vigor and emphasis, to the amazed and amused irritation of English officials who still more or less regarded the American nation with the patronizing good nature then accorded to colonies. Fate, it happened, coöperated with the American government, for the storm clouds which rose in other quarters made the Venezuelan boundary dispute one of the least of

Britain's worries. Furthermore, the English people emphatically voiced their opposition to a jingoistic war with their American cousins. So, the British government consented to arbitrate.

In less than another decade Uncle Sam again went to the aid of Venezuela, this time because of financial entanglements there. A recent merry-go-round of revolutions had greatly damaged the property of foreigners. Also, the Venezuelan government had ceased payment of interest on its loans obtained abroad. Hence, the creditor-countries concerned—England, Germany, and Italy—after vainly demanding a financial settlement, proceeded to blockade the ports of Venezuela. Castro, the dictator of the country, protested angrily against this, but the United States gave its consent, though following the proceedings with a watchful eye. When the blockading Powers, however, showed signs of adopting measures amounting to acts of war, Roosevelt demanded that they submit the claims to arbitration. England and Italy promptly consented, but Germany, evidently aiming to make a test case of the Monroe Doctrine, refused to do so. Compliance came quickly, however, when Roosevelt threatened to send Dewey with a fleet to the Venezuelan coast if arbitration was not accepted within forty-eight hours.

V

Mexico and her troubles, like the poor, are ever with us, and more than once appeals have come from that country for American aid. One of Mexico's worries has been Yucatan, the Ireland of the Isthmus. The Mexican government, on the other hand, has long been the fly in Yucatan's ointment. Incompatibility of temperament was felt between the two even before the separation from Spain made divorce a possibility. In the '30's, oppressive economic exactions by the central authorities offered the occasion, and national political chaos supplied the opportunity for a separatist move on the part of Yucatan. It

seceded and declared its independence. Later, lured by pledges from the national government, the State returned to the Mexican fold; but the promised reforms did not come, and Yucatan again withdrew.

When the war between the United States and Mexico began in 1846, Yucatan was enjoying its second period of avowed independence, and declared its neutrality in the conflict. Eager to be sure of freedom from American military attacks, the State government sent to Washington José Rovira, a great admirer of the United States. From James Buchanan, then Secretary of State, Rovira gained prompt assurance that the proclamation of neutrality would be respected. Then he set forth unofficially a proposal of his own. Various political factions of Yucatan, he explained, desired admission of the State to the American Union. With this aim he sympathized. If the elements in question got control of Yucatan, could they count upon favorable action by the American government on the annexation question? Buchanan replied in the negative, and gave various reasons why a motion to annex the State would not, in his opinion, get a single vote in the Senate.

While Rovira was engaged in his mission, there had been developing in Yucatan a fierce servile and racial conflict: the oppressed Mayan Indians had risen against their white masters and threatened to exterminate the whole ruling class of the Peninsula. The government of Yucatan, therefore, appealed frantically to Spain, England, and the United States for aid against the aborigines, offering in return for help sovereignty over the State. No official aid was given by any of the countries approached, but numerous individual Americans went to the rescue of the white Yucatecans.

The Indian revolt was crushed, and, after peace was made between Mexico and the United States, Yucatan again returned to its old allegiance. But in the eighty years that have passed since then the inhabitants of the State have not learned to

like the Republica Mexicana, or to *dislike* the Colossus of the North. "I am not a Mexican, but a Yucatecan; we have no faith in Mexico," said a swarthy laborer to me a few months ago in Yucatan. Two different American residents of the Peninsula also stated that during the political upheavals of the last few years they had been separately approached by groups of Yucatecans to inquire what hope there was that the Washington government would support the State and admit it to the Union if it revolted against Mexican rule. A public official of Yucatan likewise told me that he believed that ninety per cent of the State's population would gladly be under the Stars and Stripes.

Even in Mexico proper there have been deep yearnings after the United States, scandalously in conflict with Pan-Hispanism. These flattering sentiments appear first to have voiced themselves during the war between the two countries. At that time a considerable fraction of the Mexican people wanted their whole territory brought under the American flag. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, through fixing the international boundary at the Rio Grande, defeated this desire. The pro-annexationist element was dissatisfied with the arrangement, for the American army of occupation had brought safety to life and property, and a resulting prosperity new to the Mexican nation. They desired this rare condition of affairs to continue. Hence, a group of intelligent leaders went to General Winfield Scott, commander-in-chief of the American forces, and made a proposal which Scott sets forth in his *Memoirs* (pp. 581, 582). The general of the victorious troops was asked by these vanquished nationals to declare himself dictator of the country and to maintain peace and order with a Mexican army built around a nucleus of American soldiers. But this arrangement was meant to be merely temporary. Scott was asked to pledge himself "to slide, if possible, the Republic of Mexico into the Republic of the United States." He refused.

Hence, the Mexican nation, with a pack of domestic foes dragging at its throat, staggered on for another dozen years. Then came a new international crisis. The Liberal party, at the time more or less in control of the country, had made the mistake of suspending payments on foreign loans and, in consequence, the occupation of Mexican territory by claimant governments seemed imminent. Benito Juarez, the Liberal leader, in desperation, turned to the United States and asked help in the form of a loan, offering, in return, terms which would have made his country a mere appendage of the American Union. Though Juarez was an exceptional man and a patriot of high ideals, the treaty was an unwise one. Fortunately, the Senate refused to ratify it.

The three leading creditor governments, England, Spain, and France, proceeded with plans for intervention in Mexico; but they did not get very far jointly, because the last two aimed at something more than the collection of their just financial claims. Spain wanted to reconquer the country, and Napoleon III, like his adventurous uncle, was also dreaming of empires in the New World.

The suspicions of the government at Washington were aroused, and when a Spanish fleet tried to enter Mexican waters it was threatened by American naval forces off Vera Cruz, and soon faded away on the eastern horizon. Likewise, the American Secretary of State notified the Spanish Minister at Washington that "the United States will regret any unjust claim against Mexico, and will not permit any hostility against the legitimate government of the Republic of Mexico."

But before many months had passed the American government was fully occupied with the Civil War, and Napoleon III seized this favorable opportunity for carrying out his plans. In 1864, with the aid of French troops, Archduke Maximilian of Austria was made the puppet-Emperor of Mexico. The republican element in the country, however, rallied around Benito

VI

Juarez and struggled on against the invaders. At first, Juarez had only the moral support of the United States, which continued to regard him as Mexico's political head, but, as soon as the Confederacy fell many Union soldiers joined the armies of Juarez, while the authorities at Washington set about making clear to both France and Austria that the United States would not tolerate in Mexico any government upheld by European soldiers. In 1866 Secretary Seward demanded point-blank that France remove its forces from Mexican soil. This was done; the army of Juarez gained the upper hand; and soon the rule of the puppet-Emperor Maximilian was only a memory.

But the collapse of the Second Empire did not end Mexico's troubles. Nor did the long dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz. Nor yet have the seventeen revolutionary years which have passed since the overthrow of Don Porfirio, though foundations for a better future seem now to be under construction.

Today many discouraged Mexicans, besides those of Yucatan, long earnestly, though secretly, to see the Stars and Stripes supreme from the Rio Grande to the Guatemalan frontier. Others, more bold, at times accost business men from the United States to ask, "When are you Americans coming down to clean up this place?" One American, who had lost \$10,000 in ransom to bandits, told me that repeatedly disheartened Mexicans had put that question to him.

It must not be supposed, moreover, that Mexicans are unique at present in desiring United States' intervention or annexation. Even in South American countries one hears such wishes expressed. In fact, multitudes in the lands of the Southern Cross look upon Uncle Sam as a sort of Pan-American stable-boy, pining to use his shovel and broom. They appear naïvely unaware that the ox-stalls of King Augeas were models of spick-and-spanness in comparison with the political muck-heaps of some of their countries.

What of these various offers of Latin-American territory, made in one way or another to the United States? If the American government had accepted them and thus encouraged others, how far southward would the American border now extend? Certainly to Panama, at least, for Guatemala and Costa Rica would not have stood out if Mexico and three of the Central American States had been admitted to the Union; and Cuba and the Dominican Republic would have been ours, as well; probably also Haiti. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that, had the United States shown itself willing to annex Latin-American territory, instead of repeatedly cold-shouldering Latin-American efforts to get into the Union, the whole of the Spanish Indies from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn might have been under the American flag today. Nevertheless, with the exception of the Canal Zone and Porto Rico, Yankee sovereignty, in spite of Latin courting, has remained north of the boundary set at Guadalupe Hidalgo eighty years ago.

Suppose, on the other hand, that there had been no Monroe Doctrine to stand at the door of the New World to protect it against violation by the Old? Without this sturdy guardian, how would Latin America have fared? The fate of Africa suggests the answer. During the past century that gigantic continent has fallen almost completely under European control. Latin America has a more favorable climate than Africa, and perhaps equal natural resources. And every one of the Latin-American States has, at one time or another, been weak and helpless enough for conquest by almost any European country. Surely, except for the permanent warning of "Hands off!" given by the United States to Old World Powers, most of the soil of Latin America would now be owned by Europe, and would be under governments ranging in type from that of India to that in force in the French Congo.

ALL YEARS ARE ODD AS 1849

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

IS THERE a silver cup, John Sutter,
You can fill with wrestlers, waves and ghosts,
And sounds that are a nation
And a-dying for it?

*My cup is gold and California,
The movers come with banjos on their knees,
My acres are a golden stream,
America is at my feet
Panning John Sutter's gold,
So what of a silver cup?*

All years are odd as this one is, John Sutter,
Chopin is dead today
And Hokusai is dead . . .

Acres of oxen are the California road,
The wagons move, the cedar buckets drip
On fennel and on jimson weed, John Sutter;
Old men and children are the California road;
But there is sea at either end, John Sutter:
Behind the Atlantic Chopin lies as still
As Hokusai, a dead thing in Japan,
And there is world and clipper ships between.

How did it feel, John Sutter, sitting in
A laurel chair last January when
The others crouched on bullock skulls, to hear
Them say that gold was in the world?
In your tail-race?
Looking dull like spruce gum chewed in school?
How did they heft, the two bowls balanced on
That stick of redwood?
Gold, John Sutter, yours!

John Sutter, California, is a golden bowl,
But Chopin was the little silver cup
He carried nineteen years with Poland in it,
Earth from the homeland weaving sound forever;
Now he is dead: out of the silver cup

They spill his earth upon the earth of him
And sounds that are a nation
And a-dying for it.

Chopin is dead today, John Sutter;
Is there a silver cup America
Can hammer out of California gold?
And Hokusai is dead today, John Sutter,
Who filled the world with wrestlers, waves and ghosts;
Can California shape a golden ghost?

When he was young, John Sutter, Hokusai
With a cask of ink and many brooms for brushes
Painted the Dharma bigger than a farm,
Painted two sparrows on a grain of corn.
That was the banjo-thumping in him, John,
Selling to men a thing he had not found.
When he was old, John Sutter, Hokusai
Lifted an old man's prayer unto the sea
That he who made the Dharma like a farm
Might fix life in a single point of light
And lose the brush that made it.

He is dead,
Behind the ocean Hokusai is dead.
All years are odd as this one is, John Sutter;
When will America, dipping your golden brush,
Fix life into a single point of light
And pray an old man's prayer unto the sea?

Stand in your golden agony, John Sutter,
Hark to the moping oxen, acres wide.
Hark to the axles, creaking thimble-skeins,
Taste the hot tar, smell the green water
Tipping from dusty cedar buckets, John.
Behind a sea a silver cup is spilled,
Behind a sea a point of light is dead . . .

You shall see wrestlers, waves and ghosts,
You shall see silver cups, John, spilling over.
Hold high your golden bowl.
America shall dip
The golden sands of California
With cradles, John, with cradles, coffins, pans.
All years are odd as this one is, John Sutter.
You are America, John Sutter,
Stand in your golden agony, they come!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Pedagogy

TEACHING AMERICAN LITERATURE IN AMERICAN COLLEGES

BY FERNER NUHN

America herself? I sometimes question whether she has a corner in her own house.

Walt Whitman.

AMERICA'S corner in her own house (thanks not a little to Whitman himself) has been enlarged and is getting some attention in these latter days. Biographers and historians are dusting off the good pieces and laughing at the bric-a-brac with an enthusiasm never evinced so generally before. Even the Departments of English in the colleges seem—at a decorous distance—to be participating in this interest. Not a few young instructors and assistant professors confess a lively admiration for contemporary American writings, though these young men are usually of the sort who remain administratively impotent. The number of doctors' dissertations written in the American field during the last decade has been fifty-five, as compared with twenty in the preceding decade. And to the small company of veteran scholars in that field (Professors F. L. Pattee, Bliss Perry, P. H. Boynton, and Carl Van Doren) one may now add a number of able newcomers: Professors (or Assistants and Associates) Norman Foerster of North Carolina, R. L. Rusk of Columbia, V. L. Parrington of the University of Washington, W. B. Cairns of Wisconsin, Stanley Williams of Yale, K. B. Murdock of Harvard, and others.

Yet when one has counted in all this, one is still disappointed that the number of courses in American literature actually offered in American colleges remains insignificantly small. If one may take the

amount of attention given to the subject compared to the amount given other literatures, as a criterion of the importance to American students of American literature then it is:

About equal in importance to Scandinavian literature.

One-half as important as Italian literature.

One-third as important as Spanish literature.

One-third as important as German literature.

One-fourth as important as French literature.

One-fifth as important as Latin literature.

One-fifth as important as Greek literature.

One-tenth as important as English literature.

Courses in linguistics and composition do not figure in the comparisons above; they refer only to the courses in literature as literature. They may be verified by an examination of the courses listed in the college and university catalogues. That examination will show that more attention is given in special courses to the two English poets, Milton and Chaucer, than is given to all American literature, and that again, more attention is given to the works of Shakespeare than is given to all American literature. The mode is to consider American literature adequately treated for undergraduates if one general survey course is devoted to it. This course is never (or almost never) required, but only elective, while the survey course in English literature is generally required for liberal arts students. Frequently the American course is only for a half year, and sometimes (as at Princeton) it is offered only every other year. It is true that many universities give one or two other courses besides the survey course, but if an average is taken it will be found that only one out of eleven courses in the English departments is in American literature.

In the graduate departments (despite an

increasing desire of graduate students to major in American literature) there are relatively even fewer courses. The average is about one in thirteen. About a third of the universities which offer the degree of doctor of philosophy in English literature have no graduate courses in American literature. Not more than a dozen offer research courses or seminars. There are as many research courses devoted to the study of the single English poet, Chaucer, as to all American literature. An almost complete ignorance of American literature will not, so far as I know, debar one from obtaining a degree in English literature (which is supposed to comprehend American literature) in any university in the country; while the number of universities where it is possible to get even a modicum of advanced training in American literature is not more than half a dozen. (Those best prepared to give such training at the present time are, perhaps, Columbia, Chicago, Pennsylvania State, Harvard, Wisconsin, and North Carolina.)

It is no wonder, then, that seven out of eight doctoral dissertations are still written on English rather than on American subjects. At Harvard, for instance, in the years 1926 and 1927 thirteen dissertations were written in the Department of English, not one of which had to do with an American theme. (It may be noted, however, that K. B. Murdock's study of Increase Mather came out of that university in 1925.) One wonders what these thirteen prospective American professors of English literature found of such compelling interest in the literature of the British Isles that every one of them passed his eyes completely over the American scene. Here are some of the titles:

- "The True Secret History of Mr. John Dunton."
- "Oliver Goldsmith: A Study in the Theory of 'Delightful Teaching'."
- "A Study of Lord Monboddo and His Works."
- "John Gay's 'London,' Illustrated from the Poetry of the Time."
- "The English and Welsh Topographical Sources of Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' with Special Reference to Camden's 'Britannia' and Saxton's 'Atlas.'"

This is "scholarship"! It is scholarship to take a long poem written three centuries ago by an Englishman, a very dull and a very poor poem (Drayton's "Polyolbion"), and trace out tediously the topographical features of the foreign land with which it deals, "with special reference" to two other poems of even greater dullness. It is possible that a British scholar might interest himself in such a matter, but it is difficult to understand why an American scholar in an American university should set himself to the chore.

In the Department of History, which for the present purposes is comparable to the Department of English, this neglect of the American scene does not exist. Four out of five American scholars in history (which includes all histories) write doctoral theses in American rather than in any other history. This is natural. Who will study American history unless Americans do? Why should any great number of Americans, in the way of research, concern themselves with other than American history? The documents are here, and the scenes are here, and our scholars take advantage of them.

In practically every college, American history is a separate and distinct field in the Department of History. But in every American college and university (with one exception) American literature is made part and parcel of English literature. One out of three courses in all histories is in American history, but only one out of about twenty-five courses in all literatures is in American literature. There are twice as many courses in American history (in American universities) as in English history. There are (as has been said) about one-tenth as many courses in American literature as in English literature.

This comparison, of course, may not be carried too far. It is true that America made history before she made literature, and that the former is still much more important to her than the latter. But it may well be questioned whether American literature is only an eighth as important

to American students of literature written in the English language as American history is to American students of history. One wonders if the great discrepancy is not in a large part due to the sharp contrast between our traditional political self-respect and our cultural self-abasement.

At the Ohio State University, English 670 is called "Contemporary Drama." In the description of the course, seventeen dramatists are listed, including Schnitzler, Synge, Yeats, Jones, Barker, Pinero, Galsworthy, and Shaw. But no American is included, though Eugene O'Neill is an American, and without doubt as great a dramatist as at least four of the men listed. At the University of Illinois in the Department of English is an advanced course called "Comparative Literature," in which specialists lecture on the fields of Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, German, and English literatures. American literature is forgotten. At the University of Pennsylvania English 29, a graduate course, is described as "A Study of Nineteenth Century prose (except fiction) from the early reviews to Carlyle. The course will consider especially the prose works of Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, DeQuincey, Landor, Macaulay, and Carlyle. . . ." Obviously, this is not a study of Nineteenth Century prose, but simply of Nineteenth Century prose *in England*.

These distinctions may seem captious, but they are revelatory of the habit of mind in English departments throughout the country; nearly all of them unconsciously ignoring the existence of American literature, which is academically supposed to be a part of English literature. Indeed, the use of the adjective illuminates the whole matter. Three-fourths—perhaps nine-tenths—of the times that the phrase "English literature" is used, consciously or unconsciously it refers only to the literature of England. The other quarter or tenth of the time it comprehends, somewhat condescendingly, all the literature in the language. Thus the Department of English Literature and Language is sup-

posed properly to include American literature. But in the listing of courses within the department, again, the national rather than the linguistic sense must necessarily be employed. Thus English Poetry, and the English Novel, refer to poetry and the novel in England.

This casual and slovenly terminology is not a little to blame for the precarious—almost accidental—position which American literature has in the thinking of scholars of "English" literature in America. There are two possible ways of effecting a clarification. The one is to utilize "British" as a description of English literature in its national limits. The other—and more likely—course is the adoption of "American" as a designation of the English language in America. Already courses in the "English" language conceded a part of their time to a treatment of "American English." When this unhandy locution is shortened to "American," it will be a significant day in the advancement of national letters.

The subsidence of American literature within and as a part of the department of English literature can never operate toward the best interests of the former. This viewing of the two fields as one has been, and often still is, the bane of creative writing in America, and an identification of their interests in teaching and scholarship is bound to work with equal hurt. The tendency of professors trained to think that American is a part of English literature is to bring English standards of criticism to bear on American literature—to go on teaching American literature no differently than it would be taught in England. The tendency is to ask of American literature not, What does it contribute to American culture? but, What does it contribute to English literature? The two criterions are quite different, and it is worth pondering whether, for Americans, the former is not more important than the latter.

The administrative change most needed, if American literature is to get a fair and

fruitful attention in the colleges, is the creation of departments of American literature separate from the departments of English literature, or at least of sub-departments under the general department of English literature (as journalism is treated at the present time) with special chairmen of capacity and interest who will take the part of American literature in the struggle for new courses in the curriculum. If that were done the status of native letters would not then depend so much on the whims of general chairmen, who may or may not be interested in American literature, and who only too often—a conservatism natural to their office—are not.

It seems little enough to ask: that the national literature be granted a status

equal to that now generally accorded such subjects as journalism, the Spanish language and literature, band instruments, horticulture, animal husbandry, and military science and tactics. Yet (so far as I know) only one college in the country now dignifies American literature by giving it such a status. This is The Pennsylvania State College, which offers in an American department, of which Professor F. L. Pattee is the chairman, six undergraduate courses as compared with twenty-seven in the English department, and five graduate American courses as compared with six graduate English courses. This is an illustration of something like a decent academic respect for the native culture of the Republic.

Ethnology

THE INDIAN

BY CORNELIA H. DAM

SINCE the time when Longfellow, James Fenimore Cooper, and Washington Irving drew their immortal portraits of American Indians, the redskins have stalked through the national literature in stage costume, and so created in the susceptible mind pictures far from accurate or true. It is only with the turn of the century that competent men have begun to appraise them with an unbiased and scientific eye.

To the average reader, unless he has dipped into ethnology, an Indian is simply an Indian, whether he be a Cree from Canada, a Cheyenne from the Plains, a Hopi from the Pueblos, or a Yurok from the Pacific. That there are some fifty different Indian languages still spoken in North America, and that in the different culture areas of the country social customs, religious beliefs, and tribal temperaments differ as widely as in the various countries of Europe—all this is generally unknown, or, at best, but vaguely perceived.

It is not the layman's fault that he has no clear idea of the characteristics that thus differentiate one group of Indians

from another, for in the mass of volumes on them that has accumulated in our libraries, the majority are either limited and tedious treatises on one or another feature of their cultures only, or untrustworthy compilations from various sources, whose authors through lack of first-hand acquaintance with the Indian, are wholly incompetent. Books for the general reader, both comprehensive and accurate, are conspicuously rare. Dr. Clark Wissler's recent volume, "The American Indian," is, so far as I know, the first reliable study of its kind.

Realizing the difficulty confronting ethnologists in their attempt to attain to correct information on the subject, the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution has undertaken to sift the mass of published material, and, while testing it by field-work among the existing tribes, to produce a series of treatises on every phase of culture among the different tribes. Its handbook, published as Bulletin No. 30, is a résumé of all that had been accomplished at the time of its publication, a monumental contribution to American ethnology, an encyclopedia for the layman, and a starting point

for the student. Other institutions in the country have supplemented the work of the Bureau. The Museum of the American Indian (Heye Foundation) and the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the Field Museum in Chicago, and several of the larger universities have sent out expeditions and are publishing collected material in monographs and handbooks.

The work of the trained ethnologist in the field has become of vital importance, for he is running a race against time to gather together every available scrap of Indian lore before it vanishes forever as the Indian adapts himself more and more to the white man's ways. Prehistoric remains safely buried in the soil lose no archaeological value, and data once collected and written down are permanently preserved, but the unwritten legends now remembered only by Indian grandmothers, the esoteric meaning of ritual and obsolete ceremonies known only to the old and reticent counsellors of the tribes, and fading customs venerable through tradition but no longer heeded by up-to-date young Indians—all would vanish irrecoverably with the older generation but for the unremitting and painstaking work of ethnologists in the field.

Most of our Indian population has long since been moved to reservations west of the Mississippi, but of the great Algonkian tribes that once roamed the eastern woodland a number survive in Eastern Canada around the St. Lawrence river, and in Maine, retaining much of their traditional social culture. To their various villages Dr. Frank G. Speck of the University of Pennsylvania and his assistants have paid repeated visits during the last ten years, collecting both specimens of their material culture and information on their language, their rituals and social customs, their magic and their rich and varied folk-lore. In this sparsely settled and wooded country shamans still blow their enemies out to sea in magic stone canoes, or freeze them to death in mid-

Summer; their powerful charms can turn an entire village into a sumach bed, or give the humble turtle power to jump over a wigwam. Among the many delightful folk-tales is one of a bird as precious as the goose that laid the golden eggs, for this supernatural fowl, once an Algonkian possession, had feathers all of wampum, itself of great value, and the prophetic habit of throwing off from its feathers white wampum to predict good news, and purple to announce bad.

In strong contrast to the mystical, dreamy nature of the Algonkian was the practical, organizing, aggressive temperament of the Iroquois, who organized the famous League of Five Nations and conquered and controlled most of the north-eastern part of the country. The descendants of these aboriginal politicians live today on the eight reservations assigned to them in northern New York State, where, on behalf of the Bureau of Ethnology, Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt visited the Onondaga, Tonawanda and Tuscarora in 1924, and their relatives in Ontario in 1925, to study the complex institutions of the Iroquois League, the Indian precursor of the United States.

During the course of natural migration, and forced westward by the pressure of the white invasion, a number of woodland tribes finally reached the plains, and in them—Menomini and Kickapoo, Sauk, Fox and Delaware, for example—we see the transition from woodland to prairie people. The Delawares or Lenapes, once located in Eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, but now on reservations in Oklahoma, were recently studied by Mr. M. R. Harrington of the Heye Museum, which published his illuminating monograph on the Lenape religion and ceremonies, quaintly illustrated by a native artist. The myths show the tribe's Eastern origin, in tales of the thunder-beings who inhabited the gorge below Niagara, and of Living Mask, whose precepts and charms are still cherished by the False-face Secret Society. To the Delawares the sun is a

young warrior who walks above the mountain tops, clothed in finest deerskin, his face handsomely painted and with red feathers in his hair, but they pray to the Great Spirit, and on the posts of the sacred long-house in which they assemble each October for an annual thanksgiving ceremony are carved the faces of the twelve tree spirits who carry the prayers of the faithful through the twelve regions of the sky to God.

The Potawatomi, now living on reservations in Kansas and Iowa, once inhabited the place where Chicago now stands, so the Field Museum last Summer set out an exhibit and published a handbook designed to give visitors an interest in the earlier inhabitants of that part of the country. The prairie Potawatomi were also studied in detail by the late Alanson Skinner, whose specialty however was the Menomini tribe of Wisconsin, to which he made repeated visits for the Heye Museum, the American Museum, and the Public Museum of the City of Milwaukee, which last has recently published the chief results of his studies. Beside the technical language studies, and details of material culture, or analyses of medicine bags, one finds such enticing notes as Menomini recipes for soup and a kind of caviar, both composed of sturgeon roe, and charming, almost Teutonic folk-lore of cannibal giants in the icy North, of pygmies in remote rocky fastnesses, of flying heads and skulls. Although Skinner also visited and studied the Ojibway, Cree, Sauk and Iowa, the Menomini, into whose tribe he was formally adopted under the name of Little Weasel, are the ones with whom, for his sympathetic exposition of their culture, he will be best remembered.

The first complete record of a Plains Indian ceremony was taken down by that great pioneer in Indian music, Alice Cunningham Fletcher, in the 90's. Her adopted son, Mr. Francis LaFlesche, completed with her a monumental work on the Omaha, published in the twenty-seventh annual report of the Bureau. It still re-

mains the most complete study of any Plains tribe, for though a dozen well-known ethnologists have since studied the Plains Indians their researches have been comparative and diversified, and we still have no complete studies of individual tribes. For example, Dr. Wissler and his collaborators, in 1921, published an exhaustive study of the Sun Dance, the outstanding ritual among this group, whether Crow, Dakota, Blackfoot, Sarsi, Cree, Ojibway or Ute. Mr. LaFlesche, for the last two Summers among the Osage, published certain ceremonies, Mr. Melvin Gilmore for the Heye Museum studied the ceremonies of the Arikara and Pawnee, and Dr. Truman Michelson and Mr. James Mooney for the Bureau and Mr. Wildschut for the Heye Museum have collected among many different tribes during the past few Summers.

The Apache and Navaho tribes, those famous marauders of the plains whose depredations were largely responsible for the Pueblo Indians building their houses on mesa-tops rather than in the valleys near their farms, are probably the best-known and most picturesque of Plains tribes. The Navaho, master weavers and silversmiths, control a reservation three times the size of the State of Connecticut, but as barren as the desert. Yet, struggling for a meagre existence by sheep-herding, they remain the largest full-blooded tribe in America—some 30,000 souls. Dr. P. E. Goddard, of the American Museum, has collected Apache creation myths and hero tales, and most recently has been studying the relation between Navaho and Apache, a new and enlightening contribution to Southwestern ethnology.

To the discerning a strong impression of the difference between Pueblo and Navaho temperament and some minor roots of their strong racial antagonism may be gleaned from the studies of their poetry by Miss Eda Lou Walton and Dr. T. T. Waterman, who find the Navaho songs parallelistic like English songs and ballads, or the modern Irish and Scottish

poetry, while the Pueblo's are inflexible patterns of ritualistic chants.

The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona are probably, of all the tribes, the most generally known, chiefly through the brief contact of Summer tourists and scores of popular books and magazine articles. Yet strangely enough, with all the special studies that ethnologists have made among the twenty surviving pueblos, no complete history or cultural analysis has been published for anyone of them, Zuñi, Tewa or Hopi. The first adequate summary of Pueblo culture in general is that in the most recent volume (No. xii) on the Hopi in the imposing series, "The North American Indian," sponsored by the late J. P. Morgan and edited by E. S. Curtis.

The Hopi group of pueblos, seven towns comprising some 2,200 inhabitants, have been studied recently by Mr. R. H. Lowie for the American Museum, by Miss Ruth Bunsell, and by Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons for the Bureau. The results are substantial, but far from exhaustive. They comprise many descriptions of public ceremonies, and fragments of esoteric ceremonies, but the folk-lore is meagre and no linguistic studies have yet been published.

Dr. Parsons, to whose industry must be credited a long bibliography of Pueblo literature, has studied Tewa and Zuñi as well as Hopi. As recently as 1921 she was fortunate enough to witness the scalp ceremony at Zuñi. She has published scholarly yet entertaining accounts of innumerable ceremonies, including funerals

during which fluffy cotton is spread over the face of the dead that his spirit may become a cloud; of the societies of clowns, on behalf of whom the whole village assembles on the dance place to think up antics that may eclipse those of visiting neighbors; of the carefully-fashioned feathered prayer-sticks the Zuñi offers as a Christian might candles with his prayers, and of twenty-five mile races barefoot across the prickly desert.

California is a fertile and much-tilled field. Dr. Waterman, Dr. Lowie, Mr. Gifford and other ethnologists already mentioned have studied and collected during the past few years among Yurok, Wiyot, and Pitt River Indians, but the outstanding contribution to California ethnology, indeed to American ethnology in general, was the publication last year of Dr. A. L. Kroeber's "Handbook of the Indians of California" (Bulletin No. 78, Bureau of American Ethnology), which is the first adequate study of a single American culture-area that has yet been written.

There is no doubt an increasing interest in the Indian throughout the country, and it is aided and stimulated by works of such universal appeal as Miss Densmore's widely-known studies of Indian music, the valuable and picturesque fiesta and annual Indian Fair at Santa Fé, the Summer trips to prehistoric and living pueblos offered to tourists by the School of American Research at Santa Fé, and the admirable collections of Indian material in the various museums in the larger cities.

JERKLINE

BY JAMES STEVENS

FORTY men were breakfasting from vast platters of ham and eggs, mountainous stacks of hot cakes, and gallon pots of strong, steaming coffee on the rough tables of the Freighters' Rest Hotel, in The Dalles, Oregon. The reflectors of bracket lamps threw light over lean, weather-browned faces that bulged from too-generous mouthfuls of grub. Tough, hairy hands parted mustaches, lifted steaming cups, balanced halves of eggs on knives and thrust them out of sight, sliced off slabs of butter to make a golden spread on plate-size hot cakes, and held knives and forks upright, like swords at salute, when words were to be said or speech heard. There was, unusually, almost as much sound of talk as of eating at the Freighters' Rest breakfast-table this morning.

"Yay, Blacksnake Baker, what's the matter of your brags this mornin'? Don't you still feel lucky when yer shed of red-eye?"

"Why rub it into Blacksnake? King Bolt ain't sayin' nothin' neither!"

"Hell, he never does talk, onless he's got a king bolt in his hand."

"You'll let the cards talk for you, hey, King Bolt?"

"Reckon his hosses'll do some talkin', too. Damn, I'd give five hundred fer that jerkline leader of his'n."

"Ain't no purtier'n Blacksnake's."

"Yeah, but Blacksnake ain't never pulled Tight Bottom Hill yet. He don't have any idy of this yere doby road."

"Hell, roads is roads, and freightin' is freightin', wherever you go."

"I tell you a freighter needs to *know*

Tight Bottom to pull it right. King Bolt's got a cinch."

"Well, pardner, I freighted with Blacksnake Baker up in the Seven Devils and I know his poker luck. He'll have King Bolt, outfit and all, afore they've crossed Shaniko Flat."

"Like hell! Blacksnake'll be lucky to land in Prineville with his drawers left, or even his socks!"

The two freighters concerned were silent under all this conversation. Blacksnake Baker parted his huge mustache, stroked his vast, flowing black beard, and said nothing. King Bolt Jack parted his long brown mustache, rubbed his smooth chin, drank his coffee, and said nothing. But both men looked knowing and serious. They were probably thinking pessimistically how hard it is to live up to a powerful reputation.

Both had been young freighters on the Santa Fé Trail in the old days of the Major & Waddell wagon trains. Both had pioneered with the mule outfits on the Overland Trail, hauling supplies over the Nevada desert to Virginia City. But never had they been in the same train. They had worked all the other famous freighting trails of the Old West, but never together. The fame of both had spread among the jerkline men; legends flowered about their supreme cunning and might in the freighter's arts—the selection and training of young horses for a jerkline string, the power to wind an outfit safely down a steep and treacherous mountain grade or to worm it through a stretch of doby mud, skill to win at stud-poker in the station games and to extract whisky from the

barrels that made so large a part of every old Western freighting cargo. Freighters built saloon arguments on the deeds of the two men; gorgeous whoppers bloomed about them. . .

"Why, sir, up in the Bitter Roots, I seen Blacksnake Baker try out a swing hoss, a sorrel he was, and *sech* a buckler! First time Blacksnake harnessed him he bucked off harness, hide and all! Yes, sir, and it was Winter, and there he stood—Vernie was his name—there that sorrel Vernie stood in the Winter wind, with no more hide on him than I got on my eye! There stood Blacksnake, bustin' blue cuss-words over him for all he was worth, but Vernie *knew* what a heart his driver had! A smart hoss always does. So Vernie sidled up to Blacksnake, shiverin', the pore critter, and gazin' with the most *appealin'* look into Blacksnake's eyes. Well, sir, still cussin' a blue streak, Blacksnake got out his thread, needle and wax and sewed the hoss's hide back on so slick you couldn't even tell where the stitches was! And Vernie was so grateful he turned into the best leader Blacksnake ever had. That's how Blacksnake got along with hosses."

"That reminds me of the time King Bolt Jack made the first trip into a new Sawtooth minin' camp. He come to a crick that looked small and harmless, so he plowed right on through. Dag-nabbed if the water wasn't so powerful with alum that it was the *shrinkin'est* stuff you ever heard of! The hoofs of all his hosses shrunk to the size of clothes-pin heads and the wagon wheels to the size of tomatocan lids. I'd like to know what Blacksnake Baker would do in a fix like that! King Bolt Jack warn't buffaloed none. He went out and picked him up a dozen gunny-sacks full of rattlesnakes, and set 'em bitin' the hoofs and wheels till they was swelled up to their nacheral size agin. I seen his outfit right afterwards, and I couldn't tell it had been through a thing. There was his team—Frontus and Backus was his wheelers' names, and Fiddle and

Horn his leaders'—and their hoofs was nacheral as life! There now! . . ."

Thus Blacksnake Baker and King Bolt Jack were made into heroic rivals long before they actually met to battle for supremacy on the road from The Dalles to Prineville. For five years now King Bolt Jack had been the star of that trail. This Spring Blacksnake Baker had rolled into The Dalles, driving a superb ten-up team, and three wagons, new and shining. He had broken them in on the Condon Trail, and then got a Prineville contract. At last he and King Bolt Jack were to make a trip in the same train.

"I'm shore feelin' lucky this trip!"

Blacksnake Baker bawled that at King Bolt Jack in the Freighters' Rest Hotel, when breakfast was done.

"Blacksnake Baker," said the star freighter of the The-Dalles-to-Prineville road, "I can drive my ten-up where you couldn't get down on yore hands and knees and drag a halter rope!"

Homeric legend now faded before reality. A battle long hoped for was on. Two immortal heroes of the freight trails were to fight it out!

II

The morning dark was just beginning to dissolve when King Bolt Jack, helped by a feedyard roustabout, led his ten harnessed horses from the mangers to the water trough of the Hippodrome feedyard. The rainy weather of the last few days had cleared the night before, and the day-breaking smells were keen with frost. The two men were chewing tobacco heartily as they led the teams.

Every horse was a creature of individuality. Cal, a fat, elderly swing-horse, stubbed along, with his tail half-raised, as though he'd forgotten to put it back into place after once lifting it, with his head hanging in a thoughtful look at the ground. Both Turtle and Dove, two young broncho swingers, were switching their tails furiously and tossing their heads indignantly, not yet reconciled to the morn-

ing feel of the collar. Blossom, the other swinger, was dragging on the halter-chain, her chin stuck out, her eyes rolling, making a perfect picture of broncho meanness. Notion, the tall and rangy partner of the wise and hefty Toler'ble on the wheel, had his head up and was gazing far out and away, as though he knew there was a barrel of oats a mile off. Notion shoved hard against the horses ahead of him, making one of them step on King Bolt Jack's heels. It made King Bolt unlimber his swearing apparatus for the first time that morning.

But there was one of the outfit who walked beautifully from the manger to the trough. Her name was Banner, and, lads, she was the proudest and brightest creature that ever feasted your eyes! A full-chested, archnecked, silk-coated iron gray who waved a long black mane and tail and rolled at you the shiniest orbs! Beautiful was Banner, King Bolt Jack's jerkline leading mare, beautiful, proud and wise, and just wicked enough to keep Hondo, her wooly-coated brown mate, in his place, with a curl of her pretty black muzzle and a flash of her white teeth.

At the trough the horses drank until they began to muzzle the water; then it was a jingle of harness and chains and yells of "Step over there, Blossom, you show-me bitch!" and "Back into that britchin', Toler'ble, you jug-head devil!" until the spans were hooked up. The wheelers were neck-yoked to the tongue of the first wagon. A thick iron rod swung below the tongue, and a heavy chain ran out of the bars of the pointers, the two swing teams, and the leaders. Each span was under the restraint of check straps and jockey sticks. The jerkline ran from Banner's bit back to the saddle on Notion, the near wheeler. From that saddle King Bolt Jack drove his team, a blacksnake coiled over his shoulders, and the jerkline and the rope that controlled the brakes of his three wagons in his hands.

As the outfit started, Blacksnake Baker brought his teams from the barn.

"Feelin' luckier every minute!" he bawled through his whiskers. The lordly swing of his long outfit through the feed-yard gate was King Bolt Jack's only reply.

By sunup his wagons were loaded with bacon, beans, flour, canned tomatoes, cases of sheep shears, bales of wool sacks, sides of harness and saddle leather in the swing and trail wagons, and barrels of whisky and kegs of beer in the lead one. He pulled away from the warehouse some time before Blacksnake Baker and the other freighters in the day's train were loaded. With loaded wagons to heave on, the wheelers and pointers shot-gunned, the swingers tried to jump the chain, the leaders bucked into their collars, jumped back as if they were jerked, and then bucked ahead again; but King Bolt Jack just jiggered his jerkline, and talked hard but low to his horses. Then, as the tires of the front wheels began to screech on the gravel, he cracked the bud of his blacksnake over the swingers' heads, and all the spans lunged together, the wagons jerked and rattled, and the outfit rolled away. It was a pretty start, and Blacksnake Baker had watched it enviously, King Bolt knew.

There were wet spots on the wagon covers from yesterday's rain, and they steamed in the morning sunlight. There were puddles in the main street of The Dalles and the board sidewalks had a wet smell. The bright morning was at its clearest and freshest, and a couple of early robins, enjoying it, chirped from the limbs of a cottonwood at the jingle of the swinging bells. The white-aproned bartenders, not having many customers at this hour, stood in front of their saloons and bawled greetings at King Bolt as his outfit tramped and rolled by.

Brewery Hill loomed ahead. It was so called because of the brewery at its foot, with a little saloon where it was the custom for freighters to pause and drink farewell to The Dalles in a glass of beer. King Bolt Jack honored the custom by observance, and then started his outfit on the heavy drag up the long hill.

III

The horses, especially the broncos in the swing, were fractious on the start; but when Jack swung out of the saddle and leaped from team to team, giving them the bud of his blacksnake, they soon warmed their shoulders and marched into the plugging gait of the steady-pulling freight team. The bells made a slow jingle now. All the lead bars were even and the chain was tight, like a stretched rubber band. The trace chains and harness leather creaked, the horses' hoofs ploomed in the drying mud of the road, and the wagon wheels rolled in a dull rumble.

The top was reached with only two stops for blows. Up ahead the road twisted through the deep wrinkles of foothills. From here the Columbia Valley made a grand view. The river was a black streak in the shadow of the rock walls of Tumwater Gorge; above them the foam of Celilo Falls made a bright white horse-shoe in the mellow sunlight. An Upper River steamboat was waving its white wood-smoke against the blue of the sky. The tremendous hills beyond the Washington shore, bunched and piled in wrinkles and rolls, looked as old as time.

King Bolt Jack gazed at them, and sighed. He had a feeling that he wanted to crawl into the lap of those old hills and rest his life peacefully away. But the other freighting outfits were stringing up the hill, with Blacksnake Baker in the lead. King Bolt Jack yayed his team. Banner and Hondo tightened the chain. Jack felt the strain of Notion's muscles under the saddle. His outfit rolled on.

At Five Mile Creek he stopped to water his horses and to feed them oats in nose-bags. He had eaten his lunch and was preparing to sample the whisky in his lead wagon, when Blacksnake Baker drove up. King Bolt Jack didn't raise his eyes from his task. He hammered up the top hasp of a barrel, bored a hole through a stave with a small gimlet, and then siphoned a gallon jug full through a rye straw. The

jug filled, he plugged the gimlet hole and drove the hasp down over it. He was ready to travel again. As he threw his leg over the saddle seat he shot a glance at Blacksnake Baker. His rival was engaged in sampling whisky too, and did not look up from his jug until he heard the sound of Jack's departure. Then he turned his whiskers over his left shoulder, and bawled:

"Feelin' luckier every minute!"

"You ain't got nothin' on me!" King Bolt Jack came back at him.

The first day's drive was easy going, the road meandering through the sagebrush and bunchgrass of low, fat hills. The road had good bottom, there were no steep grades, and the horses were fresh. King Bolt Jack had plenty of leisure for thought. So he slouched in the saddle, streaked his team up with a few familiar swear words once in awhile, tightened the brake rope on the pitches, and figured at length on the contest ahead of him. Fifteen poker nights between here and Prineville—and Blacksnake Baker across the blanket! The seven-mile grade down the steep slopes of Tygh Ridge, and Blacksnake Baker always behind him! The long two-day drag from Sherar's Bridge, through the mud of Shaniko Flat. Then Tight Bottom Hill, the toughest pull on any Western freighting trail. Unless one of them was cleaned out before Tight Bottom was reached they'd bet their outfits on the pull up that steep, treacherous, bottomless stretch of doby.

"I'm feelin' luckier every minute!"

The yell kept ringing in King Bolt's ears. Finally it brought on a presentiment. King Bolt Jack shivered in his saddle. The bright blue of the sky above turned dark for him. His soul sank into gloom, in spite of the whisky which he had sampled so liberally every half-hour. For he rarely had presentiments, and when he did have one it always presaged misfortune. Never in his life had he enjoyed a presentiment before an event that brought him glory or gold. Only evil events had cast their shadows before.

King Bolt Jack remembered every presentiment of his past. There had always been one before a Comanche attack on the old Santa Fé Trail. A powerful presentiment had oppressed him before the time he was alkalied on the Overland Trail, when he was freighting over the Nevada desert. When he was covered in a Blue Mountains landslide, when he stooped over with his back to a broncho mule in Missoula, Montana, when he was splicing a broken reach and a wagonbed of whisky dropped on him in the Cœur d' Alenes—every time a dark and oppressive presentiment had preceded the misfortune.

And he had a presentiment now. Did it mean that Blacksnake Baker would beat him at poker, outpull him through Shaniko Flat, perhaps even win his outfit on Tight Bottom Hill? Was he at last, after so much glory, to be driven off the freighting trails? King Bolt Jack was afraid; for awhile he thought, faint-heartedly, of turning back, selling his outfit in The Dalles, and going to Mexico; but his courage was not so easily quenched. He'd play the game through, to the last chip. He squared his shoulders and lifted his head, looking out over the plumed arches above the hames of his swingers and leaders. He saw the iron-gray beauty of Banner, stepping high and proud under the jerkline. He heard the gay but sinister jingle of bells.

"Ain't never quit fer presentiments yet, have I, old hosses?" he bawled. "It's me with the cards, and you with the mud, and we'll go to grief a fightin', hey, old-timers! So whoopee! and what the hell!"

After that he felt more satisfaction in the rain-washed air, the sunshine in the yellow tufts of bunchgrass, and the warm blue of the sky. He sampled his whisky cheerily and grinned over the amazing names he thought up to call the presentiment.

But under it all he had a dismal sense of Blacksnake Baker crowding along behind him, on his trail, and feeling luckier every minute.

IV

No poker game was started that night at Werner's, the first station out of The Dalles. Fifty freighters bound down from the upper country were in, and the hours between supper and sleep were spent by Baker, Jack and the other up-bound freighters listening to tales of terrible roads. The snow was gone from Shaniko Flat and there was fair bottom in most of the road there, but with a few days of heavy rain the outfits would have to plow through sucking mud. And Tight Bottom Hill, beyond Cross Hollows, was in the worst shape in its history. All freighters bound for Redmond, Bend, Silver Lake, Lakeview, Klamath Falls or Prineville had better pray. Blacksnake Baker and King Bolt Jack looked knowing and serious as they listened, but no words passed between them until bedtime. Then Blacksnake Baker raised his whiskers above his tarpaulin, and bawled across the fire at King Bolt Jack:

"How you feel about a little stud to-morrer night? Me, I'm feelin' luckier every minute!"

"That's right. Feel lucky while you still got the chance!" King Bolt came back at him.

The news grapevined among the freighters bedded under their wagons. Tomorrow night hell would begin to pop.

It was another good drive the next day, for the going covered the best stretch of the entire road. That night at the Chicken Springs station, when supper was over and the horses were turned out on the bunchgrass, the stud-poker game was started. Five other freighters sat in with Baker and King Bolt Jack. After an hour of play they began to look at one another with wonder in their eyes. It was an astonishingly even run of cards. So far no player was winner or loser. All the other freighters gathered about the game to watch and marvel.

The deals and bets ran on through another hour, and still the cards held to their even run. A sense of mystery pervaded

the game. The players were tense and quiet. The men playing rubbers hardly breathed while a hand was on. The fire was forgotten and died down. No sounds were heard except the nickers and sighs of the horses out in the bunchgrass, until lantern globes sputtered from sudden drops of rain. The game broke up without a word. Not a player was over a few dimes winner or loser. The night was black with rain when King Bolt Jack rolled into his blankets. The gloom penetrated to his heart. He had held his own, but his melancholy presentiment was stronger than ever.

In the morning the train started down Tygh Ridge in a heavy drizzle. King Bolt Jack was still in the lead, with Blacksnake Baker following him. Seven miles of steep, winding road were ahead. A five-hundred-foot precipitous slope always to the left. A freighter never looked down that slope, for he never had time. Always he was worming his outfit into a wrinkle of the mountain or around a roll. The bends were sharp, and at every one the pointers had to cross the chain, to pull at an angle from the leaders and swingers, and hold the wagons to the grade. It required the keenest driving and the most delicate braking to keep the three wagons of an outfit, with their ten tons of freight, rolling true on the steep, narrow road.

The road squirmed in and out of the folds of the mountainside like a tremendously long worm. The wagons were like fat, white-backed bugs, the teams their long, wriggling necks, creeping on the worm's back. Above were the folds of the mountain, rolling up to round crests, with gray packs of ragged clouds drooping misty tatters that almost touched the summits. The mountain's earth was rust-red in the rain. Here it had ridges of black-and-brown rock, and there it had a wide bulging slope like a fat woman's lap, yellow with old bunchgrass and white with new. At its foot was a plunging creek bordered with leafing cottonwoods. Far away was the narrow floor of Tygh

Valley, with the mountains around it looming dimly in the drizzle.

King Bolt Jack forgot his presentiment, the strangely even run of the cards the night before, and the perils and hardships of the days ahead, in the intense labor of steering his outfit down the grade. His body was drenched with sweat and his nerves were quivering like strummed banjo strings when he swung around the last bend, and Banner and Hondo straightened the chain over a level track. He had never made a better descent of the great grade. It was easy going on to Sherar's Hotel and the tollbridge across the gorge of the Deschutes, easy going on to the station of Dead Dog. If the cards would only break for him there!

But the triumphant yell of Blacksnake Baker sounded behind him. Other outfits were in trouble on the grade, but Baker had never once ground a hub into a bank or dropped a wheel over a rim on the bends and turns. The shadow of the presentiment fell over King Bolt Jack again. The cards tonight in Dead Dog—the mud of Shaniko Flat—Blacksnake Baker yelling down the line:

"Feelin' luckier every minute, King Bolt Jack!"

V

That night at Dead Dog poker history was made, and the contest between Blacksnake Baker and King Bolt Jack began actually to assume the heroic proportions of the legends. The seven freighters played until three o'clock in the morning, yet not one was more than a dollar winner or loser. Blacksnake Baker had nothing to say about being lucky when the morning's start was made; his gaze was sober and hard, and his whiskers hung stiffly over his chest, showing that the jaws they covered were grimly set. King Bolt Jack's heart beat with some hope. He was holding his own.

The drive through the sticky mud to Bakeoven station was made in a rain that

cut like sleet, the wind drove it so hard. Wet and tired though they were, the seven gambling freighters renewed their game when supper was done. Till four o'clock in the morning they played, and still not a man could call himself a winner. The wonder of the players and the watchers increased. Nothing like this had ever been heard of before. Never had the cards persisted so in running even for seven men at stud. A marvelous chapter of poker history was being made. Before the game ended some of the players turned sick from the even run. New decks were tried, but the change was useless. The cards are the cards, and they kept running the same.

"Luck's comin' to meet me on Shaniko Flat!" Blacksnake Baker had the courage to yell through his beard, when the freighters were ready for the morning start. "I feel it in my bones!"

King Bolt Jack's only response was to swing into the saddle and yay his team.

It was the dreadfulest lug through Shaniko Flat he had ever known. The clouds rolled up in stacks and piles from the West and the wind threshed them into rattlers and boiled them across the sky. The wind slapped the wagon covers, the freighters and the horses with tremendous wet smacks; and at each blow it would rip and tear furiously into the outfits, seeming desperately bent on overturning wagons, knocking men out of their saddles and horses off their hoofs. Plastering all with bursts of rain, it would then rest and heave, catching new strength before making another tremendous attack on wagons, horses and men.

The horses, their necks bowed, bored ahead, and the wagons slopped on through the mud. The horses mired at every step, and the wagon wheels curled up ragged ribbons of mud at each side as they ground slowly on. The Flat rolled away like a rough prairie to the banks of heaving clouds. A mighty stretch of gray and white, sagebrush and bunchgrass, dismal to see on this stormy day. The outfits of King Bolt Jack and Blacksnake Baker

never faltered once on the miserable drag. Seventeen others were stalled. The horses and men who came through were storm-beaten, and wretchedly tired when the Cross Hollows station was reached that night.

There was a roadhouse at Cross Hollows, with gambling tables in the barrooms, and with cribs to accommodate the bands of French women who traveled the Central Oregon country. After supper the freighters packed the barroom. A dozen rounds of drinks, and then Blacksnake Baker sat at a table, a deck of cards in his hand.

"Shaniko Flat was a pipe for me and my team!" he bawled. "I rear to play stud till daylight! Who's settin' with me to break the even run of cards? Who wants to gamble with Blacksnake Baker for whisky, gold, hosses, freightin' outfits, or life? I rear to play! Come on, all you freighters who feel high and proud!"

King Bolt Jack stepped forward alone. The other freighters knew the challenge was meant only for him. The stud-poker championship of the The-Dalles-to-Prineville road was to be settled there and then. When it was settled they would contest the pulling of Tight Bottom Hill, which was out of the Cross Hollows Station. It was blocking traffic now, after the heavy rains.

"Neither one'll make that pull for a week," said a grizzled freighter. "I tried it yesterday. Put ten teams on one wagon and all they did was mire and snap chains. Tight Bottom'll lick 'em both."

King Bolt Jack heard that as he sat at the green-covered table. He felt a shiver race down his spine. In the shadows back of Blacksnake Baker he seemed to see the shape of his presentiment, in the form of a grinning devil newly risen from Hell. But he was going to finish game, whatever the end might be.

"Shut up, and deal the cards," said King Bolt Jack.

Under the yellow glow of coal-oil lamps the game ran on. Freighters and stage passengers, cowboys and sheep-herders from the ranches around, all gathered, be-

fore midnight, in the Cross Hollows roadhouse to watch the famous game. The cards were running more amazingly even than ever, with only two hands in each play. Nearly half of the turnups ended in a tie. Whispers rose from the crowd:

"For Gawd's sake! You ever see the beat?"

"Never did. The hell's in them cards."

The game ran on until daybreak, without a change in the even run of the cards. Both men refused to stop for breakfast; they had other freighters feed and water their teams. Through the hours of morning and noon, on until the evening lamps were lighted again the hole cards were dealt, the turnups made, the chips shoved out in bets, and still the cards kept their even run. Neither could plunges and bluffs change this amazing impartiality of fortune. Let Blacksnake Baker plunge and win, then King Bolt Jack would plunge and win. Let King Bolt bluff and lose, then Baker would do the same.

The two great freighters had been at the table for twenty-four hours, but neither one would yield to weariness or hunger. They were both haggard and red-eyed, but they stuck until midnight, when they played that famous final hand.

King Bolt Jack's black presentiment had never been more oppressive than it was when he looked at his hole card from that last deal and saw that it was the ace of spades. But it only made him take a stronger grip on his courage. He bet ten dollars, Baker being the dealer. Baker called, and dealt. The king of spades turned up for King Bolt, and the king of clubs for Baker. A twenty-dollar bet and call. The next turnup brought the ten of spades and the ten of clubs. Thirty bet, and thirty called. Again Blacksnake Baker dealt two cards. King Bolt Jack bet five double eagles on the queen of spades and Blacksnake Baker called him on the queen of clubs. Then Baker's brawny hand, shaking like the hand of a girl opening a love-letter, flipped over to his rival the jack of spades!

A spade royal! King Bolt Jack felt his strained nerves relax; he wanted to whoop and yell, for the even run of the cards was surely broken now! His infernal presentiment had lied at last! For the even run of the cards had ended with his getting his first royal flush in thirty years of poker!

He shoved all of his chips and gold into the pot, without looking at Baker's turnup until after the bet was made. Then his heart seemed to melt and run down to his toes. For the turnup was the jack of clubs! Two royal flushes in a two-handed game of stud—it could *never* be! But the way the cards had been running—and there was the old gorilla shoving in all of his chips for a call—and when King Bolt's shaking fingers turned over his hole card ace of spades, Blacksnake Baker showed a deathly white under his whiskers and tan, and turned up—the ace of clubs!

Two royal flushes from one deal in a two-handed stud-poker game!

The heads of both freighters thudded at once on the green-covered table; they sagged and tumbled as one man from their chairs to the barroom floor. There was an awed hush in the crowd as other freighters carried the rivals to bed. Two royal flushes—at once—in a—well, there was simply not a thing for a man to say!

VI

The cards had licked them both. On the second morning after the collapse of the game the rivals met again at the bar of the Cross Hollows roadhouse. The other freighters who were waiting for the mud to dry over on Tight Bottom Hill crowded around them. The rivals looked at each other with bleak eyes. Each one knew that the other was still poker-sick; the cards were not to be mentioned. But a grand play must be made.

"I'm hookin' up fer Tight Bottom this mornin'," said Blacksnake Baker.

"You ain't got nothin' on me," said King Bolt Jack.

"King Bolt, I bet all my gold I outpull you on that hill."

"You're took up right now, Blacksnake, if you bet your outfit, too. I bet mine, and the gold is on the side."

Blacksnake's whiskers stiffened.

"And the man who loses agrees to go herdin' sheep?"

"Yep, suits me."

Again King Bolt Jack took the lead on the trail, through the wind and rain. He heard Blacksnake Baker's outfit tramping and rolling behind him. He knew that a hundred freighters had saddled horses and were riding out to see the great contest. But King Bolt Jack never turned in his saddle. He stared ahead at the presentiment that took on a vague shape over the road. He was staring that presentiment down, swearing to himself that on the road he could not be licked. The cards were the cards, but these horses were his own. Banner and Hondo, Blossom and Cal, Turtle and Dove, Plaster and Blister, Toler'ble and Notion—no better ten-up had ever bellied down in the mud for a heaving pull! He would keep his faith in his horses; the presentiment lied!

When he had reached the foot of the hill King Bolt Jack was thinking of nothing but the pull. The grade, twisting above a deep gulch, was only an eighth of a mile in length, but it was the steepest one on the road, and it was dead-black with doby mud. A cloud, dark as the earth of the road, loomed ominously above the crest of the hill. The wind blew evenly, breaking slanting lines of rain in spatters against horses and wagons. The soaked branches of the sagebrush above the grade drooped mournfully under the wind. King Bolt Jack looked over his wheelers, pointers and swingers. They were hanging their heads, miserable in the rain. The presentiment began to crowd over him again; then he looked at Banner.

The beautiful iron-gray had her neck arched, her ears were pricked ahead, she was staring at the grade, and King Bolt's heart pounded mightily as he realized that

she was rearing for the pull. She knew that hill, his jerkline leading mare! She knew she could lick it, and she'd warm the other spans with her fighting fire! King Bolt swung from the saddle. After 'em now, old-timer! Victory or Hell!

With a sledge from the jockey-box he knocked the brake-blocks loose and stowed them in a wagon. Then he uncoupled his lead wagon from the swing. He was back in the saddle again, without a look at Blacksnake Baker or the crowd of freighters in black slickers, watching from their horses.

"Yay, Banner!" he called.

The jerkline leader leaned slowly into the collar. Hondo tightened the traces beside her. The swingers lunged, the pointers stepped out, and the wheelers moved easily on, for the one wagon had been started without them. Then King Bolt felt the strain of muscles under his legs. Before him the ears of the leaders, then their hames, rose slowly to a level with his eyes. They were on the grade at last!

The rumble of wheels and the solid tramp of hoofs were suddenly muffled. Doby was clinging to the iron of tires and shoes, padding them against sound. A horse would stumble easily now, slip from the treacherous black muck between the ruts, go down, and stall the outfit. Then it couldn't be started again without help—without help from Blacksnake Baker, and a hundred freighters looking on!

Around the first, second and third turns the ten-up did not falter in the track. Now the top of the grade was close. But there was a suckhole, a deadly patch of mire, to drive through before the pull could come to an end. And the horses were slowing down; King Bolt Jack felt Notion blowing in great heaves. But no stop for a blow could be made on Tight Bottom Hill.

No stop for a blow, not with the jerkline leading mare buckling down, plowing so furiously through the doby mud toward the black storm cloud! Hondo slacked beside her; she snapped savagely at his neck, and he lunged on. King Bolt Jack swung from the saddle. His blacksnake was

uncoiled as his boots sank into the muck. The bud snapped in cracking shots that stung the flanks of swingers and pointers. On the pull through the suckhole the freighter plunged ahead, leaped back, his blacksnake ever swinging and curling high and cracking low, his feet sinking to the ankles at every hard step through the muck, as the horses bellied down and crawled desperately on—on through the suckhole, on up the last fifty feet of harder road—and then the black cloud loomed far away, beyond a slope and a rolling sagebrush plain. The lead wagon was at the top of Tight Bottom Hill. Banner, snorting and blowing, turned her head and looked triumphantly into the eyes of her driver.

"We'll bring 'em all up, old-timer!" the look seemed to say.

King Bolt Jack's doubts vanished. The presentiment was gone. He and his horses had licked the hill. The other two wagons had lighter loads. With caution and cunning, with any luck at all, the mighty team would pull all of them up the black grade and through the hole. And luck was on the road. . .

Thus Tight Bottom Hill was licked by Banner and Hondo, Blossom and Cal, Turtle and Dove, Plaster and Blister, Toler'ble and Notion, and their great driver, King Bolt Jack. Licked when it was at its worst in mud and rain, licked when all the freighters of the trail said it could never be pulled.

VII

King Bolt Jack made no fuss over his achievement. The bet was not yet won. The freighting might run as evenly as the cards had run; there might be another tie. So he simply blanketed his horses on the hilltop, slipped the straps of fat nosebags over their heads, got out his own lunch, ate calmly away, and said never a word as he waited for Blacksnake Baker to make the pull.

He had no presentiment of victory. He had no presentiment at all now, so he was

pretty certain he was going to win, for he never had presentiments about good luck. He ate calmly on as Blacksnake Baker made the first two turns of the grade. He wanted the freighters ganged around his wagons to feel that he didn't give a damn whether Baker pulled the hill or not. But when he saw the leaders approaching the suckhole, when he saw that the jerkline mare's head was hanging an inch lower at every step, when he saw whiskers wave in the wind as Blacksnake Baker left the saddle, when he heard the first crack of the blacksnake, then King Bolt Jack stood up on his wagon side, hung on to the brake staff and held his breath.

A wheeler slipped, throwing his mate ahead. The blacksnake cut his hide. The wheeler lunged furiously, retrieved himself, plowed on into the deep, sucking mire. The jerkline leader faltered; Blacksnake Baker, his whip arm raised, jumped toward the head of his team. Here the track twisted around the center of the hole, a circle of black ooze. When Baker was even with it he flung back the bud of his blacksnake. As he snapped it forward again, aimed for the flank of the jerkline leader, he slipped. The blacksnake whipped around his neck, in tight coils. The jerk overbalanced him; he seemed to dive for the black, oozing heart of the suckhole. For an instant only his boots showed above the muck. Then they kicked wildly from sight, and the muck heaved. From it a black, shapeless mass emerged. Blacksnake Baker pawed the mud from his eyes. His outfit was stalled!

King Bolt Jack was already pulling the nosebags from his horses' heads. But by the time he had reached the stalled team and wagon, Blacksnake Baker was far down the hill, a lonely figure, tramping on through the wind and rain to Cross Hollows, and a sheep-herding job. . .

"Two thousand for his outfit," said one of the freighters in the admiring crowd.

"She's your'n," said King Bolt Jack. "I don't want no more'n Banner and them other beauties of mine."

DEBUNKING DRUGS

BY ARTHUR J. CRAMP

It came into my head that it would be ripping good business to use horseradish to adulterate mustard. . . . And then I said, "But *why* adulterate? I don't like the idea of adulteration. And totally unnecessary, too! Why not do up a mixture—three-quarters pounded horseradish and a quarter mustard—give it a fancy name—and sell it at twice the mustard price."

—"*Tono Bungay*"

IT WAS the manufacturers of a widely advertised poultice who vouchsafed the information that the base of their preparation was "composed of the finest anhydrous and levigated argillaceous mineral." Few vocabularies run this far, and no doubt inertia was counted on to keep the rank and file from consulting the dictionary and there finding that this awe-inspiring word-picture described only dried and powdered clay! When the Roman historian opined that the unknown is always mysterious—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*—he was merely saying, in another way, that when one talks on a subject about which one's hearers know nothing, one acquires a reputation for knowing one's onions. The apotheosizing of the commonplace has made many a millionaire—especially in the field of agents sold for the alleviation and cure of disease.

Medicine, before it became a science, was, with the other arts and crafts, a mystery. The mystic and ecclesiastic elements in it are still to be found in the regions where science has made its feeblest impress. In the domain of modern medicine, the field of drug therapy probably shows the least progress from medieval methods of thought. It is still in the credo of the non-scientifically trained mind that for every disease there is a drug that will cure it, were we only shrewd enough to

discover it. But modern science has pretty well pulled aside the veil of mystery that used to surround the therapeutic actions of drugs. Slowly, painstakingly and painfully, chemists, pharmacologists, pharmacists and clinicians have with thoroughness and discrimination gathered this knowledge. Today, even the ignorant could hardly be persuaded that washing soda put in bath water will cure obesity in the bather, or that milk sugar taken internally is a sovereign remedy for Bright's disease.

But quackery is not that crude. Under the trade-marked name, Nikola, the over-fat willingly paid exorbitant prices for washing soda put up in a fancy package and sold as an anti-fat, while, under the trade name, Munyon's Kidney Cure, those who had, or thought they had, "kidney disease" eagerly purchased sugar of milk when that substance was done up in pill form.

II

But this paper is to deal, not with the methods by which the public is, or has been, directly humbugged in the medical field, but rather with those activities whereby the public has been imposed upon *indirectly* through the ignorance, or indifference, of a section of the medical profession. Especially is it to discuss the means organized medicine takes to prevent such imposture.

Broadly speaking, the drugs prescribed by American physicians come under one of two classes—official and unofficial. The former are, in the main, old-established preparations that are listed in the two

books of official drug standards—the United States Pharmacopeia and the National Formulary. Usually, in describing the drugs or preparations listed in the Pharmacopeia or National Formulary, the letters U. S. P. or N. F., respectively, are added to indicate their origin.

The Pharmacopeia is revised every ten years by a committee appointed by the United States Pharmacopoeial Convention—a body made up of delegates from medical, pharmaceutical and related organizations. In addition to listing certain substances and formulas of standard drug preparations, the Pharmacopeia also contains definitions and tests for the identity, purity, strength and quality of these preparations. The National Formulary is a collection of formulas of less important and, in many instances, less scientific preparations than those to be found in the Pharmacopeia. It is issued by the American Pharmaceutical Association. The National Food and Drugs Act that went into effect in January, 1907, made the Pharmacopeia and the Formulary the official standards for the preparations that are described in them. The Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture, acting under the powers given it by the National Food and Drugs Act, sees to it that all products claimed to be U. S. P. or N. F. come up to the requirements of strength and purity that are set by the Pharmacopeia and the Formulary.

Most advertised non-official drugs—that is, those not to be found in the Pharmacopeia or the Formulary—are proprietary in character; in other words, they are protected by a monopoly obtained either by patenting or by means of a trade-mark. The majority derive their monopolistic protection through trade-marks. Pharmaceutical manufacturers of the better class have not always favored such methods of protection. To understand the change that has taken place in the last forty years, note this statement from a Parke, Davis & Company catalogue of 1886:

Believing the proprietary system of protecting medicinal formulæ to be the bane of scientific medicine and pharmacy, and opposed to all real progress in these pursuits, we do not protect our products or endeavor to monopolize the manufacture of medicinal formulæ.

And about a year later this firm stressed the same thought in an advertisement in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*:

We rely for the reputation of our products on their superior excellence. We protect none of them by patent, copyright or trade-mark.

A big change in four decades! Today, Parke, Davis & Company sells, even under its own name, dozens of preparations that are protected by trade-mark. It is but fair to say that fundamental changes in the character of medicinals have brought about this reversal of policy. Fifty years ago pharmacy was largely an art of mixing and compounding crude drugs, calling for but little research and small working staffs. Today, the high-grade manufacturer of pharmaceuticals has an expensive scientific staff that may work for months, or even years, in perfecting a single synthetic drug of value in the treatment of disease. Only by some system of monopoly, either limited, as in the case of patents, or perpetual, as by trade-marks, can he hope to meet this high overhead.

III

The physician who studied medicine fifty years ago was likely to come from his alma mater with a sublime faith in drugs. If he practiced medicine intelligently, he was not long in learning their limitations, and in realizing that the claims made by the manufacturers of drug combinations sold under proprietary names were greatly at variance with the facts. But the medical profession, being human, has its weak sisters who do not practice intelligently. This group, much larger a generation ago than now, has offered vast commercial possibilities to shrewd business men, who early saw the money that was to be made through the uncritical belief of certain

physicians in the therapeutic value of drugs.

In the late 70's of the last century, a movement began that, for a quarter of a century, commercially dominated therapeutics. The methods employed were subtly simple. They depended essentially on the misuse of the trade-mark to obtain perpetual monopolies on names. The limited monopoly (seventeen years) to be obtained on the manufacture and sale of a product through the issuance of a patent did not attract those who intended to exploit the public through the medical profession. Not that the limited term of a patent monopoly was the only, or even chief, objection. There was the added inconvenience—from the manufacturer's standpoint—of having to give in detail all the facts regarding the ingredients, quantities and method of compounding his product. Another well-nigh insuperable objection to the patent method of monopoly was the fact that patents are supposed to be issued only on products that can be shown to be both new and useful. Few of the medicinal preparations that were put out in this campaign would qualify under these requirements; this, too, in spite of the fact that the Patent Office has been hopelessly uncritical in many of its practices in the medical field.

But it is undoubtedly true that, even in those few cases in which the manufacturer might have patented his preparation, he would not have done so, because the publication of his formula would have dissipated the mystery that is the sheet anchor of nostrum exploitation. There is a much simpler and more effective way of obtaining a monopoly. A fancy name is given to the drug, or mixture of drugs, and that name registered as a trade-mark. As a trade-mark can be renewed indefinitely, the monopoly on the name becomes perpetual, and it is not surprising that in many instances these trade-marked names have developed into valuable pieces of property. In granting a trade-mark, the government asks no embarrassing ques-

tions about the composition of the thing to which the name is applied. The composition may be changed over night to meet the exigencies of trade.

This method of building a business in the manufacture and sale of trade-marked remedies for physicians' use reached its most pernicious stage in the first decade of the present century. The medical market at that time was flooded with proprietary mixtures representing no original work and unworthy of recognition as remedial agents. Many of these were put out by individuals or concerns that had no scientific standing, and the products were foisted on the medical profession through advertisements and uncritical or purchased "original articles" appearing in commercially-owned medical journals. These journals existed simply to get such material to the medical profession through the privileges of the cheap second-class mailing rate.

Such products were not what are colloquially known as patent medicines—that is to say, package medicines bearing trade-marked names to be sold direct to the public. While they were package medicines and bore trade-marked names, they were, ostensibly at least, sold only for physicians' prescription use. Yet, as a matter of fact, many of them were so marketed that they became as popular and as well known as *Peruna* or *Bromo-Seltzer*. This led one shrewd advertising man to express himself on what he considered to be the future of the patent medicine industry. His article, which appeared in *Printers' Ink* twenty or twenty-five years ago, said in part:

But the patent medicine of the future is the one that will be advertised only to doctors. Some of the most profitable remedies of the present time are of this class. They are called proprietary remedies. The general public never hears of them through the daily press. All their publicity is secured through the medical press, by means of the manufacturer's literature, some times gotten out in the shape of a medical journal, and through samples to doctors. For one physician capable of prescribing the precise medicinal agents needed by each individual patient there are at least five who prescribe these proprietaries. They are the chief

standby of the country practitioner. . . . Three-fourths of all the prescriptions received are for these proprietary remedies, and the pharmacist simply opens the package and writes a label, "A teaspoonful three times a day before meals." . . .

The original bottle is given to the patient. He sees that the remedy does him good, and when he feels a trifle run down again he goes to a drug store and buys another bottle, not troubling the doctor. He meets a friend on the street who is not looking well.

"I know exactly how you feel," he says. "Now, just go and buy a bottle of ——. Best thing in the world. My doctor prescribed it for me, so it isn't a patent medicine."

In this way the names of the remedies advertised only to physicians get abroad to the general public. . . . The proprietary medicine of the future will be advertised through these channels. The medical papers will reap the harvest, and the physician himself, always so loud in the denunciation of patent medicines, will be the most important medium of advertising at the command of the proprietary manufacturer. In fact, he is that today.

This article was not written in a spirit of criticism. Yet surely no crank with an anti-medical complex ever wrote a more scathing arraignment of the medical profession. And, unfortunately, it was very largely true. It was the realization by the clearer-sighted members of the medical profession of the state to which therapeutics was descending that brought about a reaction with a resulting movement toward scientific drug therapy.

IV

That advertising man had a good basis for his belief, but, thanks to the fact that the medical profession woke up, the scheme did not work out entirely according to plan. Yet there are proprietary remedies today of the patent medicine group—that is, package medicines sold direct to the public for self-treatment—that made their débuts as prescription products advertised, nominally at least, only to the medical profession.

There was, for example, Antikamnia, originally exploited to the medical profession as "a new synthetic coal-tar derivative." It is not and never was a synthetic—that is to say, a chemical entity. It was, and is, a simple mixture of

acetanilide, caffeine and baking soda. More than twenty years ago, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* exposed the falsity of the claims made for Antikamnia, and declared that it was merely an acetanilide mixture. When, in 1907, through the passage of the Food and Drugs Act, it would have been necessary for the Antikamnia concern to declare the presence of acetanilide, it proceeded, without any notification to the profession, to switch over from acetanilide to acetphenetidin (phenacetine), a drug similar in character. Acetphenetidin was retained as the essential drug in Antikamnia until the World War, when that substance became expensive; then the manufacturer went back again to acetanilide.

Many other products that were originally marketed, nominally at least, as prescription preparations for physicians and advertised only in medical journals, after they had become well known to the public through the unscientific prescribing of uncritical physicians, went frankly over to the patent medicine field. To mention a few of the best known: Pepto-Mangan, Glyco-Thymoline, Listerine, Sal Hepatica, Bell-Ans and Aspirin.

The methods used in exploiting the public via the medical profession are, naturally, somewhat more refined than those used in exploiting the public direct. To get even the careless physician to prescribe what is essentially merely a patent medicine, the advertising matter must have a seeming cruditeness—dried, powdered clay must, put on fancy-dress word raiment and become anhydrous and levigated argillaceous mineral!

The case of Labordine may be cited as an example of the pseudo-science that no small part of the medical profession tolerated only two short decades ago—and that a few physicians still tolerate. In the medical journal advertisements and the circulars, Labordine was described as a "vegetable antipyretic," and physicians were urged to prescribe it and "avoid acetanilide poisoning and danger from

other coal-tar antipyretics!" Even the most lazy or uncritical physician usually demands some information regarding the composition of the product he prescribes. The Labordine exploiters obliged with an alleged formula, thus:

Apium Graveolens	35	¾
Gaultheria Fragrantissima	25	¾
Acete Amide-Phenyle	15	¾
Quinina	1	¾
Benzoyl-Sulphyonic-Imide	23	¾

Admittedly this had a staggeringly scientific appearance. Few medical men knew, without looking it up, that Apium Graveolens is merely ordinary celery, or that Gaultheria Fragrantissima is an Indian plant of the wintergreen family—probably, in this case, representing the wintergreen oil (methyl salicylate) that was found in Labordine. Acete amide-phenyle is a Frenchified form of one of the scientific names for acetanilide, the very drug against which the manufacturers of Labordine had the effrontery to warn the medical profession, and which comprised nearly 40% of Labordine! The last named element, said to make up about one-fourth of the total ingredients, benzoyl-sulphyonic-imide, was simply a highly technical name for saccharine. Labordine, when analyzed in the American Medical Association's chemical laboratory, was found to be essentially a mixture of acetanilide (about 38%) and salicylic acid (about 7%), with quinine, cornstarch and milk sugar—but no saccharine!

Nor were Antikamnia and Labordine the only unessential modifications of acetanilide or phenacetine that were exploited to the medical profession as new drugs possessing marvelous curative properties. There were many others: Phenalgine, Ammonol and Salacetine, to mention but three. Had it not been for the American Medical Association, many physicians might never have learned the facts regarding these hybrid products.

The changes have been rung on this theme to the point of tediousness. In 1894 there was introduced in medicine a

substance having a definite chemical composition; it was originally called hexamethylenamine-tetramine but it is now known as methenamine. After its introduction a German firm put the product on the market under the trade-marked name, Urotropin. As soon as it became evident that methenamine was a valuable drug, there began to appear various other proprietary forms of it, either alone or in combination with some unessential ingredients, and each under its own trade-marked name. Thus there was Cystogen, Aminoform, Formin, Uritone, Urisol, Cystamine, etc.

More than twenty years ago, a well-known physician protested in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that the confusion caused by marketing one drug under a dozen or more different names had resulted in physicians not infrequently writing prescriptions for two or more identical substances in the same mixture. He declared, also, that it was not uncommon to find patients who had been treated first with methenamine under one name and then later by the same substance under another name. Methenamine under its older scientific name, hexamethylenamine-tetramine, was introduced as an official drug in the eighth revision of the United States Pharmacopeia, which became official in September, 1905. Obviously, then, physicians for nearly a quarter of a century have been able to assure themselves and their patients of getting methenamine of a standard strength and purity, provided they would write a prescription for the pharmacopeial product and not for one of the various trade-marked names under which the drug went. Nevertheless, some physicians are so dazzled by the word-pictures of the pharmaceutical manufacturers that, even today, Urotropin is still on the market. The physician who, in writing a prescription, calls for methenamine under the proprietary name Urotropin instead of under the official name makes it necessary for his patient to pay nearly four times as much for the chief in-

redient. The wholesale price of Urotropin is 60 cents an ounce, while methenamine sells for 16 cents an ounce.

Obviously, it is economic waste, as well as scientific fallacy, to prescribe drugs under proprietary names when they are official in the Pharmacopeia. Take the case of aspirin (acetylsalicylic acid). One brand of acetylsalicylic acid is as good as another, for aspirin is aspirin, just as quinine is quinine. Yet we find that the aspirin put under the name of Bayer has a wholesale price of 85 cents an ounce, whereas aspirin purchased under its official name, acetylsalicylic acid, can be had for 17 cents an ounce. The patient who gets a prescription for acetphenetidin (the official name for another drug) should pay a price based on a wholesale rate of 24 cents an ounce, while the patient whose physician calls for the same drug under the old trade-marked name of Phenacetine pays a price based on a wholesale rate of 63 cents an ounce.

Veronal is the trade-marked name for a hypnotic known officially as barbital. The price charged for the drug under its proprietary name is \$3 an ounce, as against 70 cents an ounce for exactly the same substance sold under its official name, barbital. Cinchophen, used in the treatment of rheumatism, appeared on the market originally under the trade-marked name of Atophan. There is no difference between cinchophen and Atophan, except the difference in price. Under its official name, cinchophen is sold at the wholesale rate of 55 cents an ounce; under the monopolistic trade-marked name, Atophan, it sells at the wholesale rate of \$2.75 an ounce. And thus it goes.

V

Reverting again to conditions in the field of drug therapy in the early years of the present century, the clearer-thinking members of the profession had long realized what was going on, and for many years the American Medical Association, as an

organization, passed resolutions deploring the state of affairs. The problem became especially acute when the Association ceased publishing its transactions in bulletin form and established an official journal, which carried advertising. It was not, however, until Dr. George H. Simmons was appointed editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that the organized medical profession definitely abandoned talking for action.

In 1904, the first move was made to clean up the mess, and ways and means were discussed with such leaders in the medical, chemical and pharmaceutical worlds as Long, Stieglitz, Puckner, Hallberg, Cushny, Abel, Wiley, Remington, Wilbert, and Sollmann. After holding several meetings, a plan was presented to the board of trustees of the American Medical Association in February, 1905, at which time that body authorized the creation of a board known as the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry. The extent to which commercialism had debased therapeutics at that time was thus described by Dr. Simmons soon after the Council was created:

In brief, this [proprietary medicine] business, the annual profits of which run into the millions, has grown until the use of proprietary medicines by many physicians has almost displaced the use of the individual official drug. It has checked advance in scientific methods of treatment, inhibited intelligent clinical observation, and developed an optimism that is unwarranted by facts—an optimism that is more fatal than the most radical therapeutic nihilism. But above and worse than all, this commercialized *materia medica* has blighted our literature by debauching our medical journals and even by tainting our text-books. And whose is the fault? That the business has developed in this country to such an extent, with scarcely a protest on the part of our profession, is a reflection on the common sense and intelligence of the physicians of the United States. We, as well as the manufacturers, are at fault. We must assume the blame for becoming such easy dupes to their enterprise and sagacity.

The Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry consists of seventeen members; sixteen of them are appointed for a term of five years and serve without remuneration. They are assisted and advised by a still larger number of clinical consultants. The seventeenth is the secretary, who devotes his

entire time to the work of the Council. The membership of the Council is, and always has been, made up of nationally known figures in the fields of internal medicine, pharmacology, physiology and chemistry, and the amount of time and effort these men have devoted to the problems covered by its work is not generally realized even by the medical profession itself. Its essential function is to gather and disseminate such information as will give the medical profession the facts regarding proprietary medicines sold for prescription purposes.

At its first meeting in 1905, when it began examining proprietary and non-official medicinal preparations, it was decided to issue a book to be known as "New and Nonofficial Remedies." This is revised annually and it lists and describes those medicinal preparations which the Council has investigated and found to be honestly advertised and to have, or at least give promise of having, therapeutic usefulness. As practically all new medicinals are, in a sense, experiments, even those preparations that comply with the standards set by the Council are accepted for inclusion in "New and Nonofficial Remedies" for a limited time only—usually a period of three years. When the time of acceptance has expired, they are examined once more, and if the claims made for them are still reasonable in the light of the increased knowledge of their value they are retained in "New and Non-official Remedies" for another period.

VI

In order that it shall function intelligently and consistently, the Council has certain rules that govern its acceptance or rejection of therapeutic agents. It would be tedious to describe all these rules in detail, but a brief reference to some of the more important may prove interesting.

Realizing the abuses that secrecy of composition in medicinals leads to, and holding that it is not only the right but the

duty of the physician to know what he is prescribing, the first rule of the Council declares that no article will be accepted for "New and Nonofficial Remedies" unless its composition is given. In the case of simple substances, the scientific name and the chemical formula, either rational or structural, if it be known, must also be supplied. In the case of mixtures, the amount of each active medicinal ingredient must be declared and the general composition of what is known as the vehicle—the liquid, alcohol, glycerine, etc., in which the ingredients are held—must be furnished, together with the alcohol percentage and the identity of any preservatives that it may contain. The Council does not, however, require details of what pharmaceutical manufacturers would call trade secrets, such as the flavors or the details of the working formula.

The Council's second rule requires the manufacturer to furnish suitable tests for determining the composition of his preparation, including tests for identity and purity. This, of course, is merely in order to avoid errors in the case of chemical compounds, and to guard against adulterations or lack of strength. In furnishing tests for his product, if such tests have appeared in medical literature or standard text-books, mere reference is sufficient. In the case of new chemical substances, however, especially those known as synthetics, the manufacturer must supply such tests as will make it possible for trained chemists and pharmacologists to get an intelligent opinion of the product.

There are certain drugs whose potency cannot be determined chemically, because they depend for their activity on neutral principles. Such drugs are standardized on the basis of their physiological action. Thus the standard of strength of ergot is based on the cyanosis produced in the comb of a cock that has been injected with the preparation. Various other drugs, such as digitalis, epinephrine, pituitary extract, etc., are also standardized by physiological rather than by chemical methods. The

Council requires that when new products cannot be identified by chemical means, they be standardized physiologically, and the standard, or method of assaying, be published in sufficient detail, so that results may be checked by independent investigators.

One of the most important rules of the Council, and that responsible for the rejection of more proprietary preparations probably than any other requirement, is the one which declares that no article will be accepted or retained for which unwarranted or misleading statements, as to its therapeutic value, are made by the manufacturer or his agents. The Council recognizes that honest differences of opinion on therapeutic questions exist, and that a moderate degree of emphasis in advertising is to be expected. It will not, however, admit claims which are out of harmony with accepted facts, or are unsupported by worth-while evidence. It is on these points that the Council most frequently calls on its staff of clinical consultants for advice and coöperation.

Manufacturers of unscientific products are able, without much difficulty, to get testimonials for their products in the form of so-called clinical reports from uncritical or careless physicians. Large numbers of such reports can be obtained without much trouble, but the Council holds that the mere multiplication of inaccurate observations does not render them accurate. The evidence that manufacturers submit in the form of clinical reports is accepted on the basis of quality rather than of quantity. The Council views with suspicion clinical observations that are not described with sufficient detail to permit verification. It holds that the credibility of the data and the justification for the deductions depend mainly on the disinterestedness, technical ability and critical sense of the investigators.

Nor does the Council permit itself to be stampeded into the acceptance of a product, no matter how scientific may be its background, if it is not marketed in a

manner compatible with the public's interest. Consider the case of Salvarsan (606). This preparation, now known by the non-proprietary name of arsphenamine, came from Germany in 1910 and had a scientific basis that was unimpeachable. Nevertheless, the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry did not admit it to "New and Nonofficial Remedies" until 1912, because the advertising circulars that accompanied Salvarsan, when it was first put on the American market, contained statements that the Council would not accept. When these unjustified claims—since proven by time to have been without warrant—were discontinued, the product was duly accepted for inclusion in "New and Nonofficial Remedies."

VII

In the case of those complex medicinal agents commonly described as biologicals (serums, vaccines, etc.), even though they may be proprietary, the public gets some protection under the Federal law which regulates the sale of such preparations. The hygienic laboratory of the United States Public Health Service supervises and regulates the sale of vaccines, serums, toxins and analogous products in interstate traffic. The Service determines whether or not a firm wishing to manufacture biological products is properly equipped for such work. If it is, it may then operate under a Federal license. No serums or vaccines can be imported, exported, or sold in interstate commerce unless the manufacturer holds such a license from the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Federal law governing the sale of biological products requires each package to be marked with an expiration date, beyond which the contents cannot be expected to yield results. Unfortunately, the time element is not the only one of importance in preparations of this sort. The temperature factor is fully as vital, and this neither the government nor any other agency can control. The careful physician

buys his biologics only from such concerns as can show by thermometer records that the products have been kept in cold storage.

The hygienic laboratory of the Public Health Service makes potency tests and establishes official standards of strength for a number of biologics, such as the antitoxins for diphtheria, tetanus and scarlet fever streptococcus, as well as for certain serums and bacterial vaccines. But in supervising the manufacture of biologics the government does not consider the question of therapeutic value. As a result, the market is flooded with biologic preparations for which there is, in the present state of our knowledge, little rational excuse. The evidence offered to the medical profession for the use of many such preparations is of the flimsiest character. It is here, again, that the work of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry proves of value. The Council will accept for inclusion in "New and Nonofficial Remedies" only such antibodies (serums and antitoxins) and antigens (vaccines, viruses, tuberculins, etc.) as have been shown to have some scientific basis for their use.

In still another field, that of organotherapy, the public receives a measure of protection, both from the government and from organized medicine. The importance of what are known as the internal secretions of certain ductless glands has led to the use of preparations of these glands in the treatment of certain conditions. Decisive therapeutic results have established the value of four such substances: the thyroid and the suprarenal glands, the posterior lobe of the pituitary gland, and insulin obtained from the pancreas. The first three are now official in the Pharmacopeia; the last, a newer product, is in "New and Nonofficial Remedies."

There are a number of other organ products on the market, some of which give some promise of therapeutic value, while others have little acceptable evidence behind them. The active principles

of these organ products have not been isolated and they are most commonly used in the form of the powdered dried gland, the powder sometimes being compressed into tablets. As, generally speaking, there is no way of testing for the quality or even identity of these powdered products, the physician is forced to rely on the general reputation of the manufacturer. Naturally, under these conditions, the opportunities for unscientific exploitation, or even crude quackery, are great, and quacks and unscrupulous manufacturers, respectively, bilk the general public, both directly and via the medical profession. The Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry has accepted a limited number of these organotherapeutic agents that are conservatively marketed by responsible firms, but lack of tests makes it impossible for the Council to assume any responsibility for the quality, or even for the identity, of the products it accepts.

Reference should be made at this point to the valuable work done by the chemical laboratory of the American Medical Association, which has been in existence more than twenty years. It works in close coöperation with the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, although it also does much analytical work in the field of crude nostrum exploitation—the patent medicines. The laboratory determines the truth or falsity of the chemical claims made for preparations that the Council has under consideration. In the case of those products that the Council admits to "New and Nonofficial Remedies," the laboratory, in many instances, establishes standards whereby their identity and purity may be determined. The latest revision of the Pharmacopeia (the tenth) contained forty new drugs and preparations, of which thirty-one had previously been investigated by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, and accepted for inclusion in "New and Nonofficial Remedies"; standards for them had either been elaborated by, or verified in, the chemical laboratory of the American Medical Association.

VIII

Thus, through the activities of the agencies referred to, drug therapy during the past two decades has undergone a healthy measure of debunking. How well this has been done and how much effort has been expended in doing it is a matter that is entirely outside the ken of the general public and but imperfectly realized even by the rank and file of the medical profession.

Scores of unscientific proprietary remedies that twenty-five years ago were widely used by physicians have passed into the limbo of forgotten fakes and fads. The unholy brood of venal publications issued in the guise of medical journals has practically disappeared, and the few that are left depend for their subscription lists on such catch-penny devices as "paying" for low-grade articles from physicians of no professional standing in subscriptions to the publication. Only by such tricks is it possible for these prostitutes in the field of medical journalism to obtain the subscription list that the postal authorities require for the granting of second-class mailing privileges.

Yet the number of pharmaceutical Barnums has not, even today, reached the irreducible minimum. Within the past few months the medical profession has been

circularized by a concern that declared that it had a reliable remedy for epilepsy. It offered the old, old bait of free samples and frankly told physicians that it would give no information about the composition of its product. The man behind this new pharmaceutical venture is not a chemist, pharmacist or physician; he had previously been in the coal business. Business is stimulated by offering to split with the doctor the fee sent in by the patient in ordering this nostrum.

The nostrum, when analyzed in the chemical laboratory of the American Medical Association, was found to be the official drug, phenobarbital, and a laxative. Phenobarbital (introduced under the proprietary name of Luminal) is a valuable, but powerful and dangerous drug, whose use in controlling epileptic attacks—it has no curative effect—is well known to the medical profession. Yet it seems evident that there are still medical men who have so little regard for the safety of their patients, or the elements of simple honesty, that they will prescribe for unfortunate epileptics, on a fee-splitting basis, a remedy of unknown composition and dangerous possibilities, put out by a concern with no professional background. While such conditions obtain, the debunking of drug therapy is still a problem of more than academic interest.

WHEN TRUTH GOES TO WAR

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

THE inhabitants of the late Confederate States of America, in this Coolidge Golden Age, are universally admitted to be among the most amiable people of Christendom. Every now and then, true enough, they put a sudden end to the earthly woes of a troublesome black man or flog a white woman for being unbearably aphrodisiacal, but that is surely not often. Life in Birmingham, Charleston, Richmond, Atlanta and the other eminent Southern cities is now almost as safe as it is in New York, or even Chicago. The Southerners' love of liberty and of the principle of equality before the law is nearly up to the level of the Bostonians'. In the amenities they are unsurpassed. They receive the stranger with a hearty and lavish hospitality, and fête him with all their celebrated victuals and their no less celebrated stimulants, now contraband but still plentiful. They are polite, charming and gentle, whether cold sober or in their cups.

But it is only a little more than sixty years ago that they were engaged wholesale and deliberately, if the sworn testimony in the archives of the United States is to be believed, in acts of ferocity that would have shamed Zulus, Turks, Bolsheviks, or even Prussians. Spurred on by their Kaiser, the late Jefferson Davis, they carried on like Pennsylvania State police or head-hunters from the Borneo jungle. They had hordes of blood-sweating Hindenburgs, Ludendorffs, von Tirpitzes, and Crown Princes. They practised every crime known to the books, and invented multitudes of new ones of their own. That was during the lamented Civil War, now

half forgotten, which began on June 10, 1861, and ended on April 9, 1865. The evidence, like that of the celebrated Bryce report on the atrocities of the Hun in Belgium, is set down in cold and indelible print, and constitutes a part of the official history of the United States. No patriotic Union man, in the years between 1861 and, say, 1875, ever doubted it for an instant. To doubt it in those days, indeed, would have been equal to spitting on the flag.

A committee from the great State of Rhode Island, headed by Governor William Sprague, investigated the behavior of the Confederates in the middle of the war, and issued a lengthy report thereon. It bristled with damning accusations against them, and ended with the dreadful indictment:

They have crowned the Rebellion by the perpetration of deeds scarcely known even to savage warfare. . . . The investigations of your committee have established the fact beyond all controversy. . . . The crimes, in all their details, exceed the worst excesses of the Sepoys of India.

This verdict was substantiated by the ethnologist and expert on savage practises, John Russell Bartlett, then Secretary of State of Rhode Island, whose pamphlet, "The Barbarities of the Rebels," had an enormous circulation in those trying days. He said that the Rebels were "heaping upon the living and the dead indignities such as even Attila would have blushed to commit." The war correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, another high authority, summarized the official facts thus:

The Rebels seem more perfidious than Spartans. They regard none of the obligations of honor which bind the rest of mankind. They take oaths but to violate them; give pledges of the most solemn character that they may deceive those who

credit their representations. They prove themselves a race of Cretans, as well as Spartans, in their dispositions to steal and violate their pledges of honor. If the ignorant only were guilty there would be hope for them, but the most flagrant acts of infamy are done and encouraged by leading people.

The Northern journals of those days were filled with reports on these Rebel atrocities. The more opulent of them had correspondents on the field who specialized in the revolting but fascinating subject. Among these were the *Boston Traveller*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Cincinnati Commercial* and the *New York Tribune*. But the paper that beat them all in presenting atrocity news was *Harper's Weekly*, which had the sub-title of *A Journal of Civilization*. It reaped a huge profit from its moral diligence. Throughout the duration of the war its average circulation was 100,000, and its sales often reached the colossal figure, for those days, of 200,000. It nearly always accompanied its elaborate and colorful news of the crimes of the Confederates with sketches of returned Union prisoners, showing them with their legs and arms cut off, and their eyes gouged out. In the case of amputated legs it often had the amputated portion placed on a stool directly below the stump. Its editors thundered that "these cruelties were not the result of accident, but of a deliberate purpose." Its cartoonists portrayed the Confederacy as the Christian Devil, with the regulation horns, tail, and talons.

The Battle of Bull Run furnished *Harper's* and the newspapers of the time with some of their best atrocity stories. The following was sent in by the correspondent of the *Belvidere, N. J., Press*, who accompanied the aforementioned Governor Sprague to the field of carnage when he went there to recover the remains of murdered Union soldiers:

A Negro girl came down through the woods from a house nearby on the hill, and watched the proceedings. Suddenly she came up by the side of the graves, and asked if they were not digging for Colonel Slocum's body. On being answered in the affirmative, she said, "You're too late. The Georgia regiment have dug him up many weeks

ago to procure his bones for trophies, and his body has been burnt for this purpose." She pointed out the place where the cannibal rites occurred, and there, in the midst of coal and cinders, the horror-stricken party saw verified the woman's almost incredible narration.

That such heinous acts were common at Bull Run was shown by the sworn testimony of Surgeon William E. Whalen, of the Fourteenth Regiment, New York Volunteers:

One afternoon Captain Withington and myself took a walk over the battlefield. This was some ten or twelve days after the battle. As we walked around I saw some of our men still unburied, and some entirely naked. . . . Yet I saw a great many women, ladies I suppose they call themselves, walking about the field at that time, apparently entirely unmoved. . . . In going over the battlefield subsequently I noticed that some of the graves had been disturbed by pushing rails down under the bodies and prying them up. Many of the Negroes said that they had seen the soldiers doing that. The object, as I was informed, was to make drinking cups of the tops of the skulls, and rings of the bones.

According to the Northern historians of the time the same sort of ferocity went on during and after all the other battles of the war. Lieut.-Col. C. W. Blair, commander of Fort Scott, for example, reported that all of the dead of his command were found "shot through the head, showing that they were taken prisoners and then murdered." Major B. S. Henning, of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, reported that his soldiers "were told in every instance that if they would surrender and deliver up their arms, they would be treated as prisoners, and upon doing so, were immediately shot down." Private Jesse Smith, of Major Henning's command, was shot through the head after being taken prisoner, but, by a miracle, did not lose consciousness. In a sworn statement he said that the Rebel who shot him rolled him on his back and then jumped on it and tried to dance on it, in the meanwhile uttering the most blasphemous imprecations. He also reported that "some unarmed citizens who were with us were killed, and their bodies were stripped of their clothing. . . . A woman and child were shot at the camp. It was done premeditatedly and not by random

shots." Brigadier-General James A. Garfield, later President of the United States, corroborated all this testimony. He issued an official order charging that the Confederates had "brutally murdered several of our soldiers, who surrendered themselves prisoners of war. They have fired into passenger trains filled with unarmed men, women and children. They have fired into a boat loaded with our sick and wounded, with its hospital flag flying, and, after having burned the boat and carried off all the medical stores, they have left the sick and wounded to perish on the shore, in a drenching rain."

II

All this was done by the Rebel hordes in the field, but the citizens not in uniform, it appears, were just as bad. According to the Northern newspapers of the war years, all of them, including the women, seem to have lost the last vestige of humanity, and become as raving hyenas. Here is an example of their hellish activities, supplied by "a gentleman of the highest respectability in Illinois" to the Albany *Evening Journal*, and later spread upon the official records of the United States:

The Secessionists here recently undermined a railroad bridge, and scores of men, women and children were killed or maimed for life. A more cowardly set of savages does not exist. You can hardly realize the ferocity with which slavery inspires the owner of a Negro or two. Even woman, when she owns a slave, or one is owned by the family, seems in many instances to have cast aside her feminine nature and to have become savage. A woman of wealth, the owner of quite a number of slaves, when a band of Cherokee Indians came to the south of Missouri, where she lives, to join the Secession Army under McCullough of Texas, that woman, or rather fiend, publicly offered the Indians a large reward if they would bring her "Yankee free-soil" scalps, enough to make a counterpane for her bed.

And then this gentleman related the following most terrible incident:

Last June a beautiful and accomplished girl, a native of Western New York, employed as a teacher in New Orleans, was dragged on Sunday morning to Jackson Square and placed *ad nuditate nature* in the presence of hundreds of spectators,

including scores of well-dressed women. To the latter the poor girl made a heart-rending appeal, that they would save her sex from such an outrage. But they replied only by jeers and insults, telling her it was no more than every Yankee woman deserved. The unfortunate girl was tarred and feathered and then banished from the State, without receiving the salary due her. You may rely upon the truth of this statement.

In dealing with those patriots in their midst who showed any sympathy with Mr. Lincoln's efforts to save civilization the Rebels, if we are to believe history, exhibited even more cruelty than in their dealings with unarmed and sick Yankees. An eye-witness, writing in the highly reliable *Harper's Weekly*, summarized the matter in these words:

These human bloodhounds, in hunting Union men, will often hang children in the hope of extorting a confession as to the whereabouts of their parents. I have seen young women treated in the same inhuman manner, while wives are subjected to every cruelty, for no other offense than fidelity to their husbands, by these red-handed monsters.

In Texas, then still wild and woolly, the Confederate Ludendorffs naturally reached the acme of their barbaric art. The field correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* was on the spot and saw everything with his own eyes. He jotted down his observations in his notebook, rushed to New Orleans, and from there, in some mysterious manner, sent the following dispatch to his paper. The celebrated New York *Tribune* reprinted it, and all the other patriotic Northern papers did likewise.

The most terrible cruelties inflicted by savages are mild compared to those of the barbarous Texans. A Mr. James, traveling through Texas from California, was seen talking with some Negroes, and was charged with being a Yankee Abolitionist, endeavoring to have niggers run away. He was hung in the town of Orange, on which occasion Dr. Huson, a physician of the place, was particularly active, mutilating the dead body, and while so doing, giving vent to the most horrid sentiments. Dr. Huson cut out his heart and placed it in a glass pickle-jar filled with Louisiana whiskey. . . . After they actually tried out all the fat from the flesh and divided it among each other [*sic*] for the oiling of their firearms, one of the doctors, not Huson, secured the head and carried it home, telling his wife to boil it until all the flesh should drop off. [She refused] but her husband compelled her to place the skull in a large copper kettle and boil it for several hours.

This very trustworthy correspondent then went on to relate how the skull was later taken to a fashionable ball and how "a candle was placed in each eye socket. Most of the guests looked on with exaltation and satisfaction to behold the Yankee head. [One of those present then said], 'Yankee candle-sticks are a decided improvement over the old-fashioned ones.' Females," ended the veracious reporter, "mingled in this wicked and horrible orgie."

The same alert correspondent also noted in Texas how "an old man, nearly seventy, who was suspected of Union sentiments was hung, his wife being compelled to witness the murder." The bloody Rebels then burned down the poor man's house. How they finally disposed of the widow he did not report. No doubt they shot her and cut out her heart, and then boiled it.

The correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* also witnessed some terrible things in Texas. He reported that in a little town near Piedruales there was a group of poor and half-civilized Germans who were scarcely aware that a war was going on. They were asked to pay the Confederate war taxes, and were a bit hesitant in their response. So the Rebel authorities considered them Union spies, and a company of Confederates headed by Captain Duff was sent against them. They fired fourteen shots into one Frederick Degener, ransacked his house, and burned all the other houses in the neighborhood. All those who tried to run away were summarily hanged.

Similar treatment was meted out to suspected Union sympathizers in Tennessee. I will give only two examples. The first was related by the Hon. Frank Moore, a patriot who kept in touch with all the authentic news sources of the war time, and later put his materials together in a many-volumed collection. He told how there resided in Carter county two families, named Hetherly and Tipton, who were on the most friendly terms. The Hetherlys joined the Union forces, and the Tiptons

joined the Confederates. After an absence of a year the elder Tipton returned home, and immediately set to work to clear the neighborhood of Unionists. Thus:

Learning that one of the Hetherlys was lurking in the vicinity, and failing after a thorough search to discover his whereabouts, he took Hetherly's widowed mother from her home in the night, carried her to an adjoining wood, and putting a rope around her neck, threatened that if she did not instantly reveal her son's hiding place, he would hang her. This she refused to do, and Tipton, as good as his word, had her suspended from a tree until life was nearly extinct. When she came to, he told her that unless she told him where her son was concealed he would surely kill her. But the old lady was not to be intimidated, and again and again was she strung up . . . and was finally left lying on the ground more dead than alive.

In Southeastern Tennessee, now the Baptist Holy Land, numerous bodies of young women were discovered on the streets, "shot through the breasts." In Kentucky, according to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the two sons of a Union sympathizer were strung up before his eyes. In Monroe county, Ala., according to the able field correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, then as now a great paper, the houses of a number of Federal sympathizers were burned over their heads, and the people in the neighborhood were notified that if they dared to harbor them their own houses would be burned in the same fashion. In West Virginia things were just as bad, but there the females took the lead in hunting down the Unionists. An eye-witness, writing in the New York *Evening Post*, spoke of the "ferocity of the female Secessionists," and added, "The men are brave and bitter, the Southern women ten-fold worse." Commissary Packham, of the Thirty-fourth Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, had the same opinion of the Rebel ladies. He reported that there was a Mrs. Gilkinson, to whose house in West Virginia a number of loyalist prisoners were taken by their Confederate captors, and confined there during the night. In the morning some wished to send them to Richmond, others to Logan Court-House, and still others proposed to kill them on the spot. "Mrs.

Gilkinson," continued Commissary Packham, "to the eternal shame of Southern female fiends, wished one of the prisoners to be killed on her own porch, so that she could dance in his blood!"

But all these butcheries were on a retail scale, and hence of little moment. An affair on a wholesale scale was the so-called Fort Pillow Massacre, still mentioned in some of the Northern school-books. A celebrated expert on the atrocities of the war period, the Hon. Thomas L. Wilson, editor of a book called "Suffering Endured for a Free Government, or, a History of the Cruelties and Atrocities of the Rebellion," made up in the main of official reports, called it "one of the bloodiest pages of history." As an afterthought he added, "Barbarism has characterized the Rebellion from the beginning to the present hour [his book was published in 1865], in every State, county, town and village and hamlet. It originated in barbarism, has been persecuted with barbarism, and may its overthrow be the overthrow of barbarism and give place to a higher civilization and a purer civilization!"

Fort Pillow was situated in Western Tennessee, and at the time of the massacre was held by Union men. The Confederate general, Nathan B. Forrest, founder of the original Ku Klux Klan, stormed it and captured it. What follows is from the official report of the Joint Committee of the United States Congress on the Conduct and Expenditures of the War. It is based on the sworn testimony of escaped and paroled Union men:

The atrocities committed at Fort Pillow were not the result of passions excited by the heat of conflict, but were the results of a policy deliberately decided upon and unhesitatingly announced. . . . The Rebels placed women in front of their lines as they moved on the fort . . . while the flag of truce was at the fort, in order to compel our men to withhold their fire out of regard for the women. . . . After the fort was taken there followed a scene of cruelty and murder without parallel in civilized warfare, which needed but the tomahawk and scalping knife to exceed the worst atrocities ever committed by savages. The Rebels commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither age nor sex, white or black, soldier or civilian.

The officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the devilish work. Men and women, and even children, wherever found, were deliberately shot down, beaten and hacked with sabres. Some of the children, not more than ten years old, were forced to stand up and face their murderers while being shot. The sick and wounded were butchered without mercy, the Rebels even entering the hospital building and dragging them out to be shot, or killing them as they lay there unable to offer any resistance. . . . Numbers of our men were collected together in lines or groups and deliberately shot. Some were shot while in the river, while others on the bank were shot and their bodies kicked into the water, many of them still living but unable to make any exertions to save themselves from drowning.

Some of the Rebels stood upon the top of the hill, or a short distance down its side, and called to our soldiers to come up to them—and as they approached, shot them down in cold blood. . . . One man was deliberately fastened down to the floor of a tent, face upward, by means of nails driven through his clothing and into the boards under him, so that he could not possibly escape, and then the tent was set on fire. Another was nailed to the side of a building outside the fort and then the building was set on fire.

III

Such reports naturally caused painful feelings in the North. The newspapers printed them at length, and orators went through the land spreading them. It was seen by everyone that the war upon the Confederates was a war for civilization itself—that the world would become uninhabitable if by any chance they should prevail. Thus the atrocities promoted recruiting, though not, of course, to an extent sufficient to avoid the necessity of drafts. Of especial potency were the reports of barbarities practised upon Federal prisoners in the Confederate military prisons. The worst of these, according to the sworn testimony on file in Washington, was Andersonville. This prison was situated near a small town in Georgia of the same name, and normally held about 10,000 prisoners, but the Confederates, callously regardless of the health of their captives, filled it with Yankees to the count of 32,000, and at one time, in fact, had nearly 45,000 there. The best account, from the point of view of picturesqueness—and truth, of course—of this bastille that is left to posterity is the one

written by Sergeant Samuel S. Boggs, of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, and entitled "Eighteen Months Under the Rebel Flag." Sergeant Boggs anticipated that some of his readers—most of them, no doubt, Confederate spies or sympathizers—would find it difficult to believe all he said, so he assured their qualms in this manner: "Of course, we know that it will not do to portray [Andersonville] in all its horrors, lest we destroy the credit of the whole story; hence we must hold back much of the worst part." So what follows is only part of the horrible truth:

We had nearly all been prisoners from seven to nine months; our clothes were worn out, a number of us being entirely naked. Some would have a ragged shirt and no pants, and some had pants and no shirt; another with a soldier cap on his head and not another stitch on him; their flesh wasted away, leaving the chaffy, weather-beaten skin drawn tight over the bones; the hip-bones and shoulders standing out so a hat could be hung on them; the faces and exposed parts of the body coated to the thickness of an inch with a smirky black soot, from the tense black smoke of pitch pine we had hovered over since we had been in Andersonville; our long matted hair was stiff and black with the same substance, which water alone would have no effect on, and soap was not to be had.

The land about the prison building was most horrible:

* The ground was all taken up, except along the borders of the swamps, where the human filth was from three to ten inches deep, and from the frequent rains had become liquid and flowed out over the quagmire, where it fermented like yeast. Millions and millions of flies swarmed over it, and this mess of putrescent filth became a lake of rolling, squirming maggots.

The Confederate doctors, it appears, did nothing to remedy this appalling situation. All the reports, indeed, agreed that they were fiends in human form. At one time, for example, an infantryman of the Eighth United States Regulars, with a hand shot off, was dragged into Andersonville. He was left lying around for some time, with no medical aid whatever. In the meantime some Confederates of the Atrocity Squad cut off his ears and nose and otherwise trimmed him. After numerous calls the prison doctors arrived, but did they help

the poor wretch? Not at all. They merely burst into hellish laughter when they saw him. "They refused to dress his wounds or even amputate his shattered arm; he was naked in the prison, and finally died from his numerous wounds."

Naturally, many of the prisoners grumbled at this sort of treatment. The punishments accorded to them and similar offenders were of this kind:

There were three kinds of stocks: one in which the prisoner stood on his tip-toes, his hands fastened over a piece of timber, under which his head is crowded forward; another timber forces the small of the back forward. In the second stocks the prisoner sits on the ground, with hands and feet elevated and fastened to a frame-work in front of him. The third stocks was a horizontal frame, the prisoner lying on his back, with hands and feet fastened, the head being fixed in an extending headboard, which is moved outward until the body and limbs are in a painful tension.

The food offered the prisoners was of starvation quality. Says Sergeant Boggs:

A large cook-house had been built, in which corn-bread was made. Here was a large, long box, in which was soured corn-dough sticking to its sides and bottom, over which swarmed millions of flies; a wagon-load of meal was scooped into the box, burying flies and gnats; water was dipped from the filthy branch to wet this meal, then stirred with poles and shoveled into large pans, marked off in half-brick sizes, and when baked sent into the pen, and a half-brick-shaped piece given to each man. [As a result of such food] nearly all the old prisoners now had scurvy; the gums turned black, swelling beyond the teeth and pouching out the cheeks; the teeth became loose and dropped out. They were picked up and put back in the vain endeavor to save them; the mouth became cancerous and the patient lingered and died. In others the limbs turned black and swelled to the greatest capacity of the skin; black, watery sores opened, gangrene set in, and death shortly followed.

The Rebels, apparently, were deliberately out to kill off as many of the prisoners as possible. There was, in fact, conclusive testimony on this point. The alert Northern correspondents reported that General John H. Winder, commandant at Andersonville received a dispatch from the Confederate War Department, asking whether he had any room for more prisoners, and that he replied thus: "Yes, send them on. We are doing more for the Confederacy here, in getting rid of the Yanks,

than twenty of Lee's best regiments at the front." This barbarous pronouncement was rushed by all the Union war correspondents at the front to their papers, which printed it on their front pages and thus stirred the folks back home to fresh patriotism. The Rebels, of course, denied that any such statement was ever made. It was all based, they said, on the testimony of Sergeant Boggs and other such experts in atrocities, who passed it on to the correspondents.

Naturally enough, many prisoners at Andersonville tried to escape. Those who were caught paid a heavy price for their offense. Here is what Sergeant Boggs says he saw done to them:

Their hands were tied behind their backs, a small rope was drawn tightly around each thumb, and the rope was then passed over a log, the ends of which rested on two cabins occupied by the Rebel officer. Lieutenant Barrett and his assistants then pulled on the rope until the victims were raised from the ground, thus twisting the muscles of the arm and shoulders, producing the most terrible agony.

Much the same evidence about conditions at Andersonville was given in two other famous pamphlets, the one by Private Amos E. Stearns, of Company A, Twenty-fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, and the other by Sergeant Daniel S. Kelley, of Company K, Twenty-fourth Regiment, New York Cavalry. Regarding the first Samuel H. Putnam, a prominent New Englander and a contemporary investigator of note, said, "That his tale is honestly told, there can be no question." The same imprimatur was put on the second by Major Anson G. Chester, military agent at Buffalo.

The one most blamed for these inhuman conditions at Andersonville was the chief guard, Major Henry Wirz. After the war he was brought to Washington, charged with murder, and hanged. A hundred witnesses testified at his trial. One told of one Joseph R. Aschuff, of a Massachusetts regiment, who escaped one day; a score of blood-hounds were sent after him by Major Wirz. They brought him back torn, hag-

gard and bleeding profusely. Wirz at once put him into the head stocks and kept him there for thirty-six hours,

exposed to the sun, bloody, wounded, sore as he was, while his parched throat was relieved with but two drinks of muddy, foul water. . . . Wirz once told him to dry up or he would blow his d—d brains out.

One Thomas C. Alcock testified that "on one occasion a sick man asked Wirz to let him go outside for some fresh air. Wirz inquired what he meant. Then, turning aside and saying to him, 'Any air is too good for a d—d Yankee,' he pulled his revolver and shot him dead."

Wirz, it appears, took a great delight in seeing Yankee soldiers shot. Before his arrival prisoners were allowed to go to the sides of the stockade and converse with visitors. He would not stand for this, so he had a so-called dead-line built—a line of posts three feet high and some distance from the stockades, beyond which no prisoner was allowed to go under pain of instantaneous death. The guards were ordered to "shoot without warning." One trustworthy investigator described the whole business thus:

It was not necessary to call forth the murderous bullet that the entire person should be exposed or beyond the assigned limits. The protrusion of an arm to dip up water from some spot more undefiled than another, the reaching under to snatch a worthless rag which a breeze had borne beyond the reach of its proprietor, or the half-exposed body of a prisoner whom a struggle with his mates had forced out of the prescribed limits, were enough to secure the shot of the sentinel and the death of the aggressor. With grim cunning he [Wirz] had so placed the railing that a portion of it crossed or intruded upon the little stream which entered from one side and furnished water for the prisoners. And this point was where the water was deeper and purer than at any other point of its course, and necessarily more inviting to the thirsty palates that hankered for it. To reach this water the dead-line had to be intruded on—to do this was death.

IV

Two other Confederate bastiles where, according to the leading Northern newspapers of the time, Union prisoners were tortured to death were Libby Prison and

Belle Isle Prison, both in Richmond. The most thorough and impartial investigation of these dens was made by the Committee of Inquiry of the United States Sanitary Commission in 1864. It was composed of six gentlemen of the highest standing: the president of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of New York; a professor of obstetrics at the Jefferson Medical College; an ex-dean of the medical department of the University of New York; a judge of the District Court of Philadelphia; a clergyman, and a "prominent citizen." They carried on their research in a thoroughly scientific manner. They went to Annapolis, Md., listened to the testimony of the paroled Union prisoners there, and then issued a statement that "the conclusion is unavoidable that these privations and sufferings have been designedly inflicted by the military and other authorities of the Rebel government, and cannot have been due to causes which such authorities could not control." The same opinion was handed down by the Committee of the House of Representatives of the United States on the Treatment of Prisoners of War by Rebel Authorities. Here is a sample of the testimony presented before the committee of the Sanitary Commission; it was given by Lieut.-Col. Charles Farnsworth, of the First Connecticut Cavalry, and dealt with conditions at Belle Isle:

The bodies of the dead were placed in the cellar of the prison, to which there was free access for animals from the street. I have known of bodies being partly devoured by dogs, hogs and rats during the night. Every morning the bodies were placed in rude coffins and taken away for burial. Officers have marked the coffins thus taken away and have seen them returned for other bodies.

Here, again, is the testimony of Dr. B. A. Vanderkief, a surgeon of Volunteers in charge of the Army General Hospital, Division No. 1, at Annapolis, and a trained scientist:

From my experiences of fifteen years of constant medical and military service in Northern Europe, the East Indies and the Mediterranean, as well as in our own Army since September 1861, I affirm that the treatment to which our men have been subjected while prisoners of war in the hands of

the enemy is against all rules of civilized warfare, and that I would prefer to fall into the hands of the Chinese of Borneo, called Anack Baba, who murder their prisoners, than to fall into the hands of the Rebels, where the lives and comforts of prisoners of war are a matter of such cruel indifference, to say the least.

The committee of the United States Sanitary Commission, diligent as it was in gathering testimony, could not, naturally, get it all. One of the witnesses they did not get hold of was the Rev. E. W. Hutter, pastor of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, of Philadelphia. He obtained his information in the same scientific way in which Dr. Vanderkief got his. On December 1, 1863 he offered this testimony about conditions at Belle Isle:

The water they [the prisoners] are compelled to drink is in close proximity to the sinks, and is necessarily polluted and poisoned. This the prisoners are compelled to drink, in the very sight of clear and wholesome water, which is running in perennial streams before their eyes. . . . From the gentler sex, ordinarily so noted for the finer and better sensibilities of human nature, not one of our prisoners has received as much as a cup of water—nothing but insults and reproaches. How strikingly this contrasts with the kindness lavished by the ladies of the North on the suffering Rebels whom the accident of war has thrown into our hands! . . . Slavery is a gigantic iniquity, such as has not been paralleled in the annals of crime since the crucifixion of Jesus.

The Rev. George H. Hammer, chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, Pennsylvania Cavalry, and for a time a prisoner at Libby Prison, made the following report on the atrocities there. He must have been an eyewitness; that he used his imagination is unthinkable.

Col. Powell, of the Twelfth Regiment, Virginia Union Cavalry, was placed in a hospital. A few days after, one of the Richmond papers railed out against him in a most brutal manner, and suggested that he be executed. . . . He was placed in one of the dungeons. . . . Here, with a ball in his back, he remained five weeks and a few days, part of the time without a blanket, rarely receiving any medical care, and sometimes his rations were withheld. While he was confined there the entryway was frequently blocked up with dead bodies, remaining there for several days, and this during the heat of the Summer. This entry performed another part, being the place where men and women were brought in to receive their lawful allowance of lashes at the hands of prison inspectors. . . . There was a free Negro, nearly white, who was captured while serving in our

Navy. He received 320 lashes. His loud cries and pleadings penetrated every part of the building, as blow followed blow. He was then wrapped in a blanket, saturated with salt and water, and cast into one of the dungeons for a month or so. Such scenes and cries were frequent.

Nor were Andersonville, Libby and Belle Isle Prisons the only places where such astounding atrocities were perpetrated. According to the newspapers of the time, the Rebels did precisely the same things in all their smaller prisons, such as those at Knoxville, Tenn., Charleston, N. C., Millen, Ga., and Florence, S. C. At the prison at Millen, if the witnesses are to be believed, the unfortunate prisoners were forced to eat raw snakes and gopher meat. In the same place those guilty of minor offenses were dragged out to a neighboring cliff in mid-Winter and allowed to freeze to death. At the prison at Florence, S. C., a young Union man died in bed beside his father as the result of medical neglect and starvation. "Some of the prisoners," continued this eye-witness, "went to the officer of the guard and requested permission to bury the body, but this poor boon was refused. Then they asked that the father might see him buried. This he also denied. . . . He [the father] spread the remnant of his handkerchief lovingly over the face of his dead son, folded the hands tenderly, and, with a heart bursting with grief, turned and left him forever, not daring to cast a backward glance lest he should behold cruel hands ruthlessly stripping the body."

At the prison at Chancellorsville the field correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* said he saw how Union men were made to stand in the rain for hours upon hours with little more than a night-shirt for cover. He also saw how Union men, on entering the prison, were robbed of all they possessed. He therefore felt justified in coming to this conclusion: "I have been among Italian brigands, Greek pirates and Bedouin Arabs, but for making a clean thing of the robbing business, commend me to the Confederate States of America, so styled. They descend

to the minutiae of the profession in a way that should be instructive to all novices in the art." Lieutenant Kenyon, of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, New York Volunteers, corroborated his story, and the Rev. Mr. Aughey, who was an eye-witness of the Battle of Leesburg, saw even more atrocious things. Here are his exact words:

When the Federal troops retreated to the river . . . and had thrown down their arms calling for quarter, no mercy was shown them. Hundreds were bayoneted or forced into the river and drowned. The Rebels clubbed their guns and dashed out the brains of many while kneeling at their feet and imploring mercy. I saw one ruffian who boasted that he had bayoneted seven Yankee prisoners on that occasion.

V

The Confederates, of course, persistently denied the truth of all these atrocities. In the matter of Andersonville Prison they pointed out, with a mass of figures, that, because of crop conditions, very little food was to be got there, and that they did the best possible with what they had. The atrocities alleged to have been committed by Major Wirz they denied *in toto*, and challenged any one to offer conclusive proof that they were true. His execution they professed to regard as a monstrous travesty of justice. Finally, they pointed out that they had repeatedly requested the Union government to exchange Andersonville prisoners with them, but that their pleas were invariably refused. They further denied the alleged massacre at Fort Pillow, and produced evidence showing that the Union men under Major Bradford, who was in command of the fort, had committed the worst outrages upon the unarmed men, women and children of the vicinity. They also presented documents proving that General Forrest attacked the fort only when the Unionists had refused to surrender peaceably, and that he did so in a manner sanctioned by the military code. They offered to prove, further, that all the wounded were treated expeditiously by the Confederate surgeons.

The Rebels did not stop at merely denying the atrocities charged against them. They even had the brass to hurl them back at the Northerners. Nearly every one of their State Legislatures passed resolutions calling upon the Unionists not to forget that they were Christians when traversing the Confederate territory, and not to plunder their property and shame their women. As for the treatment of Confederate prisoners in Union hands, their Kaiser, Jeff Davis, said that "the most revolting inhumanity has characterized the conduct of the United States toward prisoners held by them." Evidently he did not keep in touch with the reports of the Committee of Inquiry of the United States Sanitary Commission. Robert Ould, the Confederate agent for the exchange of prisoners (a little exchange *did* go on during the middle of the war), had the cheek to say, "You yourself see the living wrecks who come from Fort Delaware—men who went into the cruel keep hale and robust, men inured to almost any form of hardship and proof against everything except the regimen of that horrible prison. . . . Can nothing be done to stop the fearful mortality at Fort Delaware? Is it intended to fill our land with mourning by such means of subjugation?" Strangely enough, *Harper's Weekly* did not publish this statement.

Many of the Confederates, after the war, fled the country, and several hundred went to Brazil. Thus the Rev. Ballard S. Dunn, rector of St. Philip's Church in New Orleans, described the blest forgetfulness which relieved the exile there:

He forgets the numerous thefts, rapes, and murders, committed by North American citizens, descended from the same stock, in his own native State. He forgets how many ladies of the South have been violated; and how many refined ladies

have been whipped, and scourged, by ladies and gentlemen of color; protected by those who had the power to have prevented such outrages. He forgets those instances in which ladies have been tied before a slow fire, and their feet roasted, to make them disclose the hiding place of the little purse of gold, until the once lithe and happy creatures are now club-footed and toeless.

To cap it all a committee of the Confederate Congress, headed by Senator C. C. Clay, of Alabama, had the impudence to issue the following report. It was adopted by the Congress in the latter part of 1863.

Our invaders have been utterly regardless of every principle of lawful warfare, every precept of Christian religion, and every sentiment of enlightened humanity. They have not spared even the memorials of our dead or suffered their remains to rest undisturbed. They have robbed many persons of relics of deceased parents, children or other relatives and friends . . . merely to torture the souls of our citizens and satisfy their own mean and malevolent animosity. They have murdered peaceful and unoffending citizens, and have seized and taken many of them far from their families and homes and incarcerated them in prisons of the United States. . . . They rushed by regiments, battalions or companies into our villages and robbed, like banditti, both men and women. . . . Their soldiers have indulged their brutal passions upon women, sometimes in open day and public places, with impunity if not by license of their officers. They have not spared either age, sex, or calling. Even those unfortunates whom the mysterious providence of God has bereft of reason, or of the faculty of speech, or the senses of sight and hearing, have not escaped the demoniacal wrath of our enemies.

All this, of course, was a batch of falsehoods. Only the atrocity charges made by the Unionists, it appeared, were true. As John Russell Bartlett, the eminent authority on savage practises, put it: "Cruelty, brutality, ferocity and inhumanity are the natural offspring of slavery. It gives rise to and matures the demoniacal passions, and a civil war furnishes these human devils with the means of gratifying their propensities."

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN SCULPTURE

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

IN MARCH of last year the Reinhardt Galleries of New York exhibited twelve bronze statues which were described in the accompanying catalogue as "models in competition for a monument to the Pioneer Woman, to be erected on the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma by Mr. E. W. Marland." The event, needless to say, passed by without much controversy. The familiar spectacle of an American millionaire throwing away money on art was worth only a few lines in the news columns, and the critics of art, incapable of distinguishing a genuine æsthetic idea from what appeared to be a simple-minded display of vanity on the part of an Oklahoma oil magnate, mumbled their perfunctory notices and went to sleep. No one seemed to be affected by the unmistakable conviction behind Mr. Marland's rustic eloquence. At a dinner given by him in honor of the guilty sculptors he extolled the Pioneer Woman in this style:

The blue-eyed Saxon maid and her dark-eyed Latin sister married their men and set out with them on their conquest of the West. Many a honeymoon was spent with no shelter save the boughs of trees 'neath the canopy of heaven; many a bridal couch was lighted only by the stars; many met their God with the blood-curdling yell of savages in their souls, or in the agonizing pains of unattended childbirth. . . . We imagine the Puritan woman with her blue homespun dress and blue sunbonnet; we visualize the Mother of the South in her white apron and dainty white bonnet; but instead of arms in their hands for protection, we always see them with children in their arms to protect.

I confess that I was profoundly touched by Mr. Marland's patriotic venture. Here at last was an idea pregnant with the highest sculptural possibilities, an idea indige-

nous to the rich red soil of Ponca City, and susceptible of far nobler treatment than Donatello's famous Padovian memorial to a brutish *condottiere*. The pioneer woman I knew at first hand, and as a boy I had lived within a hundred miles of the Cherokee Strip. In August, 1893, President Cleveland announced that the lands ceded by the Cherokee tribes to the government—the last available public lands in the United States—would be thrown open to homesteaders on the sixteenth of the following September. More than 100,000 expectant wanderers swarmed the Oklahoma border—farmers, tradesmen, prostitutes, gamblers, sharpers and vagabonds of all sorts—and elaborate precautions were taken to prevent the operations of sooners. At noon on the appointed day, a blistering day, dry as a powder-house and black with dust after months of drought, a bugle sounded, then a succession of rifle shots, then wild challenging cries from the parched throats of a multitude of men, women, and children. On foot, on horseback, and in covered wagons, the emigrants raced into the coveted wilderness to claim the choicest quarter-sections, but most of them, to their sorrow, discovered that the most promising situations had already been preëmpted by sooners. Thus the Cherokee Strip was opened, and in such fashion did the pioneer woman set out on her last conquest.

I imagined a vast rise of ground surmounted by a huge figure in bronze—for bronze would be the only fitting material for the pioneer—a draped figure as moving as the Winged Victory, but rough and modern, something stern and sublime to

give permanence and reality to one of the most dramatic chapters in American history. And what happened?

Mr. Marland, a generous man both in mind and purse, owned to complete ignorance of the fine arts, and instructed his representatives to solicit models from the leading American sculptors. A competition, to be sure, has its drawbacks, but some of the finest monuments in the world have been commissioned in this manner, and he was playing no favorites. Furthermore, unlike most millionaires, he was willing to pay the artist for his services, win or lose. But although invitations were issued to virtually every sculptor worthy of the name, only twelve responded, five of whom were foreigners. We need shed no tears over the loss of Borglum, MacMonnies, Manship, Taft and French, or over the ladies Hoffman, Hyatt, Whitney and Scudder, but the absence of Barnard, Epstein and Lachaise robbed the competition of our three really distinguished sculptors. It is quite possible that Barnard, remembering the calumnious reception accorded his "Lincoln," and Epstein, with similar memories of his "Christ" and his "Rima," and Lachaise, with his years of ghosting for the fashionable Manship, were opposed to Mr. Marland's decision to leave the verdict to a popular vote. If so, they were fully justified in their position; the collection of models was exhibited in fourteen cities ranging from Boston to Denver; it was admired by three-quarters of a million people, and the majority of votes, according to reports just published, were cast for Bryant Baker, an English sculptor of unbelievable mediocrity, whose victorious model, far from being a symbol of the pioneer woman, is only a remarkable indication of the corruption of popular taste in America.

I have neither the space nor the patience to discuss all the competitors. The only comfort I can extract from Mr. Marland's experiment is that the winning statue is not the worst of the lot, for that infamous distinction rests upon the work of John

Gregory, the second choice of the great popular jury. Most of the models, despite the various stylistic disguises, were dead specimens of pictorial impressionism, which, in plain language, means that the sculptors, instead of polishing their figures into the smooth, rounded tombstones popular a few years ago among the neo-classicists, followed Rodin's practice of breaking up the surfaces of forms into bumps and hollows in order to duplicate the photographic play of light and shade observed upon the living model. This method Rodin employed with genius, and by it he managed to give expression in sculpture to passionate moods and intense muscular energy. But in the hands of Mr. Marland's retainers it becomes a crude and repellent sketchiness, a literal embodiment in bronze of the cheapness and weakness of popular magazine illustration.

The exhibition was an assemblage of madonnas in sunbonnets, and one was tempted to believe that the artists had shrewdly enforced the suggestion of the Sainted Mother and Child to capture the sympathies of the voting masses. With the exception of Mahonri Young, a native of Salt Lake City, none of the contestants displayed the slightest knowledge of or interest in pioneer types. James Earle Fraser's madonna, in profile, bore a close resemblance to John Barrymore, and Arthur Lee's study, the simplest and best piece of modelling in the collection, was obviously derived from the archaic Greeks. Mr. Baker's masterpiece might well have been a portrait of Marion Davies in the rôle of a pretty Puritan mother leading by the hand an open-mouthed Eton schoolboy, presumably her son.

II

At the present moment there is no central tendency in American sculpture. We have war-memorials, portraits, boudoir delicacies, garden ornaments and a heterogeneous mass of useless studio pieces. In all these departments I find great activity, but it is a purposeless, anæmic activity,

resulting from too much style and too little conviction. The French influence is still predominant, not only upon the hundreds of academicians, young and old, but also upon the small group of modernists whose interest in non-representational sculpture and the carvings of the primitives has been largely inspired by the reversions of Parisian radicals.

The most popular type of sculpture is, of course, the monument—there is something grand and ostentatious and costly in an elaborate memorial that appeals to the imaginations of all peoples—, and in this particular field America's contributions, if not better, at least are not worse than those of France, England, or modern Italy. Twenty years ago Saint-Gaudens, a brilliant craftsman, collaborating with Stanford White, designed a number of memorials in which native sculpture for the first time was conceived as an architectural unit. But the example set by those two artists has been overridden and destroyed by such men as Daniel Chester French, a prolific hack, who, in his hundreds of commissions, has attempted to inject vague, half-felt poetic ideas into marble; Frederick MacMonnies, whose conception of sculpture is a Falguière nude embosomed in a tangle of wreaths and flowers, and Gutzon Borglum, politician, engineer and writer, but not an artist. Only Mr. Borglum could have talked the good people of Corpus Christi, Texas, into voting funds for his proposed statue of Christ, a colossal image to be erected a mile from shore, "so that," in the sculptor's words, "He would seem to be walking upon the waters, His hand upraised, quieting the storm."

Of the older sculptors, one man stands out as an example, if not of supreme achievement, then at least of astonishing fortitude and noble constancy of purpose. Possessed of an immense physical strength which has enabled him to do the bulk of his carving with his own hands, and of a healthy idealism combined with unflagging will-power, he has literally forced

himself into recognition, and is living proof of the fact that an artist with something to say can get a hearing in spite of the Borglums and Frenches, and the snobbery which awards imposing commissions to Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, whose sculptures impress one as trivial figurines enlarged many times by expert assistants. But for a curious dualism, a definitely realistic gift at war with an insuppressible ambition to rival the abstract conceptions of Michael Angelo, George Grey Barnard might have been the greatest sculptor of the last hundred years. Much of his work is metaphysical and disappointing; his attempts at group composition are hardly more successful than those of Rodin, but in several of his single figures he has come closer to heroic sculpture than any other American.

III

Among the modernists, Jacob Epstein and Gaston Lachaise are predominant. In recent years Epstein has been living in London, where not all the good studios have been seized by dilettantes and high-priced illustrators, and where he has become a celebrity. His first work was a sensational mixture of primitive styles borrowed from the Aztecs, Egyptians, and Chinese, and culminating in a giant piece of grotesque geometry called "Venus," a statue which created such a storm that it was purchased by the late John Quinn for £1000. Last year, this forgotten "Venus" was knocked down for \$150 at a New York auction. Epstein is no longer concerned with pure form. His art is anything but pure, and he is indifferent to the arbitrary limitations imposed upon sculpture by his critics. His modelling is rough and full of distortions; his portraits border upon caricature; but his heads, one and all, have incomparable vitality—and that, I think, is what he now regards as the most essential quality of art.

Lachaise was born in Paris, but he has lived in America for twenty-five years and is a naturalized citizen. He is diffident,

introspective, and above the spectacular tricks of the publicity-seeking modernists. Hence the neglect that has surrounded him, and his inability to obtain monumental commissions. For economic reasons Lachaise has had to confine himself to smaller things, to reliefs, portrait heads and models for commissions which were awarded to him and subsequently withdrawn, but in his occasional full-length figures he has demonstrated, besides the subtle constructive carving that characterizes all his efforts, an architectural sense of a very high order.

If Mr. Marland had rejected all the models of the Pioneer Woman and had entrusted the job to Barnard, Epstein or Lachaise, he would have been assured of a monument which would have been not only a credit to himself and an honor to his chosen subject, but a notable addition to American sculpture. As it is, he has only made possible another municipal eye-

sore, and will be remembered by the evil that lives after him like those patriots who have financed the seventy-five war-memorials unveiled in America within the last two years.

The trouble with sculpture today is that it is completely divorced from architecture. Our hewers and modellers are studio mechanics analogous to the makers of easel-pictures, and our architects are engineers and brokers. In past periods, when sculpture was an important item in the social life of man, it was conceived architecturally, either as an integral part of a building or as a public memorial; in Twentieth Century America, the period of the skyscraper and of constructive enterprises without parallel in history, it is conceived without reference to a background.

It is an art without function, and therefore, except in a few isolated cases, not an art at all.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A Programme for Censorship.—Since all the railing at censorship, whether on the part of intelligent men or the gaseous gentry, doesn't seem to have accomplished anything, it may be a good idea to look at the situation as it still stands and to attempt a suggestion that may, perhaps, have a bit of practicability to it. One thing, at the outset, appears to be certain, and that is that we are as bound to have censorship in one form or another as we are to have Socialists and fleas, that we may as well face the fact and, facing it, see what we can best do about it. Censorship, whether external or self-imposed, has been in evidence since the grandson of the first Yahoo momentarily left off pulling his squaw around by the hair in order to hew the picture of a bird in the hillside rock, and it will doubtless persist until the earth disintegrates into its original constituent chemicals. If an Anthony Comstock objected to the anatomical indelicacy of the "September Morn" chromo, the Greeks objected no less to a certain biological realism in sculpture and, by force of their neo-puritanical opinion, brought their greatest sculptors so to figleaf or to astringe the physiological emblem of Siva as to cause a gaping perplexity among hordes of future Cook's tourists.

Censorship is found to have been and to be not peculiar to a certain time and a certain people; in this way or in that it has exercised itself to its own odd end the world over century upon century. An outline of the history of censorship by one of our Wellses, Van Loons, Durants or some other such chauffeur of data would bring considerable embarrassment to all the Greenwich Village rebels who currently

single out the Sumners and Fords of the Republic for their especial catcalls and derisions, for the world has never been without its Sumners and Fords and its Comstocks and the fact remains that neither ridicule nor the courts of law have effectively succeeded in ridding the scene of them and of their opprobrious shenanigans. At one time they have taken one shape, at another time some other, but they and the doctrines they stand for have none the less been unmistakably in evidence. Censorship drove Æschylus from Athens to spend his last remaining days in Sicily. It was censorship, after the introduction of Christianity into Europe in the Middle Ages, that caused the setting aside of Greek and Roman plays, partly—I quote Schlegel—because the moralists observed them to have "reference to heathen ideas and partly because they had degenerated into the most shameless immorality." Philosophy and politics, suffering the stings of censorship, have seen the undoing of Socrates, "the corrupter of youth," the excommunication of Spinoza, the imprisonment of Voltaire, "the poisoner of youth," and the kicking of a Scott Nearing out of the University of Pennsylvania. Literature, goosed by censorship, has witnessed the squirmings and jumpings of Swifts and Zolas, Byrons and Whitmans, Smolletts and Balzacs. Music, horned into by censorship, has seen its waltz time banned by the Methodist Church and its Wagnerian treasures barred for several years from American opera houses. Sculpture has been censored from the American chautauquas and from American public squares and drinking fountains, terpsichore in one of its phases has been censored off the stages of France, and

everything from "Androcles and the Lion" to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" has been censored in whole or in part from British platforms and book-stalls.

Censorship, we find, is as deeply rooted in human social pathology and as deplorably unavoidable as endoenteritis. If the America of the moment is caught in its grip, so, too, are the England and the Germany, the Italy and the Russia and the France. If Ellis and Bourdet are attacked by the current mudlarks in America, Ellis and Bourdet suffer much the same attack in England. If Cabell is attacked here, Marguéritte is attacked in France. If Schnitzler is on occasion banned here, so also is he banned in Austria and Germany. If it is forbidden to play the Black Bottom in certain American locales, so is it also forbidden in Italy. If Emma Goldman's views are offensive to the United States and she is because of them barred out of the country, we may speculate as to how many gala cocktail parties Mr. J. P. Morgan would be tendered were he to visit Russia.

But I wander from the point. Leaving censorship in its general aspects to the care of other professors, I bring myself back to a consideration of it as it has to do in America with the arts alone. Granting that we cannot get rid of the nuisance altogether, what, then, is the most workable scheme that we can evoke to handle it, at least in a measure,—a scheme that may possibly be satisfactory to both sides? Since arguments pro and con have got us nowhere—and by us I mean the smutsters on the one hand and the liberals on the other—since the nose-fingerings on both sides have accomplished nothing but hard feelings and some snappy *mots*, I propose a way out of the *impasse* by suggesting a slight and very simple alteration in the present statute. As the law now reads, it is one-sided and unfair; the artists get the dirty end of the stick. They are condemned not *after* the commission of a misdemeanor or crime, but *before* it, and, what is more, for a misdemeanor or crime purely hypo-

thetical. To condemn a man for corrupting morals without actual proof that the morals of a single person have been corrupted is to sentence a man for arson because he is caught carrying a match. Yet that is exactly the situation that confronts the littérateur in America at this moment. He is prosecuted on and convicted of the charge of inciting lewd and lascivious thought in purely theoretical crania and of corrupting the morals of purely imaginary young folk. If he were to be haled into court for having written a book on safe-cracking and were thereupon to be sentenced to Danemora as the potential accomplice of the next yegg to crack a safe, the picture would not be more ridiculous. As with all other criminals, the littérateur should be properly tried and convicted upon the evidence and the evidence alone. Today, he is tried and convicted by *gratis dictum*. If "Jurgen" has actually filled someone's head with dirty thoughts and impaired someone's morals, let us have the witness in the box and let him swear on the Bible to his ruin. Then let Cabell be put in stripes and lodged on the stone-pile if need be. If Mr. Justice Ford's daughter has been contaminated by reading Dreiser or any other such literary devil, let her papa put her on the stand and let's all have a look, and then, if we blush, let Theodore be put on the first New York Central express to Ossining.

Deponent, being an aged and hence reputable bachelor, not knowing, he cannot say whether girls are or are not ruined by reading a book, but if they are let us have them testify openly to the sad fact and then let the law deal with the guilty gent. If a play corrupts the public morals, let us have some fair, open testimony on the point—a single high-school girl, if she be moderately comely, will do. Let us have at least *one plain fact*. It is unfair to prosecute or convict a man for theoretical malffeasance. He at least has a right to be convicted on circumstantial evidence, and even such evidence is presently not offered against the artist. If he is a corrupter of decency he

has a right to see and to hear his victim. Arbitrarily to assert, as the ordinance now asserts, that he is guilty of a criminal act *in vacuo* is like sending to the electric chair every man with murder in his heart. The hope of an intelligent and decent peace between the moralist and artist camps lies in the just and honorable recasting of a presently unjust, unfounded and highly equivocal statute.

The American and the Ladies.—The usual number of literary gentlemen are to be noted once again this year performing in the public prints the now familiar show of waxing lugubriously sardonic over the American's attitude toward his women folk. The theme is a favorite one, not only on the part of American writers, generally still wet behind the emotional ears, but also on the part of foreign literary gents and lecturers who come over here on two or three weeks' trips by way of getting away for a spell from wives who make life miserable for them at home.

It is the customary lament of these professors, chiefly the American wing, that the American does not know how to handle women and that, as a consequence, he is the most browbeaten goat in Christendom. The American male, it appears, insists upon putting women on a pedestal and viewing them with an extravagant sentimentality, all of which brings the women in due course to make a slave and a fool of him. He is forced, by his own dunderheadedness, to wear himself to a shadow making enough money to supply their needs; he is reduced from the position of master in his own house to that of lackey; he brings upon himself humiliation and gray hair and Charley-horse. The foreign writing and lecturing gentry look no less sweetly upon him. In the European countries, they tell us, no such nonsense is tolerated. There, men are men. If a wife asks for a new hat, she gets a sock in the jaw. If a fair one makes sheep's-eyes at a fellow and then, a little later in the evening, tells him that she must go straight home to

mother, the outraged fellow simply grabs her by the neck—and that's that.

It is a point perhaps worth noting that almost all the American males who thus deplore the theoretically existing state of affairs and adopt a he attitude in its face are found upon investigation to be of a lovely, if unconscious, piece with the very suckers they describe. They are either impassionable young men who have been automatically hornswoggled into early matrimonial henpeckery or older fellows idiotically intent upon gaining back a little self-esteem after disasters by posturing a sapient yet all too transparent bravado. Nor do we find the visiting gentry much different. That one amongst the latter who has been loudest in his wheezes at the American male's expense was a thrice-married man who went through an infinitude of sentimental troubles with and at the hands of the girls, and another, whose identity is as quickly recognizable and who has affected a pervading cave-man philosophy, has since ended up in the net of a cutie who, according to report, is driving the poor boob crazy.

The truth of the matter is probably that the American male is not much different in his attitude toward the fair sex from the males of any other of the so-to-speak more civilized countries. Men, after all, when it comes to women, are pretty much damned fools wherever you find them. When the critics discharge their wisdom, they fall into the error of accepting as symbols of the male attitudes in other countries the attitudes not of the generality of the males in those countries but of the boulevardiers, or, at all events, isolated specimens. They put their faith in such dubious articles of the international credo as: (a), that a German always makes his wife walk behind him and carry all the heavy bundles of liverwurst; (b), that a Frenchman always keeps his wife in her place by having a swell-looking mistress on the side; (c), that an Englishman pays more attention to his horses and his pipe than to his spouse; (d), that a Pole and a

Bohemian always make their women folk do all the farming; and so on. They delude themselves into imagining that the average Englishman, German or Frenchman is not just as big a come-on with his women, whether he is married to them or not, as the American. They seem to be completely unaware of the fact that if sentimentality as to women is a mark of the American, it is equally a mark of his overseas brother, even though the latter's be at times dressed in different colors.

The steadily increasing divorce rate inspired by male rebellion in America is surely no sign of an increasing sentimentality on the part of the native trouser.

The number of men who murder their wives or refractory sweet ones is growing yearly, if we may put any trust in the daily newspapers. The California statute which allows alimony to husbands is certainly no symptom of American masculine sentimentality, nor is the Kentucky statute which allows a man a divorce if the girl he marries so much as develops a nasty temper. In what country under the sun is a poet freely permitted by law, as in the Empire State of New York, U. S. A., to beat up his wife, without fear of divorce proceedings, if she puts four lumps of sugar in his coffee when she knows that he takes five?

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The New Blab

CONTRARY to the layman's opinion, it is the impulse and yearning of criticism, even the most hard-boiled and long-faced, to fish up out of the shallow waters at its feet an occasional whale, that it may lay unction to its virtuosity at angling and perhaps subsequently have its picture taken, for the impression of all and sundry, alongside the catch. The average critic each night before going to sleep prays that he may some day, by his superior nose for discernment, smell out a genius either still undetected or unappreciated by his fellow critics and so have something to strut and brag about. A commendable yen, surely. But it is the misfortune of most critics that this meritorious yen, like too much equally meritorious grog, often goes to their heads and induces in them a considerable unsteadiness. The wish to discover geniuses becomes a fixation; the fixation in turn gradually becomes a mania; the mania in turn dilates the *globus oculi*; and there follows a promiscuous mistaking of sardines for monsters of the deep.

In many critics, this passion to pull up big fish has a patriotic touch about it, indistinguishable, on another plane, from carrying along a little American flag on a visit to Napoleon's tomb or ordering a Bronx cocktail at the Pschorrbräu. A national pride, perhaps even an unconscious racial perkiness over some such dazzling chapter in the Republic's history as dying for democracy in Nicaragua, insinuates itself into the critic's æsthetic armamentarium and causes him to dream of the day when Euterpe, Melpomene, Calliope and the other Muses may resemble just so many girls on Riverside Drive or Chestnut street. The phenomenon is not peculiar to

American critics, however. Wherever you find critics, there will you observe it. In England, we are thus currently entertained by the spectacle of certain critics telling St. John Ervine and a few other such cool bunkum-busters that they don't know what they are talking about and trying to elevate Britannia into a first-rate position by hymning second-rate performances in the arts. In Germany, von Unruhs and Neumanns are being cheered indiscriminately along with the Hauptmanns and Thomas Manns; in France, a whole herd of Vildracs and neo-Apollinaires are heralded as so many Second Comings; and in Italy, if one is to put any faith in the critical evaluations, a new d'Annunzio, with a luxurious crop of hair to boot, is born monthly.

In our own fair and enviable land, however, there is no cause for complaint. Great geniuses are being discovered overnight today with the same assiduity that they were being discovered twenty-five and thirty years ago and that they have been discovered in the intervening space of time. There are so many whales in the sea, apparently, that there is hardly enough room left for Willard Mack and Sammie Shipman to go in wading. Reading the daily newspapers and a number of the periodicals, one is dumfounded by the ostensible plethora of staggering talents. Greece in its heyday becomes in comparison something like Ligonier, Indiana. We hear of poets to make Shelley and Swinburne look like Greenwich Village débutants, novelists beside whom our Dreisers and Cabells and Lewises are mere abecedarians, and dramatists beside whom Eugene O'Neill, who the critics evidently believe has been boosted long enough, seems not all that he at one time seemed.

It is, as I have hinted, no original antic. Confining these remarks to the drama alone, we readily remember the first strains of the Sousa March criticism which greeted Bronson Howard and James A. Herne as rivals of the Europeans and which, gathering volume, went on to toot the glory and eminence of a rabble of third and fourth-raters including Fitch, Klein, Thomas, Belasco, Broadhurst, Sheldon and even the pious Kennedy. With years of practice, the brass band boys have gained a lung-power that presently begins to out-puff even the wind of their critical forebears. Any American playwright who exhibits faint symptoms of what is known in the theatre as intelligence, which is to say a sum of wisdom and sagacity amounting in the world outside the theatre to the cerebral quotient of a bright lad of eighteen, is serenaded as a prodigy and very soon thereafter as an international genius. Any local playmaker who can write even half as well as the second level of native novelists is praised unreservedly as a great artist, and any one of enough sophistication to let his Magdas and Paula Tanquerays smile at least once during the evening as a super-Continental and a slick dramatic philosopher.

That the American drama has made big strides in the last ten or fifteen years surely no one will deny. That is not the point. The point is that many of our commentators have become so excited over the strides that they have lost all sense of judgment and values and, like youngsters at a circus parade, so deliriously throw their hats into the air during the passing of the bespangled goats and asses that they have no strength left when the elephants go by. Among the playwrights who are presently being anointed as men of rare talent we find any number who are little more than Kleins and Thomases in 1928 clothes. Of genuine profundity and skill they have no more than, and sometimes not even so much as, the third-rate Americans who preceded them; it is simply their trick of rewriting the old plays through

the eyes of the modern gin philosophy that deceives their admirers and causes the latter to estimate them in terms of the calendar rather than as dramatic artists. Your average present-day so-called sophisticated critic is beguiled by a play in the degree that its theme pleases him; to its quality as sound dramatic writing he is more or less blindly indifferent. And it is thus that a second-rate play that assures him that adultery, say, is to be taken no more seriously than bean-bag will always get a more laudatory notice from him than a first-rate play that happens to take an opposite point of view.

As examples of playwrights who are currently being eulogized out of all proportion to their actual worth we have such as the Messrs. George Kelly, Philip Barry, Paul Green and Sidney Howard. While freely admitting that these men now and then show signs of merit, any critic with an ounce of discrimination must experience considerable difficulty detecting in any of their plays that which would entitle them to the position which is being carelessly accorded them. Kelly, the best of the lot, has written just one fairly good play, "Craig's Wife," and even this one fairly good play showed immaturities, among them a tendency toward generalizations from the specific and particularized, that clearly betrayed the amateur. In "The Show-Off" he achieved one amusing character and then took much of the edge off it by inserting it into a banal Owen Davis script; in "The Torch-Bearers" he simply expanded an entertaining vaudeville sketch of his into a steadily less and less entertaining three-act play; and in his most recent "Behold, the Bridegroom" he plainly—even disastrously—proves that true profundity of character is still pretty far beyond his reach. Paul Green, thus far and for all his obvious sincerity, has indicated himself to be merely a weak little trailer after O'Neill. His work exhibits periodic virtues in detail, but not a single play that he has manufactured has got anywhere near its original plan. The am-

bition is there, but the skill to realize it is still in abeyance. Howard, as I have pointed out several times in the past, relies for effect upon the cut-and-dried device of taking a familiar theatrical theme and arbitrarily standing it on its head. His plays are at bottom the plays of twenty-five years ago with their coats turned inside out. As for Barry, I can find even less in his work to warrant the prevailing estimate of him than I can find in the case of any of the others named. "You and I," "In A Garden," "The Youngest," "White Wings" and "John" are all negligible efforts, and his latest, "Paris Bound," while a pleasant comedy, is still several notches not only below earlier American comedy writing but even more notches below certain other American comedy writing being done in his time. But once the reviewers have fastened upon their idols they stick to them like leeches; once they have made up their minds that this or that playwright is a big boy they stick to their decision until Hell freezes; and so the trumpets go on blowing after everyone else has rolled over and snored himself to sleep.

While I trust it need not be pointed out that none of these Beckmessers, even, I daresay, in their greasers' estimation, has ever done anything to allow him elbow-room in the same atelier with O'Neill, it may be pointed out, if only by way of showing up the fatuity of their encomiasts, that the best of the efforts of any one of them is distinctly inferior to what has been negotiated by presumably lesser American contemporaries. Kelly has never written a play one-half so sound as Anderson's and Stallings' "What Price Glory?" Barry has not written anything so good as Gribble's "March Hares," or Lawrence's "A Distant Drum," or Anderson's "Saturday's Children." Howard hasn't come anywhere near a play of the quality of Patrick Kearney's "A Man's Man" or Rita Wellman's "The Gentile Wife." And Green has never got Negroes onto paper so shrewdly as Ernest Howard Culbertson

did in "Goat Alley." What is more, neither Kelly nor Howard, Green nor Barry has so far done a single thing to compare in the way of honest quality with Zoë Akins' "A Texas Nightingale," or George Kaufman's and Edna Ferber's "The Royal Family," or Booth Tarkington's "Clarence," or Vincent Lawrence's "Two Married Men," or Frank Craven's "The First Year," or S. N. Behrman's "The Second Man," or Arthur Richman's "Ambush," or Maurine Watkins' "Chicago." But the new blah is in the air; certain playwrights must be singled out regardless to go into the Hall of Fame; give us geniuses or give us death! The Bronson Howards and Hernes and Augustus Thomases and Belascos are no more; new prodigies must be found to take their places and keep the flag flying on the seas. Enter, accordingly, the designated dramatic barbershop quartette.

II

Selections in Bass and Tenor

Kelly with "Behold, the Bridegroom" and Barry with "Paris Bound" and "Cock Robin" are the members of the illustrious *Sanguerein* most recently to exhibit their gifts on the New York stage. Kelly has donned Papa Ibsen's whiskers and Papa Porto-Riche's pantaloons for his appearance, but, despite the rich and impressive disguise, remains unmistakably Kelly. Believing that it is the mark of a serious dramatist to be ultra-damned serious at all costs, he has taken a theme that calls for a profound ironic humor and by the simple expedient of being oblivious to the ironic humor has imagined, ostrich-like, that he has captured a doubled profundity. His central character is a young woman who has so dissipated her resources, both spiritual and sexual, that when, as the playwright expresses it, the bridegroom comes she finds she is not ready for him. This, as the playwright does not express it, so gets her goat that she is seized with the heebie-jeebies and kicks the bucket

with a broken heart. It is a playwright's privilege to take any thesis that he cares to, so I may not quarrel with this particular writer for taking one that strikes me personally as being more than a little exaggerated, untrue and even ridiculous. But it is not a playwright's privilege to take such a thesis and make it even more ridiculous than it is by clumsy preparation and craftsmanship. Kelly never for a moment, after his play passes its earliest stages, makes his character even transiently plausible; she is always an emotional actress smeared up with greasepaint playing a stock company version of life; she is never authentic, real. Her tragedy gets under way and under full steam exactly a minute or two after she first lays casual eyes upon her nonesuch male, and that eminently desirable and devastating male, as Kelly has composed him, is seen and felt by the audience—to the latter's pardonable dismay—to have only a Josephian physical chastity to recommend him to the lady. In every other way he is a prosaic dolt, in speech and act, in mind and emotionally. The effect, therefore, of the young woman's psychological disturbances is much as if Desdemona were to go into a mortal decline over Othello's servant or Ophelia to die of a broken heart over the first grave-digger. Did Kelly mean to present the man as a symbol there would be something to be said for him, though surely not by me, but he plainly means him to be nothing of the kind. He presents his man and his woman as actual persons, and he presents them in terms of naïve realism.

There is, truth to tell, something comical in the way that the playwright strikes his attitudes of profundity. "There are more things in a woman's heart," he announces solemnly, with the air of a scientist discovering a good new speak-easy, "than you will find in *materia medica*." Toward this erudite cogitation, somewhat reminiscent of Madame Glyn in her prime, our sage works his brow-wrinkled way with divers psychological

schnitzels alas more suggestive of late Nineteenth Century best-sellers than of Twentieth Century processes of manner thought and act. Certain episodes he handles dexterously, but the episodes that he thus handles best are found upon reflection to be the purely theatrical ones and not those that seek to plumb the depths of character and human drama. Kelly hasn't a cheap mind—far from it—but it is his misfortune that the theme he has selected on this occasion is too expensive for it.

Barry's "Cock Robin," written in collaboration with Elmer Rice, may be dismissed as a mere stab at the box-office with mystery balderdash. It should not be held against him nor be considered in any estimate of his work; he probably desired money and he has as much right to go out and get it if he can as any other man. "Paris Bound," however, is a more honest effort and may fairly be placed under the microscope. What we have here is a comfortable little comedy that the critics kneeling before the Barry shrine have decided is one of the true comedy masterpieces of American dramatic writing. What it actually is, as any heathen can see with his eyes closed, is an agreeable second-rate *divertissement*, given many finishing, deceptive touches by Arthur Hopkins' direction, of the sort that such immeasurably superior comedy writers as W. S. Maugham, Frederic Lonsdale and half a dozen Frenchmen can turn out with one of their hands tied behind their backs. It has a mediocre first act, a fair second act, and a good third act, though how much credit is due Hopkins rather than the author for the impression that this third act makes, not having read the script I cannot depose. Here, once again, unless I am in error, is a comedy that fetches forth the reviewers' ecstasies not so much for what it is as for what it says. It is the playwright's point of view rather than his play that impresses them. Like Sidney Howard making noses at the Edward Sheldon and Winchell

Smith drama, Barry makes a nose at the comedy of twenty years ago, and the boys mistake the nose for a philosophical mind. Into his play itself they do not look for sound values; they are content to find value in its premiss alone. But first-rate comedies, alas, depend upon something more than rational and piquant premisses, and "Paris Bound," while it provides a moderately amusing theatrical evening, like Will Mahoney, is first-rate comedy no more than the M. Mahoney is Gerald Du Maurier.

III

Blab in Another Direction

The hallelujah impulse in present-day theatrical criticism foams over the play-makers and drips copiously upon various phases of the theatre itself. As an instance, we have the case of the so-called Civic Repertory Theatre in West Fourteenth street. Backed by the opulent Kahn, the theory of this enterprise was to bring good drama to the masses in the lower part of New York at reasonable prices, thus diminishing the lamentably big business at the Olympic burlesque *Lusthaus* down the street, enriching their minds and elevating their souls. A commendable theory, surely, even in the eyes of a low fellow who can't understand how any potentially intelligent person's mind is damaged by a good burlesque show or how any sailor's, delicatessen dealer's or pantspresser's soul is to be effectually elevated by Ibsen's "The Master Builder" or Goldoni's "La Locandiera." Such points, however, seem to have escaped the critics who, again in this juncture, have charitably confounded ideals with accomplishments and have mistaken the gallant marching of soldiers off to war for a big victory at Bull Run.

Headed by the amateurish and incompetent Miss Eva Le Gallienne, the Civic Repertory Theatre has in actual practice showed itself to be praiseworthy only in intent. It has produced some worth-while

plays, but it has produced them with so little intelligence in the way of direction and so little endowment in the way of acting that instead of inculcating a love for fine drama in its neophyte audiences it must soon or late disgust those audiences and drive them away from the more reputable theatre for years. The idea that you can get a man to like fine drama simply by shoving it out at him in haphazard fashion and without the persuasive aid of expert presentation is like the idea, still fondly nourished in the big football colleges, that you can instil in a youngster an overpowering passion for fine literature by having "Morte d'Arthur" droned at him for days on end by a dull schoolmaster. I have the honor to believe that you can educate the public up to the better grade of drama in no such manner. Before you start educating the public up to decent drama, you've got to educate it up to the decent theatre. You have to make a *theatre* customer of it before you can make a *dramatic* customer of it. And you can't make a theatre customer of it by giving it a theatre that is deadly uninteresting and unprovocative. That is precisely the kind of theatre that is being offered to it down in Fourteenth street.

If the Le Gallienne organization had less cheap vainglory and more honesty of purpose it might conceivably accomplish something in the way of giving birth to valuable future theatre audiences. Modestly aware of its inferior talent, it might, with the opulent Otto's backing, abjure the classics and the more difficult drama and go about winning audiences away from the neighborhood movie houses with the easily produced and lightly amusing pieces with which the road stock companies have frequently and prosperously turned the trick. If Miss Le Gallienne would consent to forget for a moment, however great the self-imposed pain, the apparent *idée fixe* that she is a reincarnated combination of Rachel, Joan of Arc and Nat Goodwin, with faint but unmistakable overtones of Jesus, and, thus forget-

ting, would leave difficult drama to other and more capable hands and would put on at bargain prices a few good rousing low French farces or exciting horse-race melodramas, she would do the theatre a service. For thus she might bring back into it audiences who have drifted away from it, and in time other and more competent producers might gradually lead them into those higher reaches of drama which she is presently essaying and failing to scale. Her theatre, as it stands, is such a botch that it will do more harm than good.

Having dosed up her public with Ibsen, Heijermans, Goldoni & Company, Miss Le Gallienne has now gone arty American with a vengeance and has sought to put Eugene O'Neill in his place with a newly discovered American treasure named "The First Stone," confected from a *Saturday Evening Post* masterpiece by the headmaster of a boys' school in Connecticut, one Ferris. As in her antecedent gropings, she has here once again reached for edelweiss and landed upon her grand finale. The play itself, which seemingly imagines that it has captured an O'Neill air by designating the painted backdrop in the programme as Cape Cod, is a woefully jejune concoction about the harsh morality of bleak New England and other such venerable stencils, written with little understanding of the drama and with less of the theatre. The direction of the manuscript and the production are grotesquely bad. As for the casting, we find Miss Le Gallienne assigning a hystrio with a German accent as thick as *Linsensuppe* to the rôle of a New England truck-driver and her own top-sergeant and frapped personality to the rôle of a woman blazing with a Cleopatra man-eating passion.

IV

With Space Shortening

"The Royal Family," by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, is the best play dealing with actors and the theatre that I know. After seeing it, I wrote in another place that it was the best play of its kind since "Trelawney of the Wells." Upon due reflection, I amend the statement; it is better than the Pinero work. In character portraiture, understanding, observation, humor, ironic admiration and sympathetic murder, it is a thoroughly fine job and if it has been excelled, in its own particular field, either before or since "Trelawney," I have missed a sight or reading of its rival. This Kaufman is a very clever fellow; his work shows increasing soundness and merit. Let us hope that, for the sake of his future, he will not fall into the critics' clutches and be ruined by their loud cries of "genius."

Ziegfeld, like O'Neill, has drawn so much praise from the critical gentry in past years that they now arbitrarily lean back in order to convince themselves and their readers that they are gifted with balance, poise or what not. It is unfortunate, however, that they should have picked out this time to give their little show, for both men, the producer on the one hand and the dramatist on the other, are embarrassingly doing some of the best work of their respective careers. Of O'Neill's I have already spoken at length in this place. Of Ziegfeld's, suffice it to say that both in the exhibitions called "Show Boat" and "Rosalie" he still proves himself to be what he has proved himself in the past: the one outstanding music show producer in the world theatre.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Ways of the Wicked

THE ELEMENTS OF CRIME, by Boris Brasol. \$5.
9¼ x 6; 433 pp. New York: *The Oxford University Press*.

THIS treatise is outfitted with formidable introductions by Dr. John H. Wigmore, professor of law in Northwestern University, and Dr. William A. White, superintendent of St. Elizabeth's Hospital at Washington, and the author himself, a former prosecuting attorney in the Russian government service, is a life-long and very serious student of crime and criminals; nevertheless, what he has to say here is mainly platitudinous, and his general conclusion seems to be that crime is not caused by "the mode of production, nor poverty *in se*, nor prosperity, nor the shape of the nose, nor the brachycephalic symptom, nor any other incidental factor," but by "those fundamental destructive changes that take place in the composition of society itself, assuming the form of dangerous gangrenous processes and threatening the very existence of social order." In other words, crime is caused by crime.

A banal discovery, surely! But it must be added at once that there is a great deal more sense in it than one will find in most works on criminology. The aim of the authors of nearly all such books is to frame simple and ready answers to the mystery of crime—and simple and ready answers, as everyone knows, are usually worthless. For years Lombroso and his followers tried to prove that the criminal was a sub-normal man—that he was predestined to crime from birth, and that the fact could be demonstrated by measuring his skull, examining his eye-grounds, or testing his knee-jerks. But as the science of anthropometrics advanced it became

more and more plain that all that was nonsense, and now it has been pretty well established that criminals, taking one with another, are not inferior at all, but rather above the general average, and that in most prisons they are clearly better men than their keepers. Another school of criminologists argued that crime was simply a symptom of poverty—that men were driven to theft and murder by dire want. But that theory has been neatly blown up by the fact that in the United States of today, the most prosperous country ever heard of in the world, the crime rate is higher than anywhere else.

The criminologists, indeed, appear to know little more about the causes of crime than the pathologists know about the fundamental causes of cancer, and the two bands of learned brethren are on the same low footing when it comes to treatment. In this emergency it seems to me that something might be found out by seeking the views of actual criminals. The quest, to be sure, would present difficulties. Most criminals of any professional experience are very cautious men, and it would be hard to make them talk frankly. Moreover, the chances are that the majority of them, and even the majority of the more intelligent among them, have not given much thought to the inner nature of their art and mystery, just as the majority of lawyers, even on the benches of the highest courts, appear to have given no thought to the inner nature of the imposture they practise. But there remain others of a more reflective kidney, and with some of these, by the hazards of life in a great free Republic, I have lately enjoyed a certain amount of confidential communion, at either first or second hand. From that com-

munion I gather the impression that the prevailing view of crime, among criminals, is that much of it is caused by too much policing—that society drives an unpleasantly high proportion of its members into outlawry by setting up standards of conduct that are a bit too stiff for human nature. Irked and made frantic in youth by regulations that work against their natural desires, and so seem to be against their best interests, they approach maturity in a mood of rebellion, and are thus ready for the Devil's snares. If poverty enters into it, it is probably mainly because the poor are always more rigorously policed than the well-to-do. If the neurotic habitus is a factor, then all it means is that, in a *Polizei*staat, the neurotics are the most direfully oppressed.

There is a book called "One Man," by Robert Steele, that deserves the careful study of criminologists. It is, in substance, the story of a Puritan boy who proceeds from petty misdemeanors to serious felonies, and finally lands in prison. It is a true story, and written entirely without humor or imagination. The point of it is that the boy is driven into crime by the sheer ferocity of his father's Christian virtue. The old man smells the brimstone of Hell in every childish peccadillo. The boy comes to adolescence convinced that he is a damned soul—that a natural and irresistible impulse toward sin is in him. It is but a step, after that, to graver offenses: he quite reasonably decides that it is better to be hanged for a sheep than for a lamb. I believe that the same reasoning, or much the same, brought the late Henry Judd Gray to the death-house. When Judd committed his first banal adultery with the glittering Snyder siren his Presbyterian conscience converted it into a horrible crime, and he at once sought to justify it by making an honest woman of the lady. A more enlightened man would have forgotten her very name in thirty days, but Judd simply couldn't: his Christian upbringing prevented him. So he began entertaining the wish that Snyder were out of

the way, and finally, distracted by his multiplying sins, he steeled himself with bad gin, and converted that wish into a reality. If he had got away with the murder, as he hoped, he would have butchered his wife soon afterward, and then married La Snyder. The inordinate savagery of the crime was characteristic of a good man gone wrong. The wicked are less barbarous. But the good, once they leap the barrier of conscience, usually go the whole hog.

My point is that the laws in the United States grow so fantastically oppressive and outrageous that every young American is, in some sense, in the position of young Steele. Two-thirds of his natural impulses encounter *Verboten* signs. He may be jailed, in some States, for such harmless acts as smoking cigarettes, walking along a railroad track, or kissing his girl. If he is intelligent and has a taste for reading, he quickly finds that a great many of the books he wants to read are forbidden, and for reasons that, on investigation, turn out to be unintelligible. Coming to adolescence, he is beset by a mass of taboos that would be laughed at by the most taboo-ridden of savages. The world he finds himself in is a world in which almost everything a normal youngster wants to do is under the ban. It is a crime to take a bottle of wine to his sick grandmother. It is a crime to mow the lawn on Sunday. It is a crime to resent the billingsgate of a moron policeman. It is a crime to observe that the President of the United States is a vacuum. Is it any wonder that thousands of American boys, facing such insane prohibitions, conclude not illogically that right and wrong are meaningless terms, and that many of them translate that conclusion into anti-social acts?

The boy so badgered, of course, may be straightened out and saved by what are called sound home influences. These sound home influences, in the United States today, consist largely of training in evasions that are approved by the *mores* of the relatively enlightened minority, though

frowned upon by the law, which represents the fears, prejudices and congenital ill-nature of the inferior herd. The boy is taught how to keep out of jail, and yet preserve the habits and character of a gentleman. He becomes, at graduation, a good fellow, which is to say, a cynic. But on the lower levels there is no such prophylactic schooling. There may be a home already invaded by the long arm of the law; there may be no home at all. The astounding thing is not that there are so many young criminals, but that there are so few. The public school, with its witless goose-stepping, is a natural hatchery of them. The newspapers and movies help, not so much by teaching that crime pays, as by teaching that virtue doesn't. The rich, it appears, do not have to obey the laws. An easy route to riches is by the way of crime. I sometimes marvel that the jails are large enough. It is only the magnificent incompetence of the police that saves their walls from bursting.

Colossus

BEETHOVEN: *His Spiritual Development*, by J. W. N. Sullivan. \$3.50. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{4}$; 262 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

MR. SULLIVAN is primarily a man of science, and so his study of Beethoven shows a great deal more precision and clarity of thought than one commonly finds in music criticism. In order to open the way for what he has to say, he must first inquire into the nature of music. What is it primarily? Like every other art, he replies, it is a device for recording the adventures of what may be called, for want of a more rational name, the soul. The artist, facing a given situation or series of situations, finds himself moved by certain impressions, perceptions, sensations, emotions. He has experienced something, and its poignancy urges him to say something about it. What he says, if genuine skill is in him, may transfer his own feelings, or something colorably resembling them, to other persons. If he can manage that transfer with any surety he is a good artist, but

whether he can or he can't he remains an artist. But how does music differ from the other arts? Is it the only "pure" one, as various professors have argued? Is it completely detached from content, completely disembodied? It is not. The musician, like the poet, must say something about something. The difference lies in the fact that he can confine himself to his feelings, without mentioning his experience. "The poet cannot express his reaction to the situation without mentioning the situation," but "the musician can do so."

Thus the quality of the musician is more important to music than the quality of the poet is to poetry. He is judged, not by the dramatic value of his objective experience, but solely by the emotional dignity and integrity of his subjective response to it. The better the man, everything else being equal, the better the music. A fourth-rate composer, contemplating the death of a hero, produces only fourth-rate music; a Beethoven, contemplating the death of an outcast, may produce a masterpiece. There can be no hiding, here, behind the situation, as in the case of poetry. The musician is stripped bare. We behold the naked soul, the naked man, and see him for what he is.

Put to this test, Beethoven obviously stands at the head of all composers ever heard of, and very probably at the head of all artists. There is in him a colossal dignity of feeling, a superb emotional self-respect. He is not a philosopher, as the superficial have tried to argue, for a philosopher may be a coward and an ass; he is simply a very great man. Mr. Sullivan looks for the clue to all this in the tragic circumstances of his life, and especially in the appalling catastrophe of his deafness. He was a musician of the first rank when he wrote the last movement of the Second Symphony, but it was not until after the heart-rending Heiligenstadt Testament of 1802 that he arose clearly above all his contemporaries, and began to inhabit a region all his own. *Entbehren sollst, du sollst entbehren!* Upon no man did the sombre

truth of the Goethean maxim ever bear more harshly. But it would be quite wrong to think of Beethoven as a frustrated spirit, a defeated man. He arose above defeat and dismay to a serenity that, in the Ninth Symphony, became godlike, and that, in the last four quartettes, went even beyond. The emotional content of those last quartettes must always be a bit mystifying to lesser men: it transcends all ordinary experience. But even lesser men cannot escape the feeling that there is here, in Mr. Sullivan's words, "a spiritual synthesis which the race has not achieved, but which, we may suppose, it is on its way to achieving." Thus the prophetic Beethoven. He is Man of the next phase.

Mr. Sullivan deals with a difficult subject. He is constantly appealing to standards and criteria which are not those of every day. But its difficulties yield to his extraordinary clarity of thought and his profound and intimate knowledge of Beethoven. I think he has gone further toward explaining a stupendous and unparalleled phenomenon than any other man who has ever tried to deal with it.

Andrew Jackson

ANDREW JACKSON: *An Epic in Homespun*, by Gerald W. Johnson. \$3.50. 8 x 6; 303 pp. New York: Minton, Balch & Company.

MR. JOHNSON here attempts no full-length biography of Jackson, with the usual armamentarium of documents; he contents himself with a character sketch. But his knowledge of the Jackson epic is so obviously wide and sound and his delight in the man is so complete and so contagious that the result is a work that plainly gets nearer to the truth than any Jackson biography ever published, with the sole exception of William Graham Sumner's, now forty-six years old. Old Hickory, indeed, has suffered vastly from the literati, whether of the friendly gang or the hostile. He has been worshipped as a god and reviled as a devil. No man ever entered the White House under the burden of a more inconvenient past. And no President was

ever denounced with greater ferocity. Mr. Johnson adopts a more judicious course, but he is by no means pallidly judicial. One sees at once that he enjoys Jackson immensely, and is profoundly touched by him—and that feeling, half delight and half sympathy, he conveys very skillfully to the reader. His book, indeed, is a model of artful writing.

Of all American heroes, Jackson had the stormiest career, and was the most tragic man. The pawky humor of Lincoln was not in him, though they came out of the same uproarious wilds: he saw life as a serious and even sombre business, and his dominant emotion was indignation. The list of men and things he hated would fill many pages. Perhaps the English *raj* belongs at the head of it, but certainly the name of John C. Calhoun must have second place. Jackson died regretting that he had not hanged Calhoun—a regret that history, in the long run, will probably share. But there is no sign that he ever regretted hanging those he did hang—or gouging and maiming those he gouged and maimed, or damning those he merely damned. One must go back to Berserk himself, wallowing in gore, to find a heartier and more implacable foe. Or, for that matter, a more steadfast friend. When he believed in a man (or a woman) his confidence leaped past the last forlorn outposts of credulity. When he hated, he hated all over.

Destiny thrust him into Valhalla while he still lived: he became one of the tribal gods of the Americanos, and especially of the low-down faction thereof. But even destiny could not give him happiness. His life was a long dirge of sorrows and sufferings, some of them extraordinarily grotesque, but others reaching to a dignity almost Greek. Of all the love stories embalmed in American history, his was plainly the most fantastic. The lady committed bigamy to marry him, and as age crept upon her she became fat, querulous and religious. But for years he tracked down and tried to butcher all who ventured to view her realistically, and to the

end of his days he loved her with a devotion that no Tristan ever matched. Long after she was dead the old man would sit with her portrait, and turn the leaves of her Bible. He believed that the foul and abominable assaults of his enemies, in the campaign of 1828, had killed her—that he had won the Presidency at the cost of her life. So he passed into his last years a lonely and embittered man, mourning his Rachel. "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher." "Surely," says Mr. Johnson, "the Preacher never has a finer illustration of his text."

American Folk-Song

THE AMERICAN SONGBAG, by Carl Sandburg.
\$7.50. 10¼ x 7½; 495 pp. New York: Harcourt,
Brace & Company.

THE title of this book is aptly chosen. Sandburg has emptied into its pages the lyrical loot of his wanderings about the United States, with his guitar under his arm. There are songs in endless variety, 280 of them in all, set down precisely as he heard them—often, alas, somewhat defectively, but always with a grand gusto for the simple sentimentalities of the folk. What other American has studied the folk more assiduously, or to better profit? His poems have the authentic flavor of the soil in them—they are as unmistakably American as the folk-melodies of Friedrich Schiller are unmistakably German—, and from the same mine he has dredged the rich materials of his "Rootabaga Stories" and his "Abraham Lincoln." In compiling this "Songbag" he had the aid of a huge array of collaborators, ranging from contrapuntists and professors of sociology to cowboys, Lake sailors, city loafers, and roistering students in the far-flung "colleges" of the wheat country. But mainly the thing is his own. His running commentary on the songs is charming indeed. The volume would lose three-fourths of its peculiar interest if there were no Sandburg in it.

Now and then, to be sure, he nods: it would be astonishing, in so vast a col-

lection, if he did not. Let him make note, in his next edition, that "Josie," on page 84, is simply a mauled version of "Ain't Dat a Shame!", a famous vaudeville song of thirty years ago, now forgotten, and that the "Boll Weevil Song," on page 8, borrows from the same source. "Po' Boy," on page 30, is another decayed vaudevillian of the palmy days, and "Common Bill," on page 62, is a German folk-song, badly reported. The I. W. W. song, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!", on page 184, was never written by a wobbly; it is an ancient Salvation Army hymn, with the tune unchanged. By the same token, "The Hearse Song" on page 444, credited to the A. E. F., is the time-tattered "Funeral March of a Marionette."

Some of the most familiar songs, it seems to me, are set down inaccurately. In "Turkey in the Straw," for example, the first two measures of the refrain should be repeated, not in series but successively. "Dese Bones Gwine to Rise Again," on page 470, is a sad hash, both as to words and as to music. Can it be that Sandburg has never heard the one authentic, original, chemically pure first stanza:

Some people say dat a nigger won't steal,
Dese bones shill rise agin!
But I caught one in my corn-fiel',
Dese bones shill rise agin!

Also, what enemy of the æsthetic decencies gave him "It's the Syme the Whole World Over" in ¾ time? Certainly even the tots in the kindergartens must know by now that the tune is in common time—and that it is far more plaintive and lovely than the burlesque of it that Sandburg prints. Again, I must protest against the slaughter of "Lydia Pinkham" on page 210, and of "Hoosen Johnny," on page 164. Finally, I give notice that I did *not* write the accompaniment to "The Drunkard's Doom," on page 104, as a note politely says. But the whole book would be worth having if it contained only the priceless "I Got a Gal at the Head of the Holler," on page 320. Here, indeed, is American folk-song at its glorious best!

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CHARLES ANGOFF is assistant editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

JAMES M. CAIN is a well-known New York newspaper man.

ARTHUR J. CRAMP, M.D., is chief of the department for the investigation of quacks in the American Medical Association. He is the author of numerous monographs on quackery.

THOMAS CRAVEN is a frequent contributor of art criticism to the reviews.

CORNELIA H. DAM has been connected with the archeology division of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania for the last seven years, and is now chief of its educational department.

W. A. S. DOUGLAS is attached to the Washington staff of the Baltimore Sun, and has hitherto represented that paper in Chicago and elsewhere. He was born in Ireland, and has had a great deal of newspaper experience.

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL was born in Denver in 1896, and graduated from Colorado College in 1918. He has been a newspaper man, and during the war served as second lieutenant in the Air Service. In 1926 his first book of verse, "High Passage," was published, and the year following, his poem, "The Foreman," won first prize in the Nation's poetry contest. He is assistant advertising manager of the Great Western Sugar Company, Denver.

DUFF GILFOND is a Washington newspaper woman. She was graduated from Cornell in 1923.

IDWAL JONES has been almost everything from a miner and rancher to a dramatic critic and writer of fiction. A few more lines about him are to be found in Editorial Notes.

VACHEL LINDSAY is the author of many books of verse, among them, "The Congo, and Other Poems," and "General Booth Enters Heaven, and Other Poems."

FERNER NUHN is a native of Iowa, but is now living in New York, where he is devoting all his time to writing.

LOUIS SHERWIN comes from a well-known musical family. A longer account of him appears in Editorial Notes in this issue.

JAMES STEVENS's article is a chapter from a forthcoming book on the saloons of the old Northwest. A more extended note about him appears in Editorial Notes.

JIM TULLY is the well-known author of "Circus Parade," "Jarnegan," "Beggars of Life" and "Emmett Lawler."

MARY WILHELMINE WILLIAMS, Ph.D. (Stanford), is professor of history at Goucher College, and a specialist in Latin-American history. Her "Anglo-American Isthmian Diplomacy" was awarded the Justin Winsor Prize by the American Historical Association in 1914. She was a special investigator for Honduras in the mediation of the Honduras-Guatemala-Nicaragua boundary disputes in 1918-19. She has written many historical monographs and is a member of a number of learned societies. Last Autumn she returned from a year of travel and study in Latin America.



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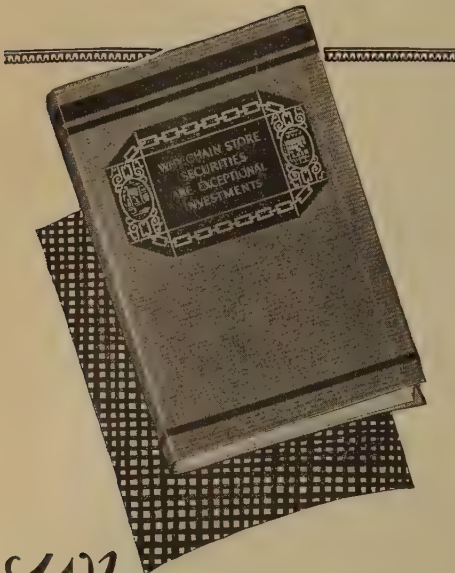


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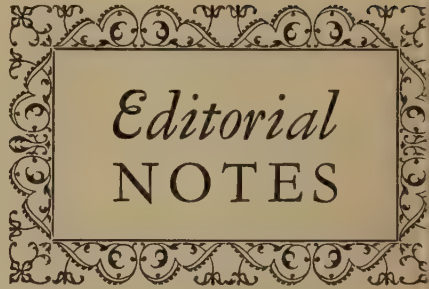
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Idwal Jones, whose "Plumes and Buskins" appears in this issue, has been writing for less than six years, but he is already a man to be reckoned with. His "China Boy," in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for January, 1927, will be remembered. It has been commended by Chinese scholars for its keen understanding of the psychology of the Oriental. His other articles follow: "San Francisco: An Elegy," August, 1925; "The Bret Harte Country," February, 1926; "Cathay on the Coast," August, 1926; "On Public Service," June, 1927; "The Town Is Built," July, 1927, and "Evviv San Francisco," October, 1927.

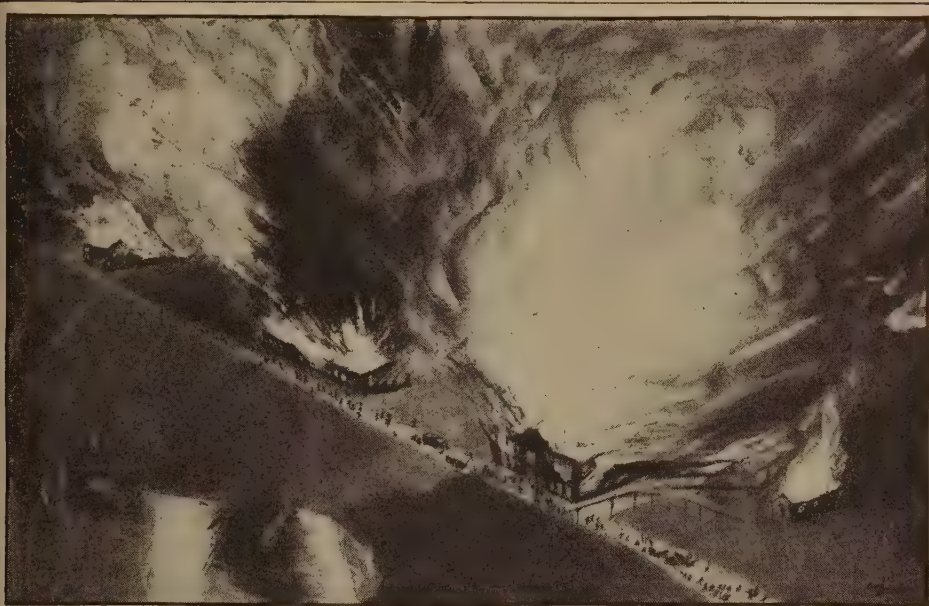


Idwal Jones

Mr. Jones was born in Wales, and then received his early formal education, which included somewhat painful instruction in Latin, water-color painting and polemical theology. Arriving on the American scene, he worked as a signal-tender in the Vermont quarries, as a farmer's boy, and as an apprentice to the instrument-maker's trade in the General Electric shops at Schenectady, N. Y.

In the latter place he worked for a time as assistant in the private laboratory of the late Charles Proteus Steinmetz. Due perhaps to the influence of that genius, he took part in the Socialist movement in the

Continued on page xlv



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IN JULY, 1926, lightning struck the Navy Arsenal at Denmark Lake, New Jersey. The explosion demolished the \$80,000,000 plant, rocked the countryside, left thousands homeless and many dead. While the community fled in terror, fresh explosions hurled fragments of shell and debris far and wide.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlii

town, and came into contact with Emm Goldman and the late Daniel De Leon. But now he is strongly reactionary. He went on the road and worked on ranche in Texas and Mexico, and in mines in California. He also prospected in Nevada and travelled hither and yon, usually by freight, laden with not much more than the works of Unamuno and Joachim de Flore.

After a venture as manager of a large ranch, he built scenery for a Little Theatre and in the meantime translated a few plays from the Spanish, French and Italian. Before long he caught the notice of the San Francisco newspaper editors, and was appointed dramatic and music critic for the *Daily News* of that town. He soon transferred to the *Examiner*, where he was first columnist, then special writer, and finally dramatic critic, which position he still holds, though, at the moment, he is on a holiday in Europe.

Mr. Jones, beside general articles, has also written several short stories and papers on ethnology, and a novel, "The Splendid Shilling." Jim Tully has called him "a picaro in prose," and John G. Neihardt, the poet and literary critic, has said this of him: "It is evident that he has lived more intensely than most writers. In San Francisco he is to be met with occasionally in Bohemian circles, where he is known as a brilliant dramatic critic. One meeting him so carries away the impression of a taciturn, tawny-haired and mystical man with great reserve power and an understanding heart—a combination well calculated to inspire affection and a more than ordinary respect. His very evident learning is hard to explain, for with all his intimate knowledge of the picaresque, he is unquestionably an intellectual in the best sense."

Continued on page xlii



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THE OVERLAND ROUTE



Editorial NOTES

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Until April, 1924, when his article, "The Uplift on the Frontier," appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, James Stevens had never had a line published. But since then a stream of articles has come from his pen, and three excellent books. The first of the latter was "Paul Bunyan," hailed everywhere as a contribution to American folk-lore of the first order. The other two were "Brawnyman," a biographical work, and "Mattock." His article in this issue, "Jerklene," is a chapter from a book of the saloons of the old Northwest, soon to be published. Mr. Stevens' other articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, some of which later formed parts of the aforementioned books, have been as follows: "The Black Duck Dinner," June, 1924; "More Work for Uplifters," November, 1924; "A Boy in Idaho," April, 1925; "A Prairie Town," September, 1925; "Love Affair," October, 1925; "Horses," April, 1926; "The Dismal Sauger," July, 1926; and "Saloon Days," July, 1927.



James Stevens

Mr. Stevens comes from pure Northern American stock. Both his maternal and paternal ancestors settled in Virginia long before the Revolution. "My maternal grandfather," he says,

was a Turner, and my maternal grandmother was a King. Both were the children of tobacco planters, ruined by the Civil War. The branch of the Stevens family to which I belong stemmed from a Virginia tree also. My great-grandfather pioneered in Indiana during the

Continued on page xlviii

DANDRUFF AMONG THE LITERATI

By GORDON KAY

TAKEN by and large, the men who create our belles-lettres are a dandruffy lot. It seems that a flair for words goes hand in hand with epithelial lebris. Probably Shakespeare was thus afflicted; Milton, too, perhaps. And among the moderns, our trained investigators at a recent literary dinner counted seventy-eight epithelials out of a possible hundred—truly an astonishing score.

A reasonable explanation for this is that creative work does something to the nervous system; that literary people make little or no effort to keep themselves in condition, and furthermore that they are continually in a semi-emotional state due to the work they do, petty jealousies and rows with publishers. As a result, a slightly rundown condition exists.

Taking advantage of this, dandruff makes headway. If unchecked, it gets the upper hand, and by the time that his third novel has appeared, the victim is often approaching baldness.

Try to recall authors of the past or present who possess an ample and admirable head of hair such as that possessed, for example, by Lionel Strongfort, the late Wallace Reid, Francis X. Bushman, La Follette and his father before him. How few they were. How few they are.

No sooner have you pictured your male literary idol as a vigorous fellow with mane so lusty as to knock a clock off the mantel, than you come face to face with the sad

truth that before a public appearance his principal job is to so arrange his sparse locks that his head does not look entirely like an egg.

In the olden days, the masters, no doubt, treated dandruff according to the theories of that time: two segments of pheasant's wing compounded with a pint of yewberries, henbane and daisy dust, and applied between the hours of two and four A.M. when the moon was at its full.

Today, however, the literary man goes through no such hocus pocus. True, there are costly clinics operated on the premise that a man with dandruff will commit anything short of murder to get rid of it. But these methods defeat themselves with literary men because such men have neither the patience nor the trust that is found among the boobs who keep the dandruff parlors humming night and day.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlv

first decade of the Nineteenth Century. My grandfather settled in Southern Iowa just before the Civil War. There he married a Stuart, the daughter of a proud Kansas City family that claimed descent from the royal Stuarts of Scotland and England. The Stuarts had taken to Methodist preaching in this country, however, and a great-granduncle of mine rivalled Peter Cartwright, the celebrated Methodist exhorter of the middle of the last century, as a hell-ripping soul-saver over the Illinois circuit. The Stevenses bred many preachers also, but most of them were Hardshell Baptists. My paternal grandfather was an outspoken Breckenridge Democrat, and the Black Republicans of his neighborhood forced him to flee to the then frontier town of Omaha until the war was over. My maternal grandfather was saved from the same fate only because he was living in a settlement of Irish who had not yet absorbed the American belief that there's no fun like one man and a mob.

I was born in November 15, 1892, on my maternal grandmother's farm, three miles from Albia, Iowa. There I spent five hearty years. I am told that my appetite was the marvel of the country for miles around. I weighed forty pounds when I was a year old, and at the age of two I was still too fat to walk comfortably. My method of locomotion was to clamp my heels behind my ears and roll. I learned to chew tobacco at two, an uncle considering it a fetching trick to let me pack a small plug and present it to him ceremoniously whenever he asked for a chew. Of course, I soon began nibbling at the plug, and before long I liked it better than candy or milk. I think this early chewing was an aid in the development of my naturally ruminative nature. I have been solemnly told that in my third year I would often sit on the back porch for a solid hour, gazing over the timothy and corn with truly ruminant eyes, never making a move except to discharge the juice of the leaf, which I would perform in a nonchalant, expert style that delighted my uncle and other masters of the art.

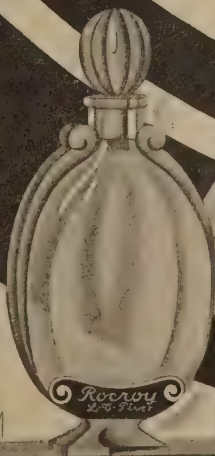
Until I was five I lived on a prairie farm. Then my grandmother moved to Moravia, Iowa, a town of five hundred souls, most of them saved, five churches, and no saloons or pool halls. I lived with her alone until I was ten. At five my schooling began, at seven I was converted at a Methodist revival, at nine I

Continued on page l

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Editorial NOTES

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backslid, learned to play seven-up and resumed tobacco-chewing and profanity, and at ten I was shipped as a scalawag to rancher relatives in Idaho. There I was tamed for five years by the hard life of frontier ranch labor. At the age of fourteen I was sent to a private religious school, where I milked cows during a term for my board and tuition, and was then expelled for practicing my familiar art of masticating Piper Heidsick, Honeydip Twist and Star. I yearned for a freer life, and so I became a Western hobo laborer.

From 1908 until 1917 I roved the West, working mainly as a teamster on railroad and reclamation construction jobs, in horse logging camps, and as a truck-driver in Los Angeles. It was a hard life, but a free one, and I loved it. The men I met were from all ranks of civilization. There were heroes and rats, there were learned minds and perfect idiots, but never a devout member of any of the evangelical sects which had cursed the days of my boyhood and youth. And never in those happy years did I meet a woman who was a member of a church, or of a woman's club, or of a poetry society. Ah, they *were* happy years!

In the saloons I met gorgeous old booze-fighters who had careened merrily down the chute of wines, liquors and cigars from high estate. It was there that I first heard grand stories about the life of a world far removed and little concerned with the cornfields of Iowa or the sagebrush hills of Idaho. I first heard of Shelley, Keats and Poe over a bottle of Old Taylor, and over a bottle of Budweiser my ears first heard royal praise for the name of Beethoven. Thus the urge to write had its first small awakening, and I began to compose hobo ballads. Some of them, notably "The Five-Dollar Piker," a poker ballad, achieved a certain fame in the Western camps.

In 1917 I was drafted and sent overseas in six weeks with the 162nd Infantry. It was turned into a replacement training regiment, and I served all of my fourteen months overseas in the S. O. S. Upon my discharge I began working in the logging camps and sawmill towns of Oregon, and finally settled in Bend, a Central Oregon white pine town, as a lumber-loader. After working there for a year and a half I wrote "The Uplift on the Frontier," and then "The Black Duck Dinner." With the acceptance of the latter I unbuckled my leather apron, dragged my time, drove my sedan to Tacoma

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

ECHOES *of* FRAGRANCE



LE JADE



PAVOTS
d'ARGENT
SILVER POPPIES



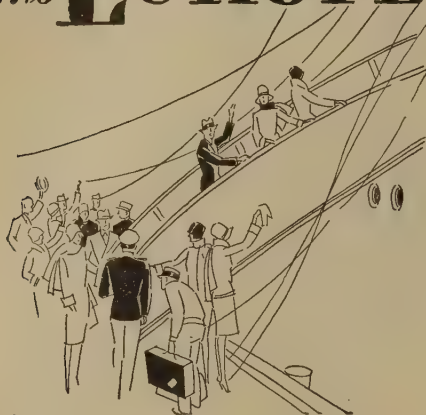
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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page 1

and sold it, and tackled the writing of "Paul Bunyan." Since then I have written two other books and forty or fifty magazine articles and stories. I find it tough labor, but I wouldn't swap it for any other work I ever heard of. Not while I am what I am, anyway. But very often I imagine I'd have been a lot better off if I had stayed a Methodist and never taken up tobacco-chewing again. Probably I would have remained one if I hadn't lived a life of sin until I was five.

Louis Sherwin, author of "Report on the Music Industry," in this number, is a son of the well-known coloratura soprano Amy Sherwin, who created the rôle of Marguerite in Berlioz's "Faust" in 1880. She was one of the principal *prime donne* of the Theodore Thomas concerts, but went to Europe for further study under Mme. Philippi of Milan, Julius Stockhausen, and Mathilde Marchesi. Thereafter she remained abroad, finally settling in England where she took front rank among singing teachers. She has also made many concert tours.

Mr. Sherwin's father was an impresario and the first to present Richard Strauss, Duse, Ernst von Possart, Jan Kubelik and Emil Sauer in England. He was also the manager of the first Paderewski and Kubelik tournées in America. Mr. Sherwin was born at Birkenfeld (an enclave belonging to Oldenburg, but near the heart of the Moselle wine country) in 1884, and was educated in Australia, in England (where he went to the Charter-house) and on the Continent. He became a civil engineer, and was engaged in that profession in the West. But he later abandoned it for newspaper work, serving papers in San Francisco, Lake City, Los Angeles, Tucson, San Francisco, Denver and New York. For eight years he was dramatic critic for the New York *Globe*, now defunct. Then he passed some time in Hollywood, writing for the movies. He is now living in New York.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



An interpretation of the
"Rhapsody in Blue,"
painted by Earl Horter

any discussion of the future of American music, George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" sooner or later becomes the center of controversy. Many believe it to be the first significant departure in the establishment of a native school of composition. Certainly it is among the most ambitious and successful of all experiments in the American idiom.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xxxvi

THE THEATRE

SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED. *The Restoration Version in Quarto and on the Stage.*

By Hazelton Spencer. The Harvard University Press. \$5 9 3/4 x 6 1/4; 406 pp. Cambridge, Mass.

For nearly a hundred years after Shakespeare's death his plays were the sport of various playwrighting hacks and more eminent literati, who took great liberties with the original texts in presenting them to the playgoing public of their times. Professor Spencer, a member of the faculty of English literature at the State College of Washington, reviews the more important of these adaptations, paying special attention to those by D'Avenant, Dryden and Tate. In the last few pages of the book he considers the recent production of "Hamlet" in modern dress. He feels strongly against it: "To pronounce the modernized production successful . . . is sheer perversity." "Hamlet" is Elizabethan, not modern: this age neither sees ghosts nor feels obliged to obey their vengeful orders. If this production of "Hamlet" made the play modern it did precisely what it should not, and was in fact a menace to the morals of all the youth who saw it.

IN THE VALLEY and Other Carolina Plays.

By Paul Green. Samuel French. \$2.50 7 3/4 x 5 1/4; 308 pp. New York.

Herein are presented eleven one-act plays by Mr. Green. In addition to the title play there are "Quack Medicine," "Supper for the Dead," "Saturday Night," "The Man Who Died at Twelve o'Clock," "Unto Such Glory," "The No 'Count Boy," "The Man of the House," "The Picnic," "In Aunt Mahaly's Cabin," and "The Goodbye."

HISTORY

THE CONQUEST OF OUR WESTERN EMPIRE.

By Agnes C. Laut. Robert M. McBride & Company. \$3.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 363 pp. New York.

Miss Laut begins her study with the cruise of Captain Grey, who discovered the mouth of the Columbia River, and continues through the race overland to the Pacific made by Alexander Mackenzie, the Lewis and Clark Expedition, John Jacob Astor, and John McLoughlin. In spite of her enthusiasm for her subject, she has done only an indifferent piece of work. The book is lavishly illustrated, but lacks both an index and a bibliography.

Continued on page liv

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Continued from page liv

AMERICA AND FRENCH CULTURE.

By Howard Mumford Jones.

The University of North Carolina Press

\$5

9¾ x 5¾; 615 pp.

Chapel Hill

Dr. Jones attempts to trace and analyze the French influence upon the American mind during the years from 1750 to 1848, but as he himself points out in his preface, it has not always been possible for him to get at the sources, and so there are obvious gaps in his evidence. However, he has at least outlined the problem. He concludes that "on the whole, it is in the departments of manners and fashions that the French have exerted their most notable influence in shaping American culture. In intellectual matters they have had vogue rather than influence." His book contains numerous notes, a lengthy bibliography of books and articles, and an index.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WORKING CLASS.

By Anthony Binna.

International Publishers

\$2.75

8¼ x 5¾; 360 pp.

New York

In this history of the main phases and struggles of the working class in the United States, Mr. Binna avowedly takes side with the working class against the bourgeoisie. He accepts completely the materialistic conception of history: "Society is not the free choice and free will of the people, . . . and the foundations of the . . . political and social structure are the material conditions." His book is heavily documented and has many notes and references and an index.

A SHORT HISTORY OF WOMEN.

By John Langdon-Davies.

The Viking Press

\$3

8¾ x 5¾; 382 pp.

New York

In this volume Mr. Langdon-Davies reviews and discusses the biological background of women's history; women in primitive society and ancient civilizations; the witch, the virgin and the chatelaine; women of today and tomorrow. He presents his material in popular and fairly readable manner, but there is nothing in his style or text that would warrant recommending his book in place of the older authorities he mentions in his preface.

REPRINTS

PREFACES, INTRODUCTIONS AND OTHER UNCOLLECTED PAPERS BY ANATOLE FRANCE.

Translated by J. Lewis May. Dodd, Mead & Company

\$2.50

8¾ x 5¾; 235 pp.

New York

There are eighteen essays here. Among them are papers on Stendahl, Victor Hugo, Ernest Renan, Marcel Proust and Paul Louis Courier.

Continued on page lviii

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Continued from page lvi

BLAKE'S POETICAL SKETCHES.

98.

10 3/4 x 7 1/2; 86 pp.

The Scholartis Press

London

This superb reprint has an excellent introduction by Eric Partridge and a detailed study of Blake's metrics by Jack Lindsay.

FICTION

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

By *Marie Crosbie.*

J. H. Sears & Company

\$2.

7 3/4 x 5 3/4; 301 pp.

New York

Catherine Aysgarth, because of her free spirit, lives away from her husband with her oldest daughter, Val. A son and two younger daughters are with the father. Val, after a scandalous love affair, is blinded in an automobile accident and mother and daughter return to the family hearth. The son, who is in the army, runs off to Paris with his major's wife. This affair brings Catherine and her husband into even closer relationship. Later, Toby's death, and then her husband's and her new motherhood hold her fast to a life against which she revolted years ago.

CRUDE.

By *Robert Hyde.*

Payson & Clarke

\$2.50

7 3/4 x 5 3/4; 283 pp.

New York

The finding of oil on their land somehow converts the Swedish Dulacs into hired laborers. To Signal Hill comes Duncan Ellsworth, a sleek oil-stock promoter, who ruins the Dulac girl, but later marries her. The daughter of the oil magnate, Millicent Manning, tired of the high jinks of Los Angeles society, comes to the fields to work and marries the simple, nature-loving Able Dulac. Crude oil and crude characterization make a somewhat crude first novel.

THE BULLFIGHTERS.

By *Henry de Montherlaup.*

The Dial Press

\$2.50

7 3/4 x 5 3/4; 293 pp.

New York

The author has lived in Spain for many years and is a bullfighter himself. As a result, this is an engrossing story of Spain's national sport, built around the love of a young Parisian for a Spanish señorita. There is much waving of capes in the arena, and carrying off of slaughtered bulls, and the final fight is a thrilling affair. The story appeared serially in a Parisian daily and so enthusiastic were the readers that the author gave a bullfighting spectacle at the Vélodrome d'Hiver. The translation is by Edwin Gile Rich.

A YANKEE PASSIONAL.

By *Samuel Ornitz.*

Boni & Liveright

\$2.50

7 1/2 x 5; 514 pp.

New York

The tax which Mr. Ornitz puts upon the patience

Continued on page lx

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Continued from page lviii

and credulity of his reader through his 500-odd pages of tempestuous prose is scarcely to be borne. Daniel Matthews, a young mystic, sins in the flesh and discovers the healing power of Catholicism. Thenceforth he is struck with the goodness of God, and walks among the lowly as a giver of light. He dies, in the end, at the hands of a mob—a martyr to intolerance. A self-conscious and undistinguished performance.

THE FIFTH CHILD.

By *Klaus Mann.*

\$1.50

6¾ x 4; 141 pp.

Boni & Liveright

New York

This story of four charmingly imaginative children of a dead philosopher, and of their beautiful, comprehending mother is simply and effectively told. Into their world comes a young disciple of the philosopher with whom Christiane, the mother, falls madly in love. She becomes the mother of his child—the fifth child—after he has left her, and in her despair experiences a spiritual awakening. The author is the son of Thomas Mann.

THE UGLY DUCHESS.

By *Leon Feuchtwanger.*

\$2.50

8 x 5¾; 335 pp.

The Viking Press

New York

The central figure of this novel, Margarete, Countess of Tyrol, called Maultasch (sack-mouth) because of her almost horrifying ugliness, is unforgettable. She is at once vivid, terrible and tragic—the epitome of the Fourteenth Century in Middle Europe. The book is peopled by dozens of living individuals,—personalities of dramatic and conflicting destinies. Many of the figures are stark, murderous and lying; Margarete herself is malicious and vindictive. Feuchtwanger makes no effort to relieve the picture by so much as a brush of sympathy, but however unpleasant the spectacle it is a vastly moving one.

THE HORNED SHEPHERD.

By *Edgar Jepson.*

\$5

9 x 6; 144 pp.

Macy-Massey

New York

This is a charming story of a young shepherd and his love for the Princess who, in turn, loves him but is forced into a state marriage with the Prince. On the day before her wedding he is accused of sorcery by the lean Friar Paul, and led to prison. Next day, on the Princess' wedding-day, he is hanged and thrown in the lake; but Big Anna and the Egyptian—two faithful followers of the Princess—rescue him and bring him back to life. After returning to the Princess, and bidding her farewell, he disappears "down the long Eastern road." The book is illustrated with many woodcuts by Wilfred Jones.



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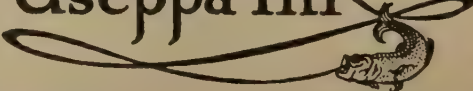
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Maximilian and Charlotte

MUCH of the obscurity in which this story has been hidden hitherto was due to the reluctance of the nations concerned, none of whom emerged with great credit from the incident, to release any documents which they possessed relating to the tragedy. Before the last struggle which ended in the destruction of his "empire" and his own execution, Maximilian had his private papers transferred to a ship in the harbor of Vera Cruz. Thus they eventually found their way into the family archives of the Hapsburgs, and there remained until the collapse of the monarchy yielded them to the historian. It is upon the basis of these numerous papers, many of which are of the utmost importance, that Count Corti has been able to review the whole history of the famous intrigue from the viewpoint of its chief protagonists.

From the beginning to the end we see the royal couple delivered by their credulous vanity into the hands of the schemers who surrounded them. Not until madness had overtaken Charlotte and death had claimed Maximilian were they free. Count Corti narrates their story with energy and clarity and with a fine understanding of their essential characters. Here is his picture of the execution, the one occasion upon which Maximilian was most the Emperor:

"The Emperor descended the staircase, dressed in black civil costume, paused on the last step, and exclaimed: 'What a glorious day! I have always wanted to die on just such a day.'"

"They got into the carriages which drove the doomed men to the place of execution, the Cerro de la Campana. The carriage was escorted by a strong detachment of cavalry and infantry, and immediately after it marched the firing party. A deep silence reigned wherever the procession passed by. Doors and windows were closed as a sign of mourning, the few passers-by were dressed in black, or wore a grave expression. Women were seen to weep



G. B. Stern

as they saw Mejía's young wife with her baby at her breast, running wailing after the procession, and prevented only by the soldiers' bayonets from clinging to the carriage which bore her husband away.

"All the Europeans stayed behind; only the Emperor's faithful manservant and cook, Tüdös, had followed the procession. He had always refused to believe that it would come to this. 'Now do you believe that they are going to shoot me?' asked the Emperor, as he stepped from the carriage.

"The Emperor walked the hundred

(Continued on page lxix)

CONTENTS

MAXIMILIAN AND CHARLOTTE
THE SPLENDID RAKE
THE TENTH MUSE: A SHOP-TALK
A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT BRITAIN
THE BRADENHAM DISRAELI
THE LIVING BIBLE
DOROTHY RICHARDSON
FROM THE CROSTREES
PRINTING THE NEWS
THE HOLY WAR
LATIN AMERICA
THE BORZOI BAROMETER



The Splendid Rake

THERE is present in all *Miss Stern's* novels, not expressed in actual words, for she is too good an artist for that, but discernible in the handling of her characters, a definite philosophy. It is the opposite of that cynicism which flows so freely from the pens of the most "modern" authors. We can best express it by saying that it would not surprise us to learn that *Miss Stern* still believes in that outmoded thing, the soul. For her characters are so human that they hint or imply the divine. They are not, as many puppets are, conjured out of thin air, the projection of their author's own personality, mouthing her opinions and ideas. They have roots; they are truly the product of a heredity and an environment. Their completeness gives her latest novel, a story of youth, the authenticity and appeal which so many stories in its area have lacked.

A Chinese philosopher has remarked that his country is cursed with three pestilences: fire, flood, and too much parental interference—a saying which, we imagine, must be almost a solitary gesture among his people on behalf of youth. In the western hemisphere, however, youth is accorded the worship which in the East belongs to age, and its priests are ever ready to expound its mysteries to the populace. Hence the crop of novels with modern youth as the protagonist, which have flowered and withered during recent years. Hence *DEBONAIR*, which towers above these, and is destined by all the signs for a longer summer.

For here is every daughter that ever was, in relation with every mother. Here are pictured the longing, the need of age to help, and the selfishness and the intolerance of age where other standards than its own are concerned. Here are the love of freedom and the honesty of youth, and here are youth's impatience and carelessness of the hurt it deals. We see the attempt of both to find a bridge between, and we see its failure.

Loveday is a bold buccaner, a
(Continued on page lxixii)

The Tenth Muse: A Shop-talk

THE notion of *Advertisa* as the cisatlantic Tenth Muse or *anima Americana* is, we believe, Mr. Henry Wysham Lanier's invention. He has developed the thesis by repeated implication in a department of our enjoyable contemporary *The Golden Book Magazine*. We suspect, however, that there is somewhat in common between Mr. Lanier's intention and that of the "Americana" assembled by Mr. Mencken in *The Mercury*. That is, Mr. Lanier collects only the absurdities of advertising, even as Mr. Mencken collects only the absurdities of American aspiration and behavior. The one editor does not wish to imply that all advertising is idiotic, any more than the other wishes to brand all American thought as half-baked or wholly raw.

We hope that our own public advertising has not supplied *The Golden Book Magazine* with many portraits for its rogues' gallery of howlers. Mistakes do occur, in spite of the best intentions; for example, it was only a few months ago that we quoted Mr. Elmer Davis as having said about one book something that he unmistakably said in the same review about an earlier book by the same author. That

was a copyist's error. We wish we could be absolutely sure that we shall never again become responsible for its like. Human liability to error being what it is, we can't be sure. Nevertheless, our advertising, even in its deplorable mistakes, is definitely subjected to certain criteria, certain definitions of taste and propriety. We have had it for some months in mind to state candidly what these are; and here, so far as room suffices, are the essential points—

Imprimis, we hold that our own published statements about a book ought to be a sincere expression of our actual reasons for having decided to publish that book. We must not assert that the book possesses merits which we do not actually believe it to possess; and we must not say or imply that it will be acceptable to an audience of whose enjoyment we are really skeptical.

Item, we are not responsible for the substance of the qualitative opinions which we quote from reviews or from reviewing media. We are responsible only for quoting accurately, indicating omissions, and accrediting properly. If *The New York Times* calls ATTAR OF WORMWOOD (we hope

that title has never existed before) the greatest novel of the decade, and we repeat the statement, we do not necessarily mean that *The Times's* judgment is ours. We mean that *The Times* has actually said so; that the occurrence of such a dictum in a powerful and disinterested medium is worthy of consideration by the book-loving public; and that we value *The Times's* recommendation. That, and nothing more.

Item, we hold it to be bad manners to belie a critic's actual net impression of a book by quoting his favorable incidental remarks and suppressing the substance of his opinion. If a review is enthusiastic throughout, we may use any of it. If it is mingled praise and blame, we must fairly represent both, and, to the best of our judgment, in due proportion. To do otherwise is, we maintain, sharp practice.

Item, the part of our advertising that we write ourselves (as distinguished from quoted material) is written chiefly not to praise, but to inform. Being readers ourselves, we have never had the insane idea that all persons ought to like all books that we

(Continued on page lxx)

A Romance of Ancient Britain

Warwick Deeping has gained his large popular hearing by the ability to portray his characters in those elemental situations of life which best reveal human sentiments and emotions. He is no psychological niggler. Yet he obtains his effects by an adherence to the broad truth of the psychological situations with which he deals. Uther and Igraine, an excursion into the Britain of some thousand and a half years ago, proves that this is true even when he leaves the present for an earlier day.

Igraine, fleeing from a convent which has been fired by the invading Saxons, is succored by Uther. Although only a novice she prefers, for lack of better chaperonage, to seek the protection of his piety by allowing him to suppose her a nun. They reach safety after some adventures, and Uther, fearing that the respect which he owes to her holy station is not sufficient to restrain his ardor, leaves her before she can explain the true state of affairs—a thing she is by now anxious to do.

In due course Duke Gorlois, who is also enamored of Igraine, having less scruples, succeeds by a trick in



Warwick Deeping

making her his wife. She is bitterly unhappy and, escaping, takes refuge with a shepherdess. Uther has now become king, but the loss of Igraine weighs heavily on his spirits. He consults Merlin and through his agency is brought to the little cottage where Igraine lives. Uther now finds himself in that position which, on an earlier occasion with Bathsheba as heroine, was so neatly solved by King David. His finer feelings, however, will not permit him to seek any such clear-cut solution, and Igraine falls once more into the hands of Gorlois.

At this stage Merlin, whom we meet as a young man, takes a hand in the game. Entering the castle of Gorlois as a man-at-arms, he so arranges things that the King and Gorlois come face to face in mortal combat. There can be only one outcome. In due course Uther and Igraine are married, and it is foreshadowed that that Arthur about whose prowess many songs have been made shall spring from their loins.

Such is *Warwick Deeping's* tale. It is a romance, and he gives it its full romantic value; yet we never lose sight of the fact that his characters are human beings, subject to manifold temptations and to desires which they often fail, very comfortably, to resist. It is of added interest in that it deals with the time shortly before Arthur, and thus gives a glimpse of the scenery and manners of Britain at the commencement of the Arthurian legend.

UTHER AND IGRAINE. By WARWICK DEEPING, author of "Sorrell and Son," "Doomsday," and "Kitty." In *The Blue Jade Library*. \$3.00 net.

The Bradenham Disraeli

IT HAS not seldom been lamented that if *Disraeli* had not chosen to fritter away his talents on politics he might have been one of the great novelists. But this is doubtful; so bound up with his other activities are the novels—serving the purpose of advertisements, political tracts, and providers of the sinews of war—that without the special stimulus of politics, even the existence of his novels cannot be postulated. Indeed it is probable that, if *Disraeli* had not been engaged in empire-building, some other form of company-promoting on a large, if less gigantic, scale would have appealed to his creative energies.

It is this close connection of the novels with the political life of the times that makes the introductions which Mr. Philip Guedalla has done for the Bradenham edition so necessary and valuable. In the introductions he has narrated the circumstances under which each novel was written, and shortly reviewed the particular stage of his career from which at that moment the author was about to leap to greater heights; he has given a sketch of the politics of the time, and identified those personages in the novel who had their places in public life.

Disraeli's novels have always been immensely readable. If the gold plate and the *objets d'art* are here and there scattered with a too lavish hand, if

the fervor and the haughtiness and wit become for a moment too well rehearsed, when all is said this "manner" makes them such good healthy fun that the extravagance is welcome. And now to enhance the



Jacket Design, Tancred

interest we have these sparkling introductions by Mr. Guedalla, with their key to characters and events. They recommend this, the first complete edition of *Disraeli's* works to be published since 1881 (and it includes some work not published even therein), to all interested in the history or literature of the last century.

LOTHAIR and ENDYMION.

Volumes XI and XII of THE BRADENHAM EDITION OF THE NOVELS AND TALES OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI. In twelve volumes, each with an Introduction by PHILIP GUEDALLA. Each \$4.00 net.

The Living Bible

BEFORE Mr. Mencken had acted as *accoucheur* at the birth of the American language it used to be fashionable to recommend the Bible as great literature. And great literature it undoubtedly is, although apt to be tedious reading; for the men who made the King James version simply took what was given them and Englished it in simple, noble prose, with however little attention to the convenience of their audience. They included long genealogies, tables of Kings, and a large number of unnecessary and annoying repetitions. It might be said indeed that the Bible has had many translators, but no editor.

As the great outstanding example of the work of men who, when English was a fluid language, made a mould to preserve its forms, the Bible is likely to gain in literary importance as its strictly religious significance declines. Its publication, therefore, in its present format, properly edited, with repetitions, genealogies, and tables removed, is necessary and

timely. Those verse numbers, too, which have always effectively guarded it from being read except as a religious exercise, have gone with the rest. Mr. Hall's work reduces the Authorized Version to one-third of its original length without impairment of its diction or omission of anything of the smallest interest to the ordinary modern reader.

Here it is, then, shorn of the clutter which obscured it, a piece of literature. Many will read it through in this form and be astonished at its diverse appeal, as history, as folklore, as inspired literature—as the Living Bible. And above all, in its new form, it takes its place as a book, interesting, readable, and far more valuable than most of the hundreds which are daily issuing from the presses.

THE LIVING BIBLE: OR THE WHOLE BIBLE IN ITS FEWEST WORDS. Edited, from the King James Version, by BOLTON HALL. Revised by PROFESSOR ALFRED BERTHOLET. \$6.00 net.

Dorothy Richardson

IT IS said that when *Miss Dorothy Richardson* produced her first novel she was not aware of the tremendous innovation in technique which she had wrought. This may well be true, for it is the business of Genius to create and not to theorize. The fundamentals of her method—that of portraying mind rather than matter—were like the components of a super-saturated solution present to a concentrated degree in not only her own consciousness but the consciousness of her age, waiting but a nucleus on which to crystallize. And upon her work the whole of the art of the modern novel has, as though by magic, crystallized out. Little, therefore, as we care to play at the great game of tracing influences—holding that the first peak to catch the dawn is not the dawn itself—it is impossible not to mark the rays she has reflected on to such writers as James Joyce, May Sinclair, Virginia Woolf, and their American counterparts.

Her latest novel, *OVERLAND*, is the tenth in the "Pilgrimage" series which narrates the spiritual and bodily wanderings of Miriam Henderson. It is the record of two weeks in a modest Alpine winter resort. Its interest is not in plot but in the gradual revelation of a sensitive character.

Among those who make up the heterogeneous group at the hotel are "M'zz Harcourt," a veteran skier and habitué of the resort, whose reflections almost invariably terminate on the "hidjus big hotel only just built; all glass and glare. It'll be the ruin of Oberland"; Vereker, the English gentleman, another enthusiast of the Ski Club, who, after days of effort, finally remembers how to play a balade of Chopin's completely; Daphne, an unforgettable little girl with a "beecely German nurse"; a respectable English family of baffling urbanity; a melancholy and mysterious Italian; and a naïve American traveler thrown in for good measure. In all these swift thumbnail portraits of tourists, *Miss Richardson* shows her preoccupation with speech, and so exact is her sensibility for cadence and word that a character is often vividly portrayed by a few of his spoken phrases and little else.

OVERLAND can be recommended, both to those who have already discovered *Miss Richardson* and those to whom she is but a name, as a beautiful and characteristic example of her work.

OVERLAND. By DOROTHY RICHARDSON. \$2.50 net.

From the Crosstrees

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON it was, we believe, who compared the attitude toward a woman preaching a sermon with that toward a puppy walking on its hind legs: the wonder is, he said, not that she does it well, but that she does it at all. Certainly, a like posture is taken toward the published *opera* of extremely young authors. Allowances are made for them on the score of their immature years; and when a child produces a book—any book—nearly everyone accepts the achievement as being in itself remarkable enough, without too narrow an inquiry into its quality.

As a fact, an inquiry would usually show that the book by a child is acceptable, not as expression of the child's mind, but as an approximation of what adults think it desirable for a child to read. In other words, when children take up the pen they ordinarily produce weak imitations of the bad juveniles written by adults out of pure misconception of what children's minds can profit by.

The work of *Barbara Newhall Follett*, who has lived chiefly in the country and been given no education whatever except through the gratification of her spontaneous curiosity as it developed, is the work of pure childhood, in the sense that its essential qualities could not have been conceived or expressed by an older person; and yet it is the work of an instinctive artist, in the sense that it seeks and finds beautiful forms of communication. When, at twelve, *Miss Follett* published *THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS* (1927), both the artistry and the childlikeness, each permeating the other, were stressed by such artists and critics as Elinor Wylie, Eleanor Farjeon, Ethel Kelley, Howard Mumford Jones, Herschel Brickell, and

Henry Longan Stuart. That book was fantasy with an edging of real experience. *THE VOYAGE OF THE NORMAN D.* is an actual experience—a voyage in a lumber schooner, throughout which the author lived as one of the crew—edged with fantasy in such



Stone Studio

Barbara Newhall Follett

wise that its reality is heightened rather than obscured. The interminable talk of sailors old and young, the pageant of serene and frenzied weathers, the very technicalities of navigation, are set down with a fervor of devotion which re-creates something like the excitement of the first voyage in the first ship. The thirteen-year-old author, seeing life for three hundred pages from the swaying crosstrees of the *Norman D.*, sees life as no one ever quite saw it before. That is the justification (and what better one could there be?) for giving to a public what was produced simply as a chronicle of the voyage in a long letter to a friend on the other side of the world.

THE VOYAGE OF THE NORMAN D. As told by the cabin-boy, BARBARA NEWHALL FOLLETT, author of "*The House Without Windows* and *Eepersip's Life There*." \$2.50 net.

Printing the News

PRINTING FOR THE JOURNALIST is the latest of the Borzoi Handbooks of Journalism, a series of brief, effective treatments of journalistic subjects published under the general editorship of Nelson Antrim Crawford. It can be recommended to anyone who wishes to know more about what goes on in the mechanical department of a big daily newspaper.

After a news story is written by the reporter or rewrite man, what happens to it? How does it get into type, and why does it have the form and occupy the position it presents to the reader's eye? This volume covers in detail every process in the manufacture of a

newspaper, explaining the duties of copyreader, copycutter, compositor, proofreader, make-up editor, and pressman, together with the possibilities and limitations of their mechanical equipment, and the interrelation of all these factors with the reporter and the reader. While it is designed primarily for the student of journalism and the cub, it contains information of interest and value to anyone who wishes to read newspapers intelligently.

PRINTING FOR THE JOURNALIST. By ERIC W. ALLEN. \$2.00 net.

The Splendid Rake

(Continued from page lxxv)

splendid rake. She will have all that life can give as the due of her beauty and charm, and pay no price for it. It is her admirers who are to pay, and receive—her thanks. Leaving her mother securely anchored on the Italian Riviera, she sets out on her career of pillage. She lives for the life of the night, existing during the day on such spoil as she can come by, remaining, be it understood, always among the pure in heart. At a bachelor party to which she has been invited with other girls to amuse the men afterwards, she meets Charles Elvaston. He is a bachelor with £20,000 a year, a rising young barrister, and he has lately discarded his mistress. Just the prey for Loveday, but the situation is complicated by two factors: Charles has already been bitten where his money is concerned and is henceforward shy; and Loveday is so unprofessional as to fall in love with him.

We then find Loveday packing into her whirling life a continental tour with an exhibition dancer, whom she expects to make love to her and who does, an escape back to England penniless, and a quarrel with Charles. In despair she returns to her mother on the Riviera, where she lives the life of a *jeune fille*, until an escapade with a married man, interpreted by the latter's wife as an elopement, precipitates her into confession. Back to England with her mother. A law-suit, with Charles as their counsel. And finally two proposals from Charles: the first to Loveday the Splendid Rake, which she rejects; the second to Loveday the Pure in Heart, which she accepts.

It is impossible, however, to convey *Miss Stern's* story by an outline of the plot. The situations upon which it hinges are dependent on personality rather than action, and issue from the characters of her people. The relations, for instance, between Loveday and her mother, and between Charles and his, can only be understood by someone who has followed their multitudinous small attitudes towards each other as *Miss Stern* narrates them. One puts aside the book with the feeling that here at last, gaily and wittily done, is an authentic portrait not only of the changing manners of our day, but of a relationship which has existed for all time.

DEBONAIR. By G. B. STERN, author of "*Debatable Ground*," "*The Matriarch*," etc. \$2.50 net.

The Holy War

For those somewhat detached from the stage whereon was acted the drama which *Miss Willis* chronicles, this spectacle of a great political party attempting to square its own conscience that it might play the complacent patriot, is both amusing and instructive. Right up to the outbreak of the late lamented war, the Liberal party in Great Britain, with the exception of its leaders in the cabinet, was strenuously pacifist. Then, with an almost visionary certainty, they designated the nation as the appointed instrument of God to purge the world of militarism and oppression.

In a war, one supposes, it is always better to have God on one's side, if only because the common man fights with better stomach. Hence the anxiety which the leaders of all embattled nations feel to enlist themselves under His holy banner. But, while this was no doubt the feeling of the leaders of the Conservative party, with the Liberals it was something deeper and more sincere. They really had a need to square their consciences, these liberal politicians and journalists (strange phenomenon! politicians and even journalists with consciences), and they set out to do it as best they could.

The process and its results *Miss Cooper Willis* here shows us. Taking Mr. Asquith's "We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn" speech (which, as Mr. A. A. Milne has pointed out with such disgusting levity, can be most effectively chanted to the tune of one of the psalms) as their keynote, they threw themselves with vigor into the task of making the war a Holy War, worthy of their efforts and support.

To Mr. H. G. Wells belongs the greater glory. He it was who conceived in all its pristine beauty the idea of making the world safe for democracy. With him too let there stand A. G. G., Mr. A. G. Gardiner, editor of the *Daily News*, who discovered that this was "not a war of peoples but of despots and diplomatists" and that England was "engaged in fighting for the emancipation of Germany as well as for the liberties of Europe." To their assistance came a conservative, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, not so tough-minded as his fellows, bearing the momentous information that "the Pruss" (the almost endearing diminutive by which he chose to designate Prussians) was merely "a venerated vandal."

The only cacophonous voice raised

in this harmony was that of Mr. G. B. Shaw (for whom all mankind is fighting a Holy War). And although one liberal writer had to admit that "his corrosive casuistry ate the very heart out of my faith, the very soul out of my enthusiasm," it was pretty generally agreed that he was "a dealer in moral poison which would destroy our souls if we were to absorb it and retain it," and so he became, as has often been his portion, a voice crying in the wilderness.

Miss Willis chronicles the progress and outcome of this drama with quotation and scathing comment. She is ironical but not too amused, for she views it from the stage, not as we do from the stalls. And in one chapter she even goes so far as to explain the thing psychologically and sociologically. But this is something of a pity, for the audience should be allowed to view such phenomena in all their strange beauty with their æsthetic appeal unblunted by explanations.

ENGLAND'S HOLY WAR: A

STUDY OF ENGLISH LIBERAL IDEALISM DURING THE GREAT WAR. By IRENE COOPER WILLIS, author of "Montaigne." With a foreword by J. A. HOBSON. \$4.00 net.

Maximilian and Charlotte

(Continued from page lxxv)

paces up the hill holding his head high, with Miramón erect at his side; but Mejía, who was almost insensible, had to be dragged along and almost carried. The troops were drawn up at the top of the hill in three sides of a square, the fourth being formed by a low stone wall. The prisoners were led up to it and placed with their faces towards the city of Querétaro, which lay before them peacefully in the sunlight.

"A peremptory order was read out to the troops—of whom they were obviously not sure—to the effect that anyone who raised a hand to help the Emperor would be shot on the spot. The few spectators stood in silent expectation. The Emperor looked round, as if to see whether any of his friends were present. His place was pointed out to him in the middle, between the two generals.

"Then he turned to Miramón. 'General,' he said, 'a brave man must be honoured by his monarch even in the face of death; allow me to give you the place of honour.' With these words he made Miramón step into the middle place. Then, turning to Mejía,



The Empress Charlotte

he said: 'General, what is not required on earth will surely be in heaven.'

"The firing party chosen to execute the sentence stepped forward. The officer who was to give the order to fire turned to the Emperor, and, obviously in a painful state of emotion, stammered a few words, which sounded like an excuse. Maximilian thanked him for this display of pity: 'You are a soldier; you must obey!' He then gave a gold *once* to each of the soldiers drawn up opposite him, with the request that they should take good aim. Returning to his

place, he wiped the sweat from his brow, and gave his handkerchief and hat to his faithful Tüddös, for him to take home.

"He then said distinctly, in Spanish, so that all those standing by could understand him:

"I forgive everybody, I pray that everyone may also forgive me, and I wish that my blood, which is now to be shed, may be for the good of the country. Long live Mexico, long live independence.

"Hardly had these words been spoken when the commanding officer lowered his sabre, seven shots rang out, and the Emperor Maximilian fell to the ground face downwards, softly whispering the word '*bombre*' and pierced by five bullets.

"But those who had brought him to this pass looked on at the tragic issue of the drama from a safe distance."

MAXIMILIAN AND CHARLOTTE. By EGON CAESAR COUNT CORTI. Translated from the German by CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS. Illustrated with map, facsimiles, and portraits. \$12.50 net.

Latin America

IN THE entire field of history there is no more interesting story than that of the rivalry of the Great Powers for territory, for commerce, and for political influence in Hispanic America. In **LATIN AMERICA IN WORLD POLITICS**, Professor Rippy centers his story upon the Monroe Doctrine and the Pan-American Movement; he handles history in the so-called "new" manner, stressing the social, economic, geographic, and international phases of the events and developments he deals with. His book sketches the history of Latin America from those early days when it was a bone of contention between Spain and Portugal down to recent times. It includes a review of recent happenings in Panama, in Mexico, and in Nicaragua.

Professor Rippy's analysis of the policy of the United States towards the South American republics in recent years is interesting and acute. That policy appears in his pages as a sad mixture of inefficiency and self-seeking. He even hazards the conjecture that these republics may in the distant future be driven to seek the support of those European nations from whom the United States has so often offered to protect them.

This book can be recommended to all who wish to follow recent happenings in South America.

LATIN AMERICA IN WORLD POLITICS. By J. FRED RIPPY, author of "The United States and Mexico." \$3.50 net.

The Tenth Muse: A Shop-talk

(Continued from page lxvi)

issue; and it is our sincere endeavor, recognizing that one man's literary meat is another's poison, to give each man the information from which he can rationally decide whether a given book is an ingredient of his preferred diet. Some books—**DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP, THE HUMAN BODY**—are everybody's, save for unpredictable personal variations; we can safely and honorably say so; nay, we *must* say so, or leave our plain debts plainly unpaid. Other books—**LIFE AND THE STUDENT AND THE LIFE OF DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO**—are for readers of the finest maturely reflective literature; and we must make that clear. Still other books—e.g., the murder-mystery thrillers of J. S. Fletcher and A. Fielding—are written frankly for a specialized taste; and we owe it to everybody to say clearly in what category they exist.

And—so tyrannical a thing habit—here we are obeying our own doctrine again. We had meant to keep specific books entirely out of this Shop-talk; but in they come, to illustrate a principle, and no sooner do they creep in than we tell the sterling truth about them, as far as it is given us to know the truth. For this Broadside, too, is advertising of a kind, just as truly as the jackets of books, or space bought in the journals, or placards in the subway; if it does not, month by month, illustrate the criteria defined above, our failure is ignominious.

On second thought, we are *glad* the books forced their way in, at the end of our space, displacing another *Item* or two: they provide the only possible opportunity for this particular kind of sermon to practice what it preaches.

The Borzoi Barometer

ZELL by Henry G. Aikman, which was hailed by H. L. Mencken on its first publication as a much better novel than **MAIN STREET**, will be added to The Borzoi Pocket Books on March 2nd. \$1.25 net.

Another addition to The Pocket Books is **THE HOUSE OF SOULS** by Arthur Machen, a volume of four stories described by John Masefield as "remarkable stories, two of them the most remarkable that have been written in this generation." \$1.25 net.

Two hair-raising mystery stories by Mr. J. S. Fletcher also join the same series. These are **THE BOROUGH TREASURER** and **THE PARADISE MYSTERY**. \$1.25 net each.

There will be published on February 17th **A SHORTER PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY** by Emmanuel de Martonne, who has long been recognized as the foremost European exponent of this science. \$4.00 net.

The latest addition to **THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION SERIES** is to be **THE NILE AND EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION** by A. Moret. It provides the original historical background of the many recent discoveries of moment which have focused the world's attention on the valley of the Nile. *Illustrated*. \$7.50 net.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI by Luigi Salvatorelli has been postponed to March 16th. And **VERSE** by Clinch Calkins has been postponed to March 2nd.

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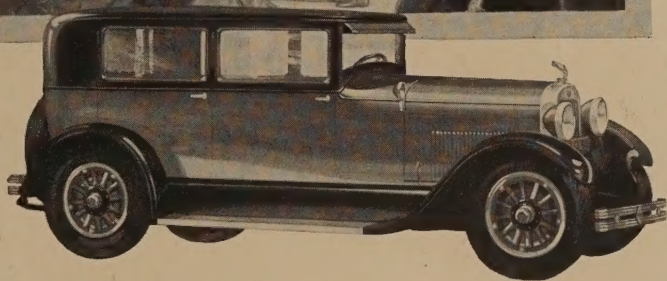
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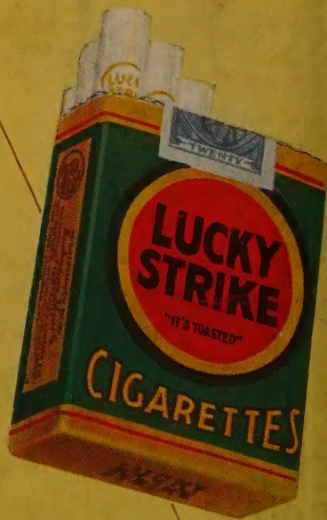
Said Walter J. Leather to Joyce Todd as they started for an all-day motor jaunt through the Berkshires.



David Belasco,
dean of the American Theatre, writes:

"The voice is to the actor what the chisel is to the sculptor. He must beware of dulling its qualities. Naturally I am vitally concerned about the voices of my players, so I always advise the one cigarette that I discovered many years ago that does not impair control of the subtlest vocal shadings or cause huskiness or harshness. I mean the 'Lucky Strike.' It is the player's best friend."

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